

# *Surface Tension*

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Eyes are connectors of space to perception. The optic nerve, a bridge that connects the physical universe on the exterior to the imaginary universe in the interior. Through a series of life-infused movements and mutations of molecular compounds, layers of atoms have formed structures that have tiny worlds within themselves which read light--with luminous energies, color, visibility, and the qualities linked to an intangibility, stems the resource material for thoughts, of which we can use in the most complex of ways. Eyes provide the information to which we apply thoughts. Given that imagination is formed by the brain itself, the human brain is complex enough to fabricate thoughts in any formation imaginable.

The human brain is complex enough to fabricate lies in any formation imaginable. And with this we sand all possibilities to those which are favorable--skimming the countless notions that take place in less than a second. I am committed to believing in my frustrations in order to embrace their charge, almost to a point of meticulously etching every single intersection in the space time fabric and forcing you to compete, yet gracefully delighted; floating in the wonder of perception like bubbles on carbon dioxide.

Perception is distorted, and to attempt to distill it to a lack of impurities is to successfully convince your self of a pretentious lie--that perception is not the *translation* of the external world from the internal, but rather a *replica* of the external world. Our cone of vision embodies 60 degrees above the line of sight, which is leveled horizontally directly from the center of our eyes. Anything above this "60 degree cone" is in a peripheral distortion. Location of particles and natural direction of vectors and lines of objects in space exists with no lean towards any perception. Instead, how much distortion occurs is determined by the angle at which we view matter. From afar, things would be foreshortened and atmospheric, with tyndall scattering, despite their natural appearance, and even to an infinitesimal degree, this very paper is a distortion from your view. And because everything is in perspective from a vantage point, every object in space is in distortion.

Our vision has adapted to this distortion. Our brains are linked to our perception in such a way that they calibrate our coordination to this distortion. No matter how distorted a space may be, we are wired to estimate its true characteristics efficiently. If there is someone in the distance, we are able to predict they aren't foggy, atmospheric, and tiny just because perception describes them this way. We take this detailed information and predict that the subject is far away, and that is why they appear this way. Layers of distorting information overlap; motion, energy, heat, speed, focus, and several other notions create the accounts of all emotions and memories we do not attribute to physical studies.

There is an entire universe within each one of our brains which each of us fabricate. We tend to call this universe the "mind", and it is a world of virtual reality which we use as a simulator for ideas. The world outside of the mind doesn't know whether the mind is physical or not, and, elusively, it bares a cunning similarity to the notions of the distortions of the "physical" world. We draw from the real world in order to inform these minds, yet because we are already adapted, we under mind the distortion. A pasty, stretchy, elastic grows. It is alien and secretes mucus, and every single time we feed it distortion, it grows like mold grows when it gets fed moisture, exactly like life grows within the right conditions (the reason we are living on earth).

A brand new breed of distortion grows within our heads. Instead, the human does what is natural of it to do, adapt. It is physical of nature to do so, and posing a question towards the purposes of nature's survival is finding soil scrapings, dead rose pedals, a lizard's tail, and a coating of dust all over.

On Earth, matter is usually found next to more matter, making interactive ideas such as gravity, adaptation, and forces that attract, repel and support one another sensible solutions to a very complicated mystery. No one quite knows why or how these qualities of matter exist, or why they happen to have these characteristics. This mystery manifests itself as a series of gaps that form a void. A large void in comparison to us, yet as we tend to forget, size is only relative, and if we zoom in to the most subatomic of particles, it is the void, emptiness of knowledge that we find, almost physical, almost not, yet full of curiosity.

This kind of delirium fuels my thoughts. It seems that it is natural of us to investigate these notions; we must figure all there is to the mystery. The more matter that we form, the more that we separate, organize, and classify; and with matter, comes dark matter and its substantial absence...

That night I fell asleep. I *fell*, asleep. That night. And even though I wanted to write and read my words and fathom about the people's reactions and the look on their faces when they read the short excerpt from my story, I found myself in a void of thought-- a lucid dream, I was awake enough to wonder why I wasn't writing, and wonder about wormholes and plasma and fabric that is all made up of string, but all at once I continued to fall.

