

## ON BEAUTY

Beauty is a vibration set up in the human soul; a presentiment of the divine within the temporal, igniting a spark of recognition and offers the finite a glimpse of the absolute and a means of salvation.

Thus the anguish of Beauty, searing the moment with a sense of its fleetingness while releasing premonition of what life is like in its wholeness where observer and observed are no longer separated. In this Beauty is sister to Love

Beauty can never be an aggression; the imposition of a set of tastes, standards or values upon a scene or object. Rather it is an acceptance of a gift in humility. To experience Beauty is to feel humble, overflowing, thankful; joyful and a sense of awe, for Beauty is also terrible for human kind cannot stand so much Reality.

She is also mystical in that she goes beyond language; exquisite and painful, she sets up a longing for something half-remembered; a desire for release, to open again the gates of Eden.

It is a purity of sensation that laughs in the face of explanation.

She takes us unaware and covers us with shame; we become suddenly self-conscious like chattering tourists silenced by a holy shrine.

She disdains wooing and cannot be bought and sold. Icy in her scorn she can punish with a look, discard with a gesture, leaving desolation and despair. Yet, should she deign to smile, to the courageous and pure in heart she offers salvation – while the rest are burnt like vampires in the radiance of her light and flee, seeking solace in fashion and style.