

# PARASITES!

Author: Jeroen Verbeek  
Website: [www.nachtmerries.com](http://www.nachtmerries.com)



# Parasites!

Jeroen Verbeek

Parasites!

Copyright © Jeroen Verbeek 2006

Editorial Review: None

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronically or mechanically, including photocopying, recording or any information storage or retrieval system, without the prior permission from the writer.

I never thought I had a dark side.

- the author –



## Table of Contents

A Word to the Reader	11
Fate	12
Protozoa	14
The carnival of the microbes	16
Names	17
Guests	18
The march of the moochers	19
The art of reproduction	20
Everyone poops	22
Prey	24
Because	25
The king of flatulence	26
Spiritual parasites	28
A pile of shit	29
Sigmoidoscopy	30
Dear Mr. Family Doctor	31
Third time lucky	32
The war is over	33



Dear Reader,

I don't consider this work to be poetry or any other form of written art. My intention is to reflect five years of severe bowel distress and teeth-grinding frustration into a concise summary. Put in that perspective, I wrote a composition of thematic verses, symbolizing my struggle against earth's most creepy creatures: *Parasites!*

Thank you for your reading time, I greatly appreciate it.

Jeroen Verbeek

## Fate

Some people experience an once-in-a-lifetime event that will change their life forever.

*the decision is made by fate  
I'm the chosen one  
ready to stand the test*

It happened on the 10<sup>th</sup> of July in the year 2001, when I was 31 years old.

*Doomsday*

On that catastrophic day a well-trained squad of parasitic marauders invaded my body and took over my digestive tract, without having permission to do so.

Here is my story:

Parasites!

Feeding the beasts inside

I picked you up  
I fattened you up  
and turned you in a well-fed army of ferocious microbes

You prodded me out of my happy life  
You awakened me in a real nightmare world  
and caught me in a vicious trap

Sometimes the struggle is rough  
more rough than I could ever have imagined  
to fight the hidden terror within  
to engage the battle for my own well being  
promising myself to NEVER, EVER GIVE UP



## Protozoa

Do you want to know a secret? Move with me inside the wonderful world of single-celled organisms. A world almost too small to be true. Let me tell you about the secret kingdom of the Protozoa.

Told through the challenging, attractive voice of a female narrator it sounds like the beginning of a children's fairy tale, doesn't it?

BUZZZZZ!!!

Wrong diagnosis!

Foiled by distraction

A wolf in sheep's clothes, to talk in fairy tale characters  
but unlike Little Red Riding Hood I swallowed the wolf

Bon appétit!

I'm a walking protozoa zoo  
ready to entertain people at village fairs  
with my belly cut open  
showing off my wee inhabitants through a magnifying aquarium glass

Protozoa

*"It's a fascinating world full of animal-like unicellar organisms with puzzling affinities."*

- an anonymous microbiologist -

Yeah Right!



The carnival of the microbes

His Highness has succeeded to attach his citizens to my intestinal wall  
neatly paved, like a cobblestone road.

Now the party can get started

My digestive tract erupts into bliss  
billions of curious dancing specks go wild  
with their arms in the air and hips shaking  
singing, "We are family."

The celebration of protozoan party-goers

The pandemonium parade of victorious amoeba-flagellates

The carnival of the microbes

P.S. I have been defeated, but victory shall be mine!



## Names

Names are used to identify objects and living organisms in the universe.

So they have names

Ugly, almost unpronounceable names:

*Giardia lamblia*

*Dientamoeba fragilis*

*Blastocystis hominis*

Ssst!

Don't call their names out loud

Ssst!

Don't wake the beasts inside



## Guests

Guests. Aren't they supposed to be respectful and not overstay their welcome? Nor should they place too great a burden on the resources of their host. That's what they call *etiquette*.

My body  
serves like a five-star-hotel  
accommodating billions of unwanted guests  
who don't want to leave  
because they are too afraid to face the world outside my gut

In a well-kept house, guests behave in a courteous manner. If they don't, they will be kindly asked to leave the house, or they will be removed relentlessly. That's what they call *good riddance to bad rubbish*.

