

Extremes have always fascinated humans. Quotidian life passes by as a monotonous routine, only corrupted by things that are out of the ordinary. Bizarre natural wonders are one of those odd creations that catch people's sight. Multitudes crowd places like the Iguazú Waterfalls and the Grand Canyon to admire, and even question, the enigma of these wonders; as they do so, however, they forget to realize that the median is their only possession, one which they will be allowed to keep until the extreme comes to claim they once more.

Beauty presents itself in many different ways; it is always changing but remains still throughout time; beauty persists and never perishes. The agitation of the roaring waters is overwhelming. Magnificent waterfalls take over. The platforms, built on top of the water to allow visitors, lead thousands of them to the edge of the abyss. The supremacy of the water, as it continues its endless torture of recycling itself, can remind humans of their powerlessness. The waterfalls seem to swallow the people who vanish behind the enlivening curtains of water, but as thousands are taken out of sight, thousands emerge time and time again. The waterfalls impregnate the permeable humans with their energy, and leave them tired and thirsty for fulfillment.

The desolation allotted to the Grand Canyon finds itself, as the waterfalls do, taking people's breath away. People reunite to contemplate the solitude of this formation of stillness. A vast mass of rocks extend to what seems to be the infinite and even further. The landscape is quiet yet grandiose. The only things that disrupt the silence are people's thoughts that roar as thunder. Quietude can be uncomfortable while beholding many mysteries. Quietude, although enigmatic, might reveal the fundamentals of noise. The path that escalates from rock bottom to the top is painful to some, and impossible to many, for it is known that all that goes up must

come down but the opposite of this is not law.

As people gather in admiration, agitation and stillness in their physical forms oblige humans to evaluate and rethink their certainties and their doubts. Water can both bring life and wash it away. The lack of activity though is the presence of death, and there are not many things that embody the antithesis of life as well as rocks do.

Water falls as rocks rise. But as water comes back up, rocks create depressions. Waterfalls and the dusty dry canyon could not exist together, but it is the lack of one that gives the other a place, and the presence of one that makes appreciating its opposite easier.

The imposing characteristics of these natural landscapes go beyond their physical beauty. Their majestic presences constantly remind humans of how small they are. People are leashed to, and must abide by, the will of uncertainty. Their occasional contemplation of the extremes should help them to appreciate the everyday beauty that is to be found in the negative spaces. After all, life is not really anything but the juxtaposition of death, but it is where ends meet that really should matter.

