

Spring Side Effects in 4 chapters

The mouth,
open at last.
The nostrils, receptive.
The fragile, white skin, always a little blue
both frightened and excited, reveals itself little by little,
but sometimes regrets it,
it's a little too soon.

The boyfriend.
The one who smiles, who holds hands with shining eyes .
Happy to evaporate with the pollen, to buzz up to the sky, lying on the grass.
That'll be him, till the one with a boisterous laugh, the summery one with his promises of a good
time comes along.

The lie,
Well, in a manner of speaking, anything is possible.
Everything is new or ready to be. We pretend that what belongs to the past is well and truly
over, we forget.
Forgetting is necessary to start again. That's it, we're reborn, we reinvent ourselves, it's not us
any more.
We leave everything behind and start again.
Year after year, we start again, with a hope so strong that it erases the moments of loneliness.
We accept the rain. It takes the troubles with it, it promises us beauty, shoots, leaves, flowers.
Everything comes to those who wait.
The caterpillar feasts.

Of course, all this renewal is noisy.
It has to build, it has to take shape.
To grow, you have to break, break the winter silence.
It has to chirp, it has to peck.
All that joy and colour has to be translated into frequencies.
It can't stay stuck in the back of the throat, it has to grow, it has to join the air full of suspended
particles.
All that noise because we're here, we're here again.