

The Physics of Beauty—A Sky Proof

The tawny, buff-colored hills of dry wheat,
or is it grass?
fold as gentle as a tulip petal under the gray-cyan sky.

Why is this so beautiful, this Montana sky?
This Montana space?
How is it that it really is Big Sky Country more than anywhere else?

The answers seem to lie somewhere in the smooth transition between hues
and textures on such a grand scale
that it just makes sense.

Aren't all revelations versions of connections easily made?
When someone says something that you've known all along
in such a way that everything falls into place?

This vista, sliding by the car window as I roll down the highway
is an elegant expression of the laws of nature.

My heart-mind teeters on the brink of how this wide open space and light
is actually a natural solution of relativity,
a proof of the necessity of beauty.

It's where the potential meets the road,
is what this confluence of space, time and light continuum
resonates in my chest.

What is it that I want to say?

I know that I am a wolf for the sky,

And I know that if I could bring the two ends of this ribbon of highway together
between me and you
and step over the loop of distance hanging down
that it would all make sense,
this Big Sky in my heart-spirit,

And that you too
yearn for the yin and yang,
the universal proof
of our infinitesimal,
yet galactic significance.