

SONG FOR A TEENAGE GIRL

You were resting on your bed
And you raised your pupils slightly
To look up at the sky,
There was the great red robe
Ready to quench your thirst for love.

No one could tell you anything,
No one who knew:
The essence of love
The bitter cry
The heat of alcohol

Only you reigned in the room.
It was inevitable.

“Signes of Light and Silences (1972-1979)”