Arctic paws

A translation of Epigram V.9 by Martial (c. AD38 - c. 103)

Under the weather, I was:
Languishing on level six.
You were quick to come by, Prof Symmachus.
Poke your head round the curtain to check I don't mind
Before a hundred disciples pour in behind.
(A hundred drizzles of alcohol gel)
Didn't feel all that bright as the first took my wrist;
By the last I was septic as well.

Epigram V.9 Martial

Languebam: sed tu comitatus protinus ad me uenisti centum, Symmache, discipulis. Centum me tetigere manus aquilone gelatae: non habui febrem, Symmache, nunc habeo.

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