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,

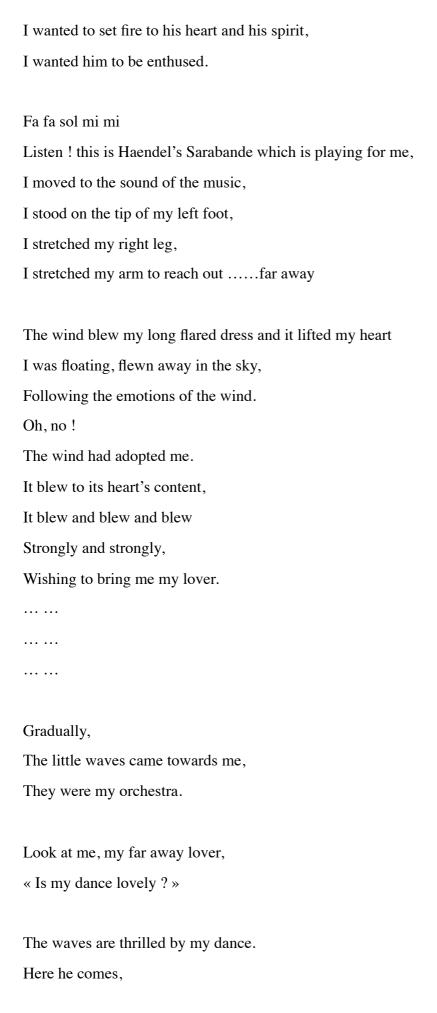
The tailor had custom made for me.

I was so beautiful.

I was waiting for my lover.

Look, I am going to dance!

I wanted him to watch me from afar,



Here he comes,
In such a slendid, enthused, expressive way,
Thus he is a picturesque enchanter.
Oh how marvellous!
In a moment, my little body and my long flared dress would be embraced by
His gigantic arms
Suddenly
I had become as minute as a speck of dust,
I had lost conscioousness
My heart had beaten so fast.
The standard with him
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

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.
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.
I am so happy I have found myself.
Thank you, little pebble.
« At the origin. »

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

Yiyan Zhou, Saint-Cloud. 12/2018.