



EARS TO HEAR, EYES TO SEE

Miniature Worlds

Margaret Artuso

Walking in the hills above Elliot Bay in Seattle, I am greeted by unique images that call out to my attention. A design formed by moss climbing the stairs, ancient maps on the stones, the play of light against a wall, a precious color reflected off a petal only at this moment, on this day, in this season. Beauty that sometimes hides and at other times trumpets its presence. Beauty in the shape of a calla lily as it unfolds, reflecting the lines and movement of a dance. Of tree bark that mirrors beautiful silk fabric or a cathedral window. Miniature worlds revealing themselves, vines that cover walls like lace, pavement melting in water. Strength held in chains at the point of yield. ❀