There is nothing like the acceleration of gravity to dissolve the physical awareneses of tiny fragments which we have become accustomed and neglectful to-- to evaporate these concrete pieces into chiming sensations that remind us of the rest of the body outside of the mind. Becoming unattached to the Earth as a larger physical body is an analogy to our detachment from our own bodies, physically.

I fell like sight never stopped and sound waves increased their wavelengths, and the photons of light halted, and darkness grew richer, this time with no eyes peeking through, and milk grew more opaque and water clearer than air and I was moving so fast that traveling through time felt slow, blankness grew into positive space and the disks in my spine distanced and sustained and nutrients replenished and energy resonated and grips and fears and bites and tears; and all a cosmic space.

It was then that I realized, I was falling through space, a void, a mystery I needed to solve.

*Someone once told me I sprawled, and I think that is because I was caught falling through space.*

Falling through spaces is like falling through a wall-less, floorless well. No walls, no floors...Imagine a space with no third--or second dimension. To picture it is impossible; we do not think in one dimension, though we attempt zooming into space. We must think in three dimensions, sculpturally, and perhaps four, if time convinces.

A reason one falls is because they are denser than the surrounding area, and there is more matter for the core of the Earth to be attracted to. Stronger

forces outweigh each other, and the lighter is not strong enough to support the heavier. Denser material sinks. The surface tension of the air is no match for so much of a body.

The molecules in any liquid have forces that disperse in every which way. The molecules near the edge of a piece of liquid are no exception, they are simultaneously expanding energies in different directions, but these energies approach a wall of separation. What is to become of the forces at the border of the liquid and the air? A bond of forces is formed, a barrier that happens to form a tension, almost as if the liquid was biologically defending itself from outside forces. Surface tension lends itself to a flare for the romantic and dramatic. The name itself describes a molecular occurrence, the formation of tensions due to bonding, yet also happens to coincide with notions of exaggeration that birth emotional drama. In the congratulation of these ideas beyond their proposed physicality, it's casually a beautiful parallel.

Edges are sites of contrast where shaped surfaces and/or spaces meet another. It is a simple concept upon introduction, but the ideas that make it difficult include our desire for cleanly sliced edges themselves. We have developed our systems (money, jobs, art, school, etc.) based on increments, but the gradients of our futility and the flexibility of malleability say otherwise. Separations create edges, because there is only a certain amount of molecules in that object, and it ends at a point. However, one may say there are infinite amounts, and inversely, a new space begins.

In the fruit of a conversation, a wild painter once told me that scientists cannot spot the very moment when water turns to ice. The transformation is so instantaneous that even a hair in time is far too thick to pronounce the shape of the occurrence. "It just..happens," she said, and then blinked and looked around in a clever and nervous smile, biting her bottom lip waiting for replies and cocking her neck around like a cockatiel. It was as if she would wait for an engaging answer but knew time so well that she adapted her movements to create contours that described the situation in factors beyond the conversation.

What did it take for that water molecule to become ice? The lack of heat would mean that the particles were vibrating slower, but that can't possibly be the primary reason. Perhaps the lack of movement wouldn't out do the gravitational pull the particles have to each other, making it more likely for them to clump together in a naturally dense, organized fashion. Cold makes things naturally denser.

The winter encourages the bitter and breeds the insane; the lack of food, and the primal necessities of heat and energy. Fuel is scarce. The luxury of thoughts that frolic in topics beyond those of survival is subject to losing priority. The cold slows down time, and all becomes more dense yet more distant from other bodies of itself, emotions, soil, ice, travel, movement, circulation, etc. Skin grips on to itself and follicles erect like the bumps on the skin of a rooster or a goose. Hairs capture body heat in dense layers, hopefully accompanied by layers and layers of dense clothing. Denser dimensionality is compatible with the cold. Cold exists in very high elevations, where air molecules are magnetic to each other, and float in dispersed compositions, making the challenge lungs have already, becoming shrinking crinkled densities and gasping for oxygen, even a denser challenge. Cold air sinks; it's heavy and sinks, deep like an anchor. It connects gravity to density. Hair stays put in the cold, sleek and obedient, with no sweat or exasperating expansion of moisture interrupting. The cold is thick.

