

How it might have gone

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Newton casts horoscopes,
 juggles numbers from Deuteronomy,
 dabbles in lead (and mercury).
 And that's hardly the whole
 of it. Flamsteed, royal
 astronomer (gloved hand on astrosphere),
 keeps his eyebrows in place: *each*

point an eye? he asks. "No, no, those
 are mere abstractions." (*Oh right.*)
 "Space itself (everywhere), God's
 sensorium": epidermis in 3-D.

Flamsteed laughs ("Flamsteed," by the way,
 does *not* appear in the third edition).