

## On Beauty

Beauty rests in simple things:

The tight join of a perfect cut of stone

The whisper of the wind through pines on mountainside

The eyes that wait,

Smiling in the dark

The curve, the curve,

Of waist to thigh

Beckoning

Beauty is rarely planned

It is not a *made* thing

But a realization of realization of restraint

In reality

A sudden inward gasp as greater stars

Blind us in heart-stopping wonder

And we are made small

By the grandeur of a pebble.