

Eva Colombo, *Music for water women*, fifth chapter: *Your music, your beauty* ( Inspired by Bocklin's painting *Ocean Breakers – The Sound* )

No one tells you you're beautiful. And yet you are beautiful. You're beautiful like a shadow that skims the sea, like a cloud licked by the sea. And you're alone like the moon when the clouds prevent her from being mirrored by the sea, like a gust of wind that makes the sea thrilling for a too short instant. And you're strong like the rocks that beat off the attack of the waves, like the waves that would always attack those rocks. Men don't tell you you're beautiful because they're scared by your strength. Men tell you words which sound like the water of a pond when a pebble is thrown in it, for fun. You don't listen to men words. You listen to the rocks that overthrow the waves and to the waves that would always lift up the head again and with your harp you play a music which is an hymn to your beauty. A gust of wind will carry this music to the sleeping men: they'll feel a slight thrill and they'll dream of a woman who is beautiful like a shadow that skims the sea, like a cloud licked by the sea.