

BEAUTY

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Whether a work of art, personality,
a stupendous view or sublime sound
evoking tears of pleasure, the perception
of beauty inspires an emotional reaction.
Even the transparency of innocence is a kind of beauty.
But why is it beauty evokes such a response,
what Lacan called *jouissance*?
What can be construed from such appreciation?
Are we so used to ugliness, irregularity,
that, when presented with symmetry or harmony,
the recognition shocks and moves us?
Is it empathy, ecstasy, catharsis,
or simply the need to believe in or
longing and hope of a better world?