



The Language of Medicine

By Nathan Hitzeman, MD

Let us keep company with chalazions,
Barter with Bartholin's glands,
Muscle with mitrals
Safari with the hippocampus.
Limbo with the limbus
Am I being particularly pituitary about tall this?

Please be frank about the frenulum,
And don't fall into Fallopian
Be positive about those negative findings,
And appropriately negative about those positive findings.
Tell them about the cerebellum.
And why they oughtta take care of their oblongata.

Medicine is an adventure.
Let's kindle crepitations,
And excavate the ruins of cerumen.
Let's swim the canals of Schlemm,
And get lost in the circle of Willis,
Maybe find turtles in the cells of Hurthle

And when we are done babbling about Babinskis
And whispering about never-ending Whipples,
Done perusing pink puffers,
And bailing out blue bloaters,
Let's rush to the cafeteria,
And continue our conversations.

Did you see that watermelon scrotum?
Did you feel that ovarian orange?
Did you smell that caseous sebaceous?
Do you wish you hadn't ordered the fish?

At the end of the day, we are in a hurry,
To finish our McMurrays,
And be apt with our Apleys.
We lance and dance,
Express and then dress,
I try not to hesitate lest things start to fungate.

At home, my spouse asks me how my day was.
I want to say, "Simply sebaceous!"

