

No one can say that they know beauty,
or where it resides.

How many times has the concept,
the idea that men and women have of beauty changed over time?
You can look for it in vain for years
and then you meet it by chance, suddenly.

It is a part of your path, my path. The promise of happiness
of which Stendhal wrote, the currency of Nature
that Milton described in Paradise Lost.

When we speak about it, we have the impression
of drawing closer to beauty, to be able to contain it with just
a thought, but we know that you cannot explain it in words,
you can only feel it and it is an emotion
that is unrepeatable every time.

Every one of us carries beauty with us, his idea of beauty,
a treasure to be spent during difficult moments,
an infinite richness that does not belong to anyone
and from which anyone can draw.