

A Dream

(Translated from French by Amit Parmessur)

It starts like in a dream.

Coffee, a kiss, a burn—
for nights always too short,
where your departures are my wounds.

In your head, a little crack—
window on a fight without truce
to lose footing at full speed
in a drowning in which you perish.

A memory wrecked on the shore,
marked with kisses and bites,
unable to remember this Eve—
just a few words away.



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