

Bolero

In the dark, it is almost impossible to hear that haunting music... And so I decide to push that very heavy, too heavy, door. It weighs a ton. Finally, I make it over the threshold. And suddenly, I am dazzled by an intensely bright light and I think I can hear a symphony that reminds me of Ravel's Bolero.

And now I enter, as though under a spell. The light becomes softer, and I can see a flamboyantly verdant palace and cascades of illuminated fountains. The music changes - now it's the sound of a clarinet. In the background, white gilded arches vie with palm trees laden with dates. The music resumes with a short modulation in E major. It is then that, in the middle of this Garden of Eden, I see a dancer who from afar seems to hold me, just me, in her gaze. She is dressed in nothing but a long tulle veil. Her movements physically echo the music that gets progressively louder. Still she watches me intently from afar. Her sensual momentum speaks to me. What does she want to impart to me? Swaying, she comes closer, and now I can fully appreciate the intensity of her gaze. She has a magnificent body, and when she does a hopping step I cannot but admire the graceful movement of her breasts. The modulation in E major becomes ever more intense. What should I make of this choreography? Oh, yes! Perhaps it means that we must wait and savor every part of this inescapable encounter. Little by little, the dancer moves closer. Again, there is the sound of

percussion instruments. The violins become more dominant.

I can clearly detect the pleasurable scent of jasmine.

I must continue to admire her. That's it - I must hold on with every one of my senses. That's what she is telling me.

That is the cost of beauty, and love. The wind instruments burst forth like a final bouquet. And still she moves closer. I

will almost be able to touch her. I need to hold on, and not allow the wonder to lessen. And now, all the instruments are

playing in extremis. She offers her lips to me. I am going to be able to kiss her back and, at that moment,

A wild tempo, everything vanishes, and there is silence...

Once more the door to my dreams closes; I wake up in the darkness and cold of the desert, with the Milky Way before my eyes.

Translation : Christine Scott-Fox