

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 breath panting  
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 the 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.