Contemplative Thoughts About The Intimacy of Physics

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science says—
when two surfaces come into contact, they never truly meet;
hair follicles can brush together and toes can curl against bed sheets, but it is not skin on fabric, nor skin on skin, but atom against atom; it is animal magnetism and organic chemistry colliding, colluding, pressing impossibly close, yet not close enough; it is desperate loneliness looking for friction, fighting for covalent bonds to stabilize an otherwise perpetual state of motion; settle down, stand still is what they tell us, while our atoms jiggle up and down, impatient for the endless possibilities, for the unlimited electrons pulsing through the air, singing, “We are inevitable. Come, dance with us. Hold our hands.”