

Sleds rushing down a hill,
each bump threading a note
to the braids of their life lines,
to the necklaces of their laughter.

Like them,
I draw on immaculate pages
invisible parallels
that conjure up your silhouette.

Hide and seek in the mist,
your white hands over my eyes,
your panting for breath
sends a long shiver down,
blending with that of winter.

I caress the blank pages
of a book open to the invisible,
invoking your pale face
under my fingers trembling
from soft and familiar hills,
naked under the ermine coat,
my breath taken away
at each descent,
so impatient at each ascent!

Exhausted, lying on the snow
we watch passing clouds
and I quench my thirst
in the calm stream of your words
lest they drop into oblivion
like a frozen cataract.

Beloved phantom,
was it a word too pure,
a heart too warm
that made you evaporate?

You only left,
in a margin
of the white grimoire,
a golden hair.

A prod to the tiny spring
has my heart palpitating
like a watch.

Bent over those pages
in the corner of a table
we used to admire... what?

The smile erases the memory,
like an overexposed film,
and only remain these verses
in braille
where I feel your steps
towards the white paradise.