

# Poems about Malaria

This site provides some poems on the subject of malaria.

## Ode to Mosquito Men

They sprayed and sprayed till their eyes got sore  
Then they refilled their machines and sprayed some more.

They worked most of the whole night through.  
Killing mosquitoes for me and for you.

Their labors resulted in great success.  
Of every one hundred mosquitoes, there were ninety-nine less.

But they were mocked and they were scorned,  
Their heads with criticism were adorned.

What could be the problem then?  
That such reward befell these men?

This answer is simple as numbers can be.  
And the calculations reveal for all to see.

That if ninety-nine percent of one billion are slain.  
Ten million of the devils still remain.

(Source: [www.fairharbor.com/FHCA\\_mosquito\\_quotes.htm](http://www.fairharbor.com/FHCA_mosquito_quotes.htm))

## In this, O Nature, yield I pray to me

In this, O Nature, yield I pray to me.  
I pace and pace, and think and think, and take  
The fever'd hands, and note down all I see,  
That some distant light may haply break.  
The painful faces ask, can we not cure?  
We answer, No, not yet; we seek the laws.  
O God, revel thro' all this thing obscure  
The unseen, small, but million-murdering cause.

(Ronald Ross, 1895 in Aronson, 1996)

## **This day designing God**

This day designing God  
Hath put into my hand  
A wondrous thing. An God  
Be praised. At his command  
I have found thy secret deed.  
Oh million murthering Death, I know that this little thing  
A million men will save  
Oh death where is thy sting? Thy victory oh grave?  
(Ronald Ross, 20. August 1897 in Sherman, 1998, S. 6)

Comments, suggestions or corrections, especially from Ghanaians, people from the teaching field or in malaria research to [mattgig@crosswinds.net](mailto:mattgig@crosswinds.net) are most welcome.

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