All morning, you’ve studied the laws of spoons, the rules of books, the dynamics of the occasional plate, observed the principles governing objects in motion and objects at rest. To see if it will fall, and if it does, how far, if it will rage like a lost penny or ring like a Chinese gong—because it doesn’t have to—you lean from your chair and hold your cup over the floor. It curves in your hand, it weighs in your palm, it arches like a wave, it is a dipper full of stars, and you’re the wind timing the pull of the moon, you’re the water measuring the distance from which we fall.