As we entered the canteen to refresh our mind and to wipe off sleep,
The friend commented that I looked fresh and ready, how come?
With tongue firmly in cheek I said, may be an external force.
How was my friend to know I had just met Newton’s ghost!

The sun was approaching the western horizon, while the moon
Making its presence felt, cool quiet breeze aiding the senses,
But the mind was restless as if expecting something or someone,
Among the hushed milieu, it was dusk in the place of learning.

I was unable to pin the mind on anything,
so had left the library,
Unable to go back to the room, for I did not have the books I needed,
All friends were busy burning midnight oil,
for the trials were on,
And so, I waited there in the shadows for the mood to pass.

God knows how long the wait was but I remember I was awake and worried,
And then out of the shadows emerged a gentleman, frail, face bloodless,
Hair long and wavy reaching his shoulders, even that was all right for I
Too had such hair, but it was his dress that made me jump.

I racked my brain, where was it, and who was it that wore such attire?
It was simultaneous, my recognition and his smile, it was Newton,
Sir Isaac Newton alive, just as from the portraits we used to see,
But what is he doing in this particular space and time, I wondered.

His theories and laws are being questioned, is that why he is here?
I asked myself, and looked into his eyes for a convincing reply,
He must have it, or why is he wasting my time? I had books to read,
And pages to write, for one of the life’s ambitions was about to be fulfilled!

I heard him say, his voice distant:
“My theories be questioned or destroyed but the three laws shall remain,
Ever with creation, may be the humankind or may be the mind.”
So that’s why he’s here, to prove his relevance, I thought.

And why not, nobody wants to be negated, and especially Newton,
For he had given the students many a restless night and uneasy day!
Had it not been for his meddling with everything we would be relaxed.
But he rejoined as if reading my mind:
"No, they are not my laws, they are laws of motion I only discovered. It was not my fault if they were misinterpreted, they were meant for Men to learn from life, and not only for experimentation and knowledge." I wished he could be clearer, why are such men always abstract?

"I am not being abstract, I was never so practical as I am today. Since you are waiting for your mood to study, can I be of help? I will tell you what I meant by those laws, but had failed to say, After my departure I realised my folly but only today I got me.

"Take your present mood for instance it follows the first law, It will continue to be in that state till acted upon by a force! The moment your mind is touched by another thought, say desire, It changes, don’t you do this every time, to come out of your boredom?

"Life needs an external force, a desire or if you’re lucky, aspiration, Which makes life worth living, for me it was a search, That kept me going from one explanation to another till my last breath, Though I never thought it would all end as dead memories in your minds!

"The drive in life depends on the second law that the acceleration is. Directly proportional to the force, and inversely to your mass. Acceleration is your progress, and mass is your resistance to wisdom, Which is so much today that you still haven’t got out of your mood!

"The third law: that action and reaction are equal and opposite, is Universal, has been in every experience of everyone, yet little known, Else why is there so much self-created misery in every life? If only all of us had made this law our own, in every action!

"It took my death and centuries of thought to come to this point, I was passing by this time and space and saw you inert in mood, I thought of applying an external force to change your mental state. Have I succeeded, my friend? Am I all that bad as I’m made out to be?"

Surprised pleasantly, that he had called me a friend and helped, Truly was I out of the mood and was ready for books and thoughts. How could this man dedicated to learning, harm anyone, I thought. "Thank you!" I heard him say and he vanished, and heard someone call.

"Life needs an external force, a desire or if you’re lucky, aspiration, Which makes life worth living, for me it was a search, That kept me going from one explanation to another till my last breath

It was my friend in search of his much needed external force, I smiled and gratefully looked into the shadows, at the spot He was seen, “I now know what you mean!” said I in my own mind, for I knew, he knew The minds of troubled and inert students, for he called them friends.

As we entered the canteen to refresh our mind and to wipe off sleep, The friend commented that I looked fresh and ready, how come? With tongue firmly in cheek I said, may be an external force. How was my friend to know I had just met Newton’s ghost!

You may question the existence of ghosts, that too Newton’s, For how could a scientist be a ghost? I cannot vouchsafe for the ghost, But aren’t all thoughts like ghosts that haunt us towards The consequent feelings of fear, anger, lust and greed and jealousy?

The ghost of Newton, may have been my own aberration but it brought A fresh benign ghost of thought into my life and now I just make use, Of those laws of motion to come out of my inertia, to accelerate, or to Watch out for reactions and may be to help some to do these very things!

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