Beauty - Angel Colony

More a collection of thoughts on the same theme than a scene.

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I was unable to see myself through my husband’s eyes, and yet he always insisted on trying to convince me of my beauty and other charms. Connor and I argued over this endlessly—half serious, half in fun. I delighted in his opinions of my sexual appeal, as I cannot deny that I was a sensual person and I took immense satisfaction in giving and receiving pleasure. Sexuality is a quality that involves one intimately and can not be ignored. Beauty, however is very different.

I have no idea what it is like to feel beautiful. I am or the firm opinion that an individual is constitutionally incapable of believing in his or her own beauty. Of course when you are talking about beauty, it is *all* a matter of opinion. Most cultures—and all individuals—have a bias, to which an individual can be compared and thus accused of being beautiful. It is as psychologically damaging to the individual as any other arbitrary prejudice. An individual can recognize where they stand in light of that prejudice. Ironically individuals who fit the ideal of a given bias are less inclined to buy it. I would hate to be the type who is so desperate to possess this elusive quality that she loses all sense of perspective about it and inevitably destroys herself because no matter how much she wants to believe it, deep down at heart she cannot.

I am not the type to behold beauty in myself. I can see my body as aesthetically pleasing, but I am unable to see myself in the mirror without intimately knowing the person behind that face, my reflection makes me blind to myself and terrifies me. I tried so hard to see what Connor saw in me, that I began to wonder if there was any beauty in me at all. I found it, after months of angst, and not in any mirror. It was a discovery not unlike I had made regarding latency. Real beauty is a spiritual—a divine quality that exists in people and which is aroused by the deep penetration of one’s soul. Like all divine qualities, beauty is awesome—wonderful and terrifying—which is why beauty is not in and of itself good or evil.

To understand beauty I found it necessary to understand what it is that pierces a human soul. To experience beauty it is only necessary to be able to understand, because at our deepest depths that is all we are. Focused awareness. Understanding. What we call beautiful is usually an answer—some expression of truth that we can recognize, catching a momentary glimpse of true understanding but which, in its entirety, eludes comprehension. Catching that glimpse is terrifying. It is wonderful. Those little moments of naked awareness are devastating and uplifting.

The beauty of mathematics is seen only by those who unfold that awesome flower within their minds. The beauty of raw chaos is blasted into the soul on the winds of hurricanes. The beauty of a machine is expressed in the precision with which it is fitted to its tasks.

The human body has a particular beauty. It shares in the beauty of nature, by it’s intricate design and is ideally suited for it’s apparent function—to explore all things. To engage and interact with an infinite number of possibilities and in recognizing their awesome, terrifying and wonderful mysteries, know beauty. It is only through this exposing of our deepest self to the universe that we can truly experience the depth within us and come in time to know ourselves.

I know beauty in myself only by abandoning myself to the passion of my senses and the peace of accepting myself. At times, I almost resent having a body so easy to love, for it is not a given that a mind should possess and be in possession of outward form so resonant with the inner soul. Perhaps being so ill at ease with that blessing explains why it took so long for me to allow myself to appreciate it. Or perhaps I denied myself the embrace of myself for fear of what I stood to lose should I risk life or limb. Maybe that is why most people never find the beauty in themselves; a willful ignorance of what they stand to lose. Or what they have to live for.