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Parasitic Poetry

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Parasitic Poetry

Zachary Lo Verde

Fasciolopsis buski

Buski, oh buski, that water smells musky –
It's the snails or the plants, I can't tell.
If it were me, I'd just steer clear of both,
Or you'll surely need praziquantel.

Paragonimus westermani

I went to Paragon sports and bought a new kit,
But the first crayfish I caught gave me red and brown spit.
Now my chest pain and coughing make me so tender,
And every damn night's a triclabendazole bender.

Trichinella spiralis

Spiral, spiral, can't stop her female hustle;
She'll tear through your gut and send larvae to muscle.
Its mebendazole for me, and I steer clear of ham,
After what that worm did to my diaphragm.

Trypanosomes (T. gambiense, T. cruzi, and T. rhodiense)

I tripped and I fell on a fly,
Then that Tsetse expelled poop in my eye.
Soon my nodes will be swollen, or I'll have a large colon,
Or better yet, I'll have rigors and die.

Taenia saginata

Taenia sag, I don't mean to brag,
But I just ate some awfully good cattle.
But worms were inside, thus niclosamide,
Should help my discomforting battle.

Taenia solium

Taenia sol, the tapeworm of swine,
In tissues he'll kill you but intestines are fine.
They might have to remove your brain or your eyes,
That's up to cysticercus, and the path that it tries.

The above works are a sampling from a panoply I created as part of my Medical Microbiology studies. They were designed as confluences of quintessential facts that would be imminently evoked by the mere mention of a genus or species during course examinations. Born out of an epiphany that struck me at my most inured, these lilted limericks are a high-yield pastiche that offer the reader an effortless mnemonic and sumptuous palimpsest with which to further meliorate their understanding of the respective organisms.



Grand Central
Manaf Assafin