

THOUGHT FRACTURES:

Some Shards of Eureka



A digital image hung on the wall like a stained-glass window shattered in slow motion. Jagged lines of light cut through deep, blue-green shadows, suggesting a mind caught in the very act of coming apart.

Gwen stood before it, her silhouette motionless against the gallery's low amber embrace. She reached out as if to touch a splintered edge of the composition, but pulled back, haunted by the shards. "Eventually," she murmured, her voice barely a ripple in the quiet room, "all thoughts fracture. Every single one."

Tara leaned against a nearby pillar, her heels clicking softly on the polished floor. With a long, exaggerated yawn, she stretched skyward. "So what?" she scoffed, her voice peeling through the quiet. "Thoughts are mere bubbles, Gwen; iridescent for a fleeting moment, then gone. They were made to disappear from the start."

Gwen finally turned, a weary smile tugging playfully at the corners of her mouth. "I suppose you're right. We need to savor the colors while they swirl around you," she said softly, mimicking a tiny explosion with her fingers. "Pop. Just like that—gone, with only empty air remaining."

Tara tilted her head, her expression shifting. The flippancy in her eyes faded, replaced by a look that was half-jesting and half-deadly serious. "Pop. That can be a eureka moment, a brief awakening from sleep. In so many ways, we are asleep" she added with a half-sleepy smile.

Noel, emerging from the shadows, stepped into the light, adjusting his coat. With a calm gaze, he observed the fractal art, "Can't say for sure," he replied, his voice steady, grounding them all. "In a world like ours, every eureka, intuition, or brief awakening is welcome."