

Dancing woman



« Dancing woman »

A long time ago, at sunset,
I walked to the beach, at the foot of the cliff,
I was wearing a long flared dress.
That dress was the result of the work
The mulberry tree had done for me,
The worm had created for me,
The weaver has woven for me,
The tailor had custom made for me.

I was so beautiful.
I was waiting for my lover.
Look, I am going to dance !
I wanted him to watch me from afar,

I wanted to set fire to his heart and his spirit,

I wanted him to be enthused.

Fa fa sol mi mi

Listen ! this is Haendel's Sarabande which is playing for me,

I moved to the sound of the music,

I stood on the tip of my left foot,

I stretched my right leg,

I stretched my arm to reach outfar away

The wind blew my long flared dress and it lifted my heart

I was floating, flown away in the sky,

Following the emotions of the wind.

Oh, no !

The wind had adopted me.

It blew to its heart's content,

It blew and blew and blew

Strongly and strongly,

Wishing to bring me my lover.

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Gradually,

The little waves came towards me,

They were my orchestra.

Look at me, my far away lover,

« Is my dance lovely ? »

The waves are thrilled by my dance.

Here he comes,

Here he comes,
In such a splendid, enthused, expressive way,
Thus he is a picturesque enchanter.

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Oh how marvellous !

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In a moment, my little body and my long flared dress would be embraced by
His gigantic arms

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Suddenly

I had become as minute as a speck of dust,

I had lost consciousness

My heart had beaten so fast.

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I was dancing with him

He, my lover, is the wave,

He is moving away with me.

It was at dawn, long afterwards,

I walked to the beach at the foot of the cliff.

God had told me He would give me His blessings.

I strolled along the beach.

I must not wake up the pebbles, if I could help it.

Peacefully

I breathed the fresh air as I walked

Unconsciously,

I looked down

Look ! A little flint lying under a large piece of rock.

It looked like a ballet dancer wearing a long flared dress.

The dress kept moving round her body,

Continuously around her bosom, her arms and her heart

She stretched her neck to look at something in the distance,

As if her lover was over there, and

She kept wondering

« Is he watching me dance ? »

And so it was an elegant moving shape, as if

The wave itself had sculpted it,

What a picturesque little pebble !

I placed it on the large rock, I sat next to it.

Thus we were facing the sea, waiting for the sun to rise.

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Oh, it is you

Who moves my heart,

Who plucks my string,

Who inspires me

You are my blessing.

You are my origin.

You are me.

I come from you.

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I am so happy I have found myself.

Thank you, little pebble.

« At the origin. »

Yiyan Zhou, Saint-Cloud. 12/2018.