

"Water is Life."

That's what people were saying for millennia. That's not on my mind when I turn on my water tap. Neither, that a quarter of the world's population doesn't have a tap or safe water access. I drank my well's water and watered my vegetable garden for years as if it always meant to be. I carried on, like billions of others, without questioning assumptions that shaped my daily habits or responsibility for all necessities of my biological life. Thus, with no need to validate them by my daily observations or empirical evidence supplied by our advancing science.

Allow me to test the logic and the meaning of the reverse word order in the opening statement. "Life is Water" might sound equally good, but the meaning could fit only within a framework of spiritual life or an escaping attitude of "Eternal Now". The reality of our biological lives doesn't allow confusing what comes first, or why. Although water is the most abundant molecule in my body, only its unique combination of properties keeps my body alive every minute. It's easy to forget that these properties making my life possible also limit its boundaries. Or, being the most universal solvent, what's in it determines the quality of my life.

It would be hard to deny that the same logic holds true for all life. Even though water might be the most abundant molecule in the universe, only the water cycle and its redistribution set and regulate conditions of it. Therefore, calls to conquer our planetary neighbourhood might have motives intentionally hidden or be dangerously delusional.

All these thoughts above shouldn't divert me from the most relevant question.

What makes Life the way it is, and what is the margin of its possibility in where I live?

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