

## **Don Juan DeMarco**

**Don Juan:** Every woman is a mystery to be solved, but a woman hides nothing from a true lover. Her skin color can tell us how to proceed. A hue like the blush of a rose, pink and pale, and she must be coaxed to open her petals with a warmth like the sun. The pale and dappled skin of a redhead calls for the lust of a wave crashing to the shore so we may stir up what lies beneath her and bring up the foamy delight of love to the surface. Although there is no metaphor that truly describes making love to a woman, the closest is playing a rare musical instrument. I wonder...does a Stradivarius violin feel the same rapture as the violinist when he coaxes a single perfect note from its heart?