Newton’s Third Law:

At the end of your days,

Add up the good and the bad,

All the love and the craze,

All the happy and the mad.

And you will find, by law,

Util’s sum to be nil,

For here is purpose’s flaw,

Man’s life is just a small hill.

Tis the same with each thing,

Every moral inferior,

Every cog every spring,

Wastes away none less drearier.

For each relic of matter

Is governed by forces,

Probability’s scatter,

Ends equal despite the courses.