



An Arts & Science Night Before Christmas

'T'was the night before Christmas, when all through the School rang the din of the infamous “A” and “S” duel.

“I’m the best that there is!” cried the Arts with a flare, as Science observed with its Freudian stare.

Arts fussed, and it fumed, an emotional wreck, but, knew it must put all its cards on the deck.

“Just look what I do for the world every day! I’m in all that is done, be it music or play!

Write poems like this one, paint toys for a sack, sew red and white costume to wear on one's back, ponder life on those quieter days of the year in languages meant for an Arts-only ear!”

Now, Science, its stare in implacable place, emotionless, stated its fact-laden case.

“Hypothetically speaking, one's self should peruse the opposite side of one's hypotenuse to assimilate one's extant terrestrial duress, (consequential reversal of absoluteness), resultant of suidae-similitude style theoretically applied amongst cranial beguile.

Contumacious restrictiveness amplification leaves zero expansion, just exacerbation.”

Dumbfounded, the Arts just glared back at its foe, how dare it suggest that such things were thus so!

“Pig-headed and backed in a corner, not me! My mind isn't narrow, and I see what I see!”

Like dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, their battle continued, like pie in the sky, an age-old dilemma, like dog versus cat, a rivalry based on just “this” versus “that”.

But, then, from a twinkling, celestial source, came a thought that could hit with phenomenal force, and thus, it did that, it hit “S”, and “A”, too, giving Science and Arts a perspective anew.

“Perhaps, just perhaps, I could peep through the door to the world of my foe, and begin to explore all the things it considers to be at its core, and their world, will, perhaps, mean a little bit more.”

So, Science considered earth scientist dare to wear colourful shirts with a tropical flare, and Arts knew a writer, creative with prose, who knew cellular structure of rosy, red rose.

Guitar-slinging teacher's psychology class, another loves classical music and maths, sweet justice in crime from forensic conclusion, a media blitz - astronomic confusion!

Yon rainbow, reflected, refracted, it's true, a prism of colours of red, green, and blue, a study of people, in all of their glory, indistinguishable energy – unwritten story!

Now, Arts, with its brain just a tad to the right, decided that it had no reason to fight with Science, because, just like day needing night, they needed each other to be brilliantly bright.

Now, Science, to left, just a fraction, its brain, had reason to think it had much more to gain by welcoming Arts, with illogical soul, to balance like earth with a north and south pole.

It voiced its new thought to its former foe, Arts, and marvelled that they had the same beating hearts.

“So, tell me, my friend, did the lady or tiger come out of that door? Or, was it a liger?”

The Arts laughed aloud, a liger, indeed, but, recognized similar question to heed.

“So, tell me, my friend, please, your answer, I beg, which thing was the first? Was it chicken or egg?”

Now, both of them laughed, off they went, these new friends, and sadly, this must be where this poem ends, as Science and Arts academic renewal reverberates through all the halls of the School!