

New Nonfiction by Evan Balkan: In Praise of Awe

It's hard to define, awe. But certainly we know when we feel it. It's a rare thing, buried under the onslaught of daily routine and the indignities of, say, a red traffic light when we're late for work. Our ego—that most human of qualities—screams at us: “I am the universe. The universe is me.”