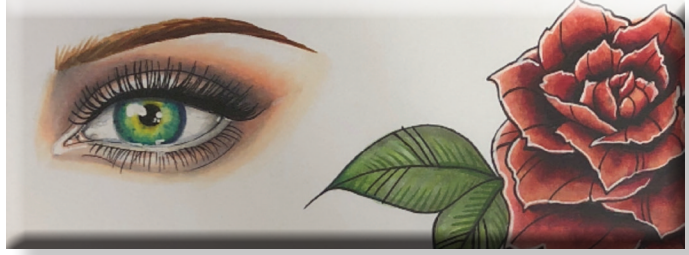


# Quarterly Question Replies

The last Quarterly Question that *Telicom* posed to our Thousanders was:

*In your eyes,  
what is beautiful?*



*(Illustration by Nicole Kendrick)*

Our ingenious Thousanders answered this Quarterly Question with a collection of very *lovely* responses which reveal beauty in the mind of a Thousander. Some of this quarter's responses also *beautifully* incorporate quotes from great literature, photography, poetry, artwork, and puzzles. We have a very creative membership! Enjoy reading the responses from your fellow Thousanders below.

**Breathe** (Encomium Libertatis - 2015, modified)  
by Marie Faverio, DSPE

(This poem was inspired by the movie *Dead Poets Society* and celebrates the beauty of “carpe diem” and of freedom and “real life” as opposed to “survival.”)

*Breathe.  
Drink from the cup of freedom.  
Hug immensity.  
Seize eternity  
and hold it tight.*

*Let the sun trickle  
down your face,  
your body,  
grasp your toes.  
Let the moon show you  
the way in the darkness.*

*Leave useless rituals  
and routine  
behind.  
Get a knack of living.  
Celebrate freedom.  
Breathe.*



**Sailing into Freedom** (acrylics on canvas)  
by Marie Faverio, DSPE

## Morning Meditation (2018)

by Marie Faverio, DSPE

(There is so much beauty and purity in the sun rising from the ocean before the commotion of the everyday starts. It is truly priceless.)

*To keep dawn in your palm  
like a blossom  
ready to burst into life,  
to watch it grow  
surrounded by random wonders,  
forgetting about the "other" life  
that is noise and no colours—  
priceless!*



**Dawn at my Local Beach** (oils on canvas)

by Marie Faverio, DSPE

## The Blind (2005, slightly modified)

by Marie Faverio, DSPE

(This poem was written a long time ago and is about a blind woman who surprised me with her joy and optimism.)



**Spying from behind the Veil**  
(mixed media on dark paper)

by Marie Faverio, DSPE

*I cannot see the sky,  
but I can feel its breath  
on my smooth skin,  
balm for my eyelids  
never startled by the light.*

*I cannot see the sun,  
but its soft hands  
quicken my limbs  
and revive my soul,  
scaring away pain.*

*I cannot see the rose,  
but I can smell its fragrance,  
pervading my being,  
making it quiver  
with ecstasy,*

*and I can feel its thorns,  
piercing my flesh,  
redeeming  
my fiery blood.*

*I cannot see the brine,  
but I can sense its salty bite  
on my lips,  
never kissed lips  
praising  
the beauty of the world.*



**Land of Contrasts** (2006, slightly modified)  
by Marie Faverio, DSPE

(This poem celebrates the beauty of contrasts and of nature untouched by the hand of man in Australia or anywhere else.)

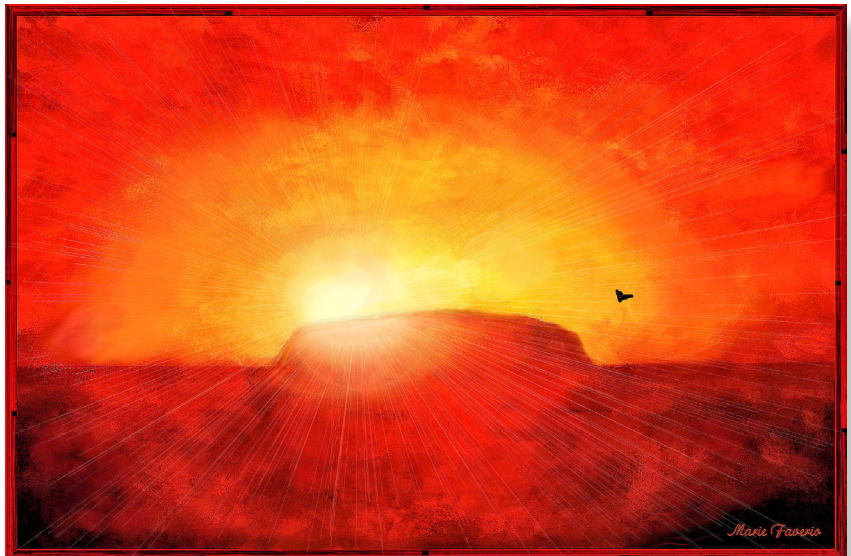
*I like it as it is,  
with all its clashing contrasts –  
the slashing sea and the time-frozen outback,  
the bidding touch of the sun and the shock of thunder.*

*I like the tousled currents of its waters etched with waves,  
the sudden storms playing hide and seek with the sun.  
I like the laughter of the kookaburra and the shriek of the seagull,  
honing its agony on a gust-beaten cliff.*

*I like the blazing colours of the rising sun,  
the intricate harmony of its moods and hues.  
I like the huge moon nailed fast  
to the boundless sky like a keepsake,  
shaping shaky memories into husks of meaning.*

*I like this land of contrasts  
seething with secrets and magic,  
I like its free-winged spirit,  
its sacred silence occasionally interrupted  
by a distant cry or a beat of birds.*

*I love its fierce beauty  
untouched by the hand of man.  
I love it as it is.*



**Uluru/Ayers Rock - Northern Territory, Australia**  
(acrylics and watercolors on paper, later modified)  
by Marie Faverio, DSPE

—Marie Faverio, DSPE