In the last calm and exquisite moment before sleep when we are
without thought,

in the translucent space before night when the color leaves
but light remains,

with focus,
without form,

on a slate that is, without images, not blank, but
holds the space of existence,

we write ourselves and our universe. We listen. Then, taking care,
we look.

We see beauty, shaped again and again,
patterns,
iterations of forces and fields:

the dunes on Mars,
the petals of roses,
the spirals of galaxies light years away,
the swirls in rivers seeking an ocean.

We see beauty and, by our seeing,

we participate,
we precipitate, by our seeing, particles from waves
order from energy
beauty from being.

Joining
the forces that formed us,
we see beauty.

— Mary Ann Allison, 2010