

The Eternal Tango

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All to be known about human relationships can be summed up by the motion of celestial bodies.

Two bodies in space attract each other and endlessly inch closer. It is the law of the universe. Two bodies, no matter how far or how different, pull longingly to shrink the gap that spans worlds, galaxies, eternities. And they only increase in their desire to be with the other as they traverse the vastness of space.

Closer and closer they draw, until finally they are there together, with but hundreds of thousands of miles between them.

The strength of gravitational pull is inversely proportional to the square of the distance. A halved distance is a four-fold strong force, locking the new bodies on a course.

A path to collision.

Maybe it is two meek planets, who eventually glance each other ever so slightly. They pass by each other, each gaining a fresh dent on their surfaces. With but millions of years, all trace of memory erodes away.

Maybe it is a planet and a brilliant star. The light is irresistible, and the star knows. The planet hurdles through emptiness towards the shining beacon, until the pull tears this little speck into a billion pieces. The fragments of the poor planet are consumed by the star without even a sign of hesitation.

Maybe it is two stars, each mesmerized by the other. Their hellish flames lick the other as they finally consummate their desires, and a fiery display lights up the evening sky. Both are scattered in a cloud of dust, which forms into more celestial bodies destined on destructive courses through the universe.

But what of the two stars that are locked in their eternal tango, dancing away timelessly and shining as if they were one? The endless sweeping around the other keeps the two at length, sparing the fate that other bodies must take. They are both contently burning, but still are forever longing to be pulled even closer, with their clueless wish to come together regardless of consequence.

All in this universe seeks proximity, and all proximity is how all is destroyed and destroys. For in this pitiable reality, the pursuit of proximity is the root of pain.