It absorbs much of the colors on the spectrum, making pressurized pigments prominent and blissfully unaware of their ironic vivid qualities. Coldness correlates sadness in most chalky and then honest situations. Again comes the over-dramatics and decorations of hyper-realities to produce keen and artistic perspectives of reality, but in a scientific, sick and twisted analysis, sadness is followed by question, followed by deep ponder and storms of wonder and engagement; philosophy. It is through the discomfort of being saddened that one questions the reason for sadness and its contradiction to natural inclination towards health. Happiness is light and airy, and the worry-free dynamics of happiness breed no question. Sadness is suffering and squirming and wondering when the end is near, and this desire to end creates a more frequent checking of time, slowing down the seconds to frigid clumps that inch towards an asymptote. Cold is a magnificent negative, in terms of temperature, appeal, and physicality. "Cold" is not a thing; it is the lack of a thing--heat.

Slowing *down* the vibration of particles, temperature, and time makes primal desperation in searching for...an edge. Here we see a perfect example for desire of heat--instances where one captures themselves wanting the orange; the happiness. *There's no way sadness could be ironically prosperous!* There's scampering and scavenging for solution of such a problem. *Are there any edges nearby to grip on to?* Why, it is just enough for one to grow mad--insane; cold.

In order to settle with the discomfiting prosperity of misery, one would have to be on the edge of a mentality that controlled emotional systems in ways that does not interfere with the activity of thought. Like the existence of floating particles that in the cold do not touch, like surface tension, like parallel lines that never meet, an edge between the two must be obtained. There is the mentality keeping the mind warm and moist, so that all things can expand and melt into one another like the alien, black elastic, and there is the mentality that is cold, dense and separated into groups of like-terms. Time unfolds and creeps along each. Each one develops a language. The languages are not compatible, but occasionally they try to speak to one another in symbols, mumbles, and what one may call a universal sign language. As these two lights move slowly in parallel lines, they begin to skew, and each one branches into millions of light bugs, flying into their own spaces.

For a body to cross the edge of one mentality to enter the next, it would have to break the surface tension.

The seeds of the flower *Taraxacum Officinale*, a pest to grassy lawns in many places, and a wish for many hopefuls which blow its seeds into the wind aren't strong enough to break the surface tension. Instead, the leaves seem to form a barrier, a *surface tension* of their own, pushing the liquid into tiny indents that render a surface illusion of an impenetrable solid. In what might just be an acrobatically dramatic scenario, this situation of surface tension was perhaps a caricature of reality. One of almost breaking the barrier, walking along the edge and almost interfering the contrast between two spaces. That is how most things are at their basis, not a purity or a cleanly cut edge, but a tracing an essence, an organic, edgeless form.

That night was strange because although it was blaringly obvious to which category each sound belonged, they all fused in a cascading symphony. There was so much to say, yet so much being said. There were leaps for efforts to find edges. There were brasses and strings and more steam than the air can carry and confetti and noise and bubbles and toys and spills colors and a zany

kingdom for whimsicalities of all ages, like molecules, pushing forces in all directions but empty at their components. All at once I attempted to begin writing, for lack of a better word, only to stare at a blank canvas of an empty paper.

It took years to distill the thoughts into diction all at once, and to navigate through chains of inconsistencies was also a hyper reality. By now there are countless requests for a physicality that was sharp and hours rugged--a rounded edge. I was fascinated with an entry and an exit of thoughts, arranged into trains. I too was concerned with finding an edge and being an edge ahead, but it was only through the physical that I needed to obtain the intangibilities. The sounds and the sights played in my head over and layered as double vision, but I am familiar with the replica; I know the hyper reality, and the very scent of distortion.