

How are you so beautiful?

Everything... absolutely everything about you is beautiful.

With effort I could find a better word for you, but it is with simplicity with which I want to express my appreciation for you.

I don't want to dance around you with fancy words or expressions that mean nothing in the end.

I can't explain it, it's so ingrained in me that I don't have a beginning for my adoration.

It's always... been there.

Ever since I could REALLY comprehend the world around me, you've been there.

Even now, when the letter I am writing to you is not even finished, I can point out where I see you in this space.

I see you, around the podium I am currently sitting next to. Does the audience see the red line encompassing all that orange? Or how the metal sheen of the grate under it gets pushed back by the darkness of the shadows and the cables?

Does the audience see how you form a connection between this flask on the desk and those red lines of the podium?

There are reflections of you everywhere.

Now, there are countless articles, videos and books trying to explain your very nature. They talk about rods and cones in our eyes, how light reflects on surfaces to show us your tones, your saturation and values.

Kassia St Clair is an author who shares my fascination of you. She wrote a book titled "The Secret Lives of colours" in which she explains many of your traits. The edges of the pages reflect which aspect of you she is writing about. White, Blond, Blue, Emerald Green. All the names that people have given you in one book.

When revealing all the hidden truths of red, the edges where my thumb is holding that page open is a shade of said colour. And even though the contents of those pages INFORM me about you, it could never explain everything I know and feel about you.

In an interview with Coloro, a company with a vision to DECODE you as people see you, Kassia explained where her obsession with you began.

Her mother was a florist and thus all the discarded flowers at the end of the day. were at Kassia's disposal to play with when she was a child. It's how she learnt to navigate your space and gain an interest in your inner workings in culture and history.

There are times I hate you. When you don't change for hours on end. When you feel like a void that doesn't give anything back to me. When you don't work properly in the paints I mix for the canvas... Everything becomes a blur...

I'm thinking back to my time in South Africa, specifically, the drive between Cape town and Bethlehem

15 hours of driving in a sandy red hue.

Nothing

changed.

Even the sky stayed the same blue.

Sure, I talked and laughed with my family around me in the car, but I couldn't find YOU.

It was frustrating

The journey seemed

endless because of it.

A few years have gone by and I've learned a lot since then. Even though you seem distant at times, you are still there.

I am beginning to understand that your value doesn't diminish when I have trouble seeing those connections that are usually second nature to me.

Kassia St Clair suggested later on in the interview, that, just like a song played too often on the radio, a person could get tired of you.

But WHEN they've moved on or it hasn't been played for a while, the person learns to appreciate the song again.

Reading this letter in front of my peers, is nerve-racking. In my daily life I don't like talking about you, partly because it feels too personal and I have trouble revealing too much about how I think of you. I don't mind talking about my view in an OBJECTIVE way, but when the how and why come up in the conversation, an insecurity comes bubbling up again.

I come across as

Pessimistic

Uninterested

Sarcastic

Even though these words might not correlate to how peers (like those in the audience) judge me, it is what I think about my contribution to the conversation. And that troubles me.

You are starting to show me that BEING or LIVING in the moment is just fine.

You exist and that is enough.

My family is a different matter entirely. They try and understand how I or WE see you, they truly do.

Yet

I don't LIKE talking about you with them either. It somehow feels like I'm verbally peeling away the layers that protect me. I don't get understood. They see it as a fault of their own that they don't understand where I am coming from,

how do I explain that it's not them...

I know I am repeating myself, but I can't help it when writing about you in this manner.

They TRY to understand my view and thoughts about my work, but the message somehow never gets across. They get to see a glimpse of what I see when asked which paint works better for the living room or next to the kitchen.

That is when they start looking at you and your true nature. What makes them feel good about their choice of paint? The way you look in a certain light? Or the way you interact with the furniture?

Don't they get that you are always there? That you show up everywhere? That combinations,

variations, different tones and hues

blend together seamlessly to create pictures beyond our imagination?

I know that they understand YOU on SOME level.

In one of the houses we lived in, my parents decided to paint their kitchen Olive Green and Ochre Red. Two adjacent walls. Two parts of you that I never would have thought of to combine. Yet there you were. They must have had an opinion on your values.

It might have not been the BEST choice for that space, but it certainly peaked my interest in the combination provided.

In my work at school, I spend months trying to uncover and justify why it is that I am obsessed with you.

It's an instinct to look for combinations of you in my line of sight.

Two jackets hanging next to each other, Two people walking side by side, bags dangling from their shoulders that harbour a secret relationship through you.

When the night begins and you give the sky a hue that can never be repeated. The streetlamp that flickers on and gives the sign a reflection.

A window that reflects a white sheen that suddenly connects to the doorframe next to it.

To have a visual of you in an environment that is lacking, I paint my nails. Or I wear different earrings or accessories.... Even though my clothing may not represent you completely..... Black is the most popular version of you hanging in my closet....

The simplicity of having you in sight, is enough. BEING is enough.

In my past I have classified myself as Christian, however that is not the case anymore. Religion has taught me many things, not least important, to know that there is always beauty around us. That has manifested itself in my fascination of you, but I have let all the other parts of that life go. I don't miss it.

Do I still believe in an entity that is all-seeing, all-wise ALL ENCOMPASSING? Who knows how I can begin to answer that question? I suppose the interest is still there.... But this is a topic for a different letter.

sorry for that.... I got distracted for a moment.

Let me get back to addressing you.

You are everywhere. Sometimes you don't mean to be, but don't worry I still see you. Oftentimes it is intentional that you are present. We see that in design and architecture, everything that has to do with making a choice about which value of yours we, as people, want to see. In my home I pride myself in having as many of you as possible...
without you being irritating for others or myself to LOOK at.

I think I fear missing you. Becoming deaf or hard of hearing doesn't worry me as much as being cut off from you. As I was born with a cleft palate, I know that losing sense of hearing is a very real possibility. And I have learnt to deal with that.

But missing you that is what I fear.

I hope that this letter finds you in some small miniscule way.

I'm going to stop writing now. I have told you what I have wanted to say for a long time.

Yours truly,

Cassidy