

Poem

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.

Nathan Hodson

Correspondence to Mr. Nathan Hodson, Brighton and Sussex Medical School, Audrey Emerton Building, Eastern Road, Brighton, United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland; N.hodson1@uni.bsms.ac.uk

Competing interests None declared.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.



CrossMark

To cite Hodson N. *Med Humanit* 2017;**43**:e15.

Published Online First 2 January 2017

Med Humanit 2017;**43**:e15. doi:10.1136/medhum-2016-011156