The banquet  
goes on in my intestines  
feeding billions of uninvited guests  
who worship their host  
because he is not able to kick the hell out of them



## The march of the moochers

I have a cycle  
like a woman has her period  
but I'm not losing clots of blood  
I'm shedding watery stools full of invisible travelers

They're riding my waste  
massive numbers of hitchhiking microbes  
at the very beginning of their journey towards freedom

## Exodus

### The march of the moochers

Some are dormant  
wearing protective coats to survive the harsh conditions of the  
outside world  
others are highly active  
being fragile, but filled with a natural aptitude to find another host

The parasitic invasion of a place called Earth

A silent pandemic



## The art of reproduction

The survival of a species is all about the ability to reproduce offspring.

The art of reproduction

The funny thing is that the pleasure of having sex is unknown to you little nothings.

Such a shame!

I can tell you, SEX is FUN!

Sex is good  
It ensures the reshuffling of genes  
The ultimate way of variation  
Holding the key to overcome a catastrophic devastation

But you are not born out of seed  
You're like a mutant female who can reproduce without male input.  
Mother Nature did no equip your species with a *penis* and a *vagina*.

Too bad!

So you're down to asexual reproduction  
local doubling  
copying yourself into a myriad of super twins

Do you really think that your sexless clones make me jealous?

Not at all!

Image I could divide a second ME from my own body  
The thing I would worry about is that the other ME would trick my  
wife into having SEX with HIM!

TOO WEIRD!

Don't you think?



## Everyone poops

Everyone poops  
it's the call of nature  
the routine of every human being

It comes in  
different sizes  
different colors  
different smells  
different shapes  
different densities

Drop your load  
dump that chocolate banana  
battle that legless devil inside  
for God's sake, let the brownie out

But beware...

The parasitic universe is conspiring against you

You might be contaminated as well  
giving unknowingly shelter to an invisible enemy  
stool surfing food robbers  
intestinal thieves, which grow healthy on your fecal matter

my shit  
your shit  
their shit  
everybody's shit

They like shit of all kinds  
they are shitty, little bowel warriors  
so you'd better watch out or you'll get them too  
and that's NO BULLSHIT!



## Prey

I'm the prey  
in a parallel life inside my own body  
where a ruthless predator chases me  
dominated by a violent swarm of hungry animalcules

I can't fight myself  
I can't defend myself  
I can't hide myself

I'm the hunted one  
in the sub-visible world of my own intestinal garden  
I'm haunted by a vengeful curse  
possessed by a breeding colony of tiny beings

I can't free myself  
I can't cure myself  
I can't help myself



## Because

*Because* my oldest son always asks me *Why?* And *because* he keeps on asking *Why?*

“*Why* does your belly ache, daddy?”

*Because* I got infected by a bunch of wretched little creatures. *Why?*

*Because* they are highly contagious. *Why?*

*Because* of their ability to reproduce and survive. *Why?*

*Because* I had a weakened immune system. *Why?*

*Because* I was over whelmed with too many things. *Why?*

*Because* it was my own fault. *Why?*

*Because* I didn't treat my body well. *Why?*

*Because* I was a self-ignorant idiot!

That's *WHY!*



## The king of flatulence

I'm the fart champion  
expelling gallons of gas each day  
which made me feel like a never-ending deflating balloon

Dark clouds are rising  
a sure sign of stormy weather  
the wind blows from within  
a fast moving volume of excessive intestinal gas  
quickly building up to gale force proportions  
the high-pressure alarm sounds loudly in my head

I can hold it no longer

*BURRRP!*

The explosive passage of putrid air  
resembling the peal of thunder in my pants

I'm the king of flatulence  
producing dozens of bubbles a day  
which make me feel like a Jacuzzi bubble stream

My gut is rumbling  
a little prayer thanking God for dinner  
slowly turning into a melodious vibrating sensation  
the abdominal orchestra tuning up  
performing the first notes of a grand symphony  
followed by a powerful chorus song

