

## Beauty, Why Hide?

*By Mary Jane McCormick*

Beauty, how can I know you?  
You are hidden, yet obvious.  
You are silent yet boisterous.  
You are bound up, yet free.  
You are mysterious, yet known on sight.

You hide in our tears.  
You hide in our fears.  
You hide in our humanness.

If I pursue you, will you run away?  
If I desire you, will you go under cover?  
Will you continue to play, "*Come here, Go Away*"?

To never get tired of this dance with BEAUTY, is my hope!