

Fechner's Law

The graph of Fechner's law curves sleepily at first like a lower lip inflated with grief, a calloused toe, the back of a stretching cat, the jawbone of a horse. But the surprise is in the asymptote that drifts off our margins. It's the part that flattens, plateaus into the infinite limits of our undetections. In a whisper, even taps of melting ice on the porch resound like explosions. But the louder you yell, the less I'm able to tell the difference, my difference thresholds dissolving. My neurons can only fire so fast, a sprinkler system of action potentials blocks the limits of my perceptions, builds a ceiling. When pushed with such great force, I can't tell the difference. We numb ourselves to change, stretching our bodies onto the leveled logarithm. Tell me this isn't the reason why five hundred thousand deaths means less to my brain than the grey and white fur flattened into the snow on the blacktop. How when we have so little, the impossible purr of a cat feels like the waking rumble of a universe ready to restore us. But in reality, amidst all the noise and pressure, all the signals go unnoticed. The line on Fechner's law flattens like the monitors besides hospital beds. From such sensory overload, it takes so much more to perceive. The truth is we have no idea the noise of the world. How much more bitter it was than last year. A lemon in the arch of my foot feels like comfort. As intensity grows, it takes more and more for that **just noticeable difference**. Adding a brick to the chimney on my chest feels no different, as the firing of my neurons has already become a conflagration.