

Waves

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With the settling sun working on re-establishing the aesthetic value of the natural wonder that is the illustrious skyline, there was little doubt that there was yet another Picasso in the midst of creation. Yet, the manic rate at which the waves crashed against the background was a sign of anything but.

It is argued that the cognitive approach to life lies within the framework that nature defines it in. However, against the crashing of the waves, one could not help but question the stability of the same. For instance, with a unit as simple in nature as an iota of sand constituting a majestic molecular structure contrived to traverse paths defined within its coherent logic, is it not feasible for man to query the same? In essence, man is a segment of that structure within which lies the cognitive ability to establish a trajectory. Yet, would it not be a fools dream to attempt to perceive accurately the projected path?

As the global financial market trends towards what is surely a seasonal volatility, the arduous nature of exploiting precious metals is inarguably effervescent. Though given the banal nature of political trends, the author is forced to query the value attached to the most precious of all metals - human life.

It would be an understatement to establish the pressing demands of a coherent framework in terms of functional relations. Yet, while the beauty of math in any approach cannot be ignored, the functional perception of life seems to have altered dramatically, solely to meet the changing fundamentals of business. Intuitively, one of laying value against the financial qualities of an individual as against determining a characteristic evaluation.

The valuation of man in a world that worships the dollar is just about as futile an exercise as attempting to convince Shakespearean readers of the plagiarism context. As such, I present the following argument as an induction towards the nomenclature of the subject at hand. The dollar has managed to send millions to war, yet only allowed thousands to return. It is the dollar, and not our backyard vegetation that gives root to the subjective argument of the grass being greener on the other side. Therein, could it not be argued, even faintly, that it is the dollar that ensures that man overcomes, or succumbs to, the hurdles presented by the voluminous journey, in effect, life?

The parsimonious nature of global stocks could be correlated to the rather acrimonious cliché of the bigger falling harder; the waves continue to project an effect paramount to a battlefield - wars come to an end, as does every chapter in life - yet the question remains - when will the waves level, achieving synergy with granular molecules, and as such, begin a chapter of solitude and willful resurgence?

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