Weber’s Law

How much dirt would I need to add to the coffee for you to taste it?
How much more can I turn the hot knob in the shower for you to feel it?
How much lower must the sun sink to notice it’s getting dark?
How many days without showering will it take for you to smell me?

What I want
is an absolute threshold.

How much do you have to tighten the banjo string to hear the pitch rise?
How many textbooks do I have to stack on my head to feel my skull caving in?
How much lemon do I need to add to your sweet tea for you to taste my sourness?

Give me
differenze Limen.

The truth is,
as the magnitude of a stimulus increases,
the difference threshold does too,
in a predictable proportion.

I sit
feeling the weight of my standards.

For most senses, its ratio
to the difference threshold remains constant.
Or at least, that’s what the Weber fractions told me.

Oh, K.

But still I wonder,
serving up
muddy coffee and acidic black tea
in the hot water darkness
with sweaty crevices,
studying psychophysics
to the always out-of-tune banjo.