I blow the butt trumpet

*TO TOOT TOOOT!*

The unchained melody of bowels in uproar  
blasting musical waves of methane gas through my sphincter opening

I'm the father of waste gas  
breaking wind all day long  
which make me feel like a leaky air valve

My bloated feeling lingers for hours  
the result of a highly flatulent condition  
an unavoidable accumulation of brown clouds  
full of hydrogen sulphide infested air  
toxic fumes in the making  
the uncontrollable emission of foul wind

I could put a skunk to shame

*WHOOSH!*

The offensive smell of a truly bad call  
accompanying the inevitability of my walk of shame



## Spiritual parasites

Demons are spiritual parasites, hollow lives in a dysbiotic world.

Punished by diabolic forces  
I need a priest  
to confess my sins  
and receive absolution as from God  
himself

Parasites are the personification of heinous sins that dwell in ruined souls.

Possessed by evil demons  
I need an exorcist  
to defeat the devil inside  
and set me free from Satan's grasp



## A pile of shit

a pile of shit  
the morning monster has left his shelter  
his bad breathe stabbing my nostrils  
making me quickly flush him to his watery grave

another pile of shit  
twisting like a snake  
wounded, with a streak of blood  
leaving a look of panic in my eyes

a third pile of shit  
only to find some temporal relieve  
my tush feels like a heath shield  
spitting flames of frustration into the toilet bowl



## Sigmoidoscopy

### Sigmoidoscopy

the rectal examination of the hidden depths of the gut  
lying on my left side with my legs drawn up  
my face turned sideways against the punishment bench  
a moment of utter shame  
the embarrassment of being exposed  
my naked bottom in full sight  
the nurse watching my hairy hole in its full glory  
her voice colored with a caring, "Just relax."  
I shut my eyes, trying no to think  
just waiting for the probe to enter my virgin sphincter  
the mini-camera device became swallowed by my tight anal mouth  
I clenched my teeth to keep a horrid scream inside  
slowly the flexible tube began to inch forward  
feeling the impaled agony as it pressed deeper into my back passage  
with no end in sight  
boldly exploring the recesses of my inflamed large intestines  
studying the crypts in a slow sawing motion  
showing clusters of infection on the color screen  
scraping pieces of anal lining for further investigation  
I hated the scene of humiliation  
illicit fucking  
the cruel rape of my defenseless rectum  
fading into a bitter memory  
but still sending shivers of horror down my spine



Dear Mr. Family Doctor

Dear Mr. Family Doctor  
please take those critters serious  
I know you're never taught to do so  
to understand the disease-causing abilities of such a parasitic  
infestation

Dear Mr. Family Doctor  
please don't stick to your orthodox view  
I only want to state that they are really harmful  
to insult you has never been my aim

Dear Mr. Family Doctor  
please don't diagnose me with Irritable Bowel Syndrome  
I really need to do a Triple Faeces Test  
to prove their colonial existence inside

Dear Mr. Family Doctor  
please don't send me home right now  
I only need some medication  
to eliminate those cooties for once and for all



## Third time lucky

In the end, it took three strikes of anti-infective agents to kill the beasts inside.

A high dose of Metronidazole  
your DNA's helical structure will be disrupted  
tore apart, like the strings of a broken violin  
and then, most likely, after seven days of adverse side effects  
your bodies will vanish in a haze

The first dose of Tetracycline  
your food-supply will be reduced  
diminished, like dried out slugs with salt  
and then, as a consequence, after ten days of medical treatment  
you will die from starvation

Another dose of Tetracycline  
you will be smoked out of your hidey-hole  
unglued, like a stamp in the rush of steam  
and then, finally, after five years of bowel distress  
you are wiped out by the deadly touch of Clioquinol

Whew... What a relief!



The war is over

Silence speaks inside my gut

The party has ended

The enemy, sly and persistent, has been defeated

They're dead

They're all dead

They're as dead as dead can be

Microcorpses

The war is over

Time to clean up the mess

Time to rediscover the joy of life

(Wish me luck)





The End