

## ON BEAUTY

Beauty lies  
in the heart of the believer -  
he who believes  
can always see a spark.

Warmth from a fire  
nestles round me melting  
the snowflakes  
sliding softly down  
the soft shield of my soul -  
    which faces the world,  
    and squints against the glare.

Slowly, silently,  
the snow waxes deeper, ever  
deeper in my heart,  
the beauty dim, the windows closed.  
The tiny crystals turn in airy paths  
tumbling, rushing down;  
I cannot see where they land.  
Slanting left, slanting right,  
Some carry their own directions  
in a differing line  
    changing,  
but ending always the same.

Does this mean that we, too,  
Though on differing paths  
    will wind up in the same place  
    watering the same flower?

Perhaps,  
    perhaps not.

Unlike flakes of snow,  
we have many paths to follow,  
many lives to lead,  
many plants to nourish.  
We cannot keep the same direction only,  
and are not bound  
to go only where the wind blows us.

Herein lies  
the real beauty.