Stephen Robertson

Newton's counterfactuals

1

You all know the story that once I received a slight knock on the bonce. For sure my laws must have forever been lost if the apple had chosen a dunce.

2

There remains a small bruise on my head insufficient to send me to bed. Just imagine the grief and the consequence if it had been a pineapple instead.

This poem is reprinted from Slanting Lines, the website of the poems of Stephen Robertson, at https://www.slacktide.site/slanting_lines/