

Gene-mania

Who today is not sick and tired
Of all those guys so gene-inspired?
They find a gene for every this or that:
For being gay, smart, alcoholic, fat...
We have to stop that madness. Take no offense,
But this approach doesn't make much sense.
True, some fools thought after Watson-Crick
That genes could really do the trick.
What they sought they did not find—
Those ill-fated biologists of the mind.
Loonies still insisting on double helix
Must be cured of that *idée fixe*.
Now we know better, we've been instructed:
Human phenotypes are socially constructed.
“Darwinism, yes”, we exclaim with glee,
Adding a proviso: “Only to some degree!”
It is quite all right for a fly or bird,
There the gene-talk is not at all absurd.
But, wait, don't rush to generalize
From these creatures of smaller size.
Looking at *Drosophila melanogaster*,
Please, don't read too much into it, buster.
Well, they rub their genitals, no doubt,
But that's nothing to get hot about;
You must be completely off your tracks
If you think that what they have is—sex.
Your anthropomorphism and sex obsession
Deserve of course our full compassion;
Yet for the prejudices so amazing
You badly need some consciousness-raising.
Besides, to tell you frankly, there's another thing,
It all too much smacks of—hmm, the right wing.
Hence in Boston, Stanford or Minneapolis
We might well need the thought police.
Why? Because all this genetic chitter-chatter
Is certainly not a laughing matter.
So be responsible, mind what you say.
Danger! You are talking DNA!