

# The Galleries

*by Gary Hardaway*

There is no intrinsic beauty here  
or anywhere. We invent our beauties

as we find them and engineer  
our horrors as a death stained

counterpoint as if we can't determine  
what we love without a shuddering fear

nearby. We learn by naming,  
by dividing, by sorting the mysteries,

yes and no. Something simple seeming  
as "salt to taste" distills an ancient history

of choice and accident, discovery  
and repulsion. Where beauty started,

no one knows. But, here it is, there it is,  
in the wall-less galleries of trial and error.

