

The box of colored pencils

She arrived on a moonless night and did not use the doorbell but knocked lightly on the door with one of her moccasins, which made a muffled sound whose provenance was not clearly discernible the first time.

The second time the knocks were repeated, doubt was no longer possible, slightly drowsy, my heart raged. Without being able to dominate the feelings that assailed me, I saw myself opening the door with prudence but without any fear... She was standing there in front of me, tall and thin, her moccasins in her hands, smiling at me as if I were her brother, her friend, her lover! Without even turning around she threw the moccasins in the center of the circular staircase: an infinite time that I controlled while waiting for the noise on the floor below, eight floors without an elevator... She didn't seem out of breath, her face was limpid as after a deep sleep. Who was she? Without a word she pretended to move her hand forward to push me away and free the entrance to my apartment, I instinctively moved back before her hand touched my chest. After having, with her beautiful green eyes, quickly defined the space of the room without the shadow of a reflection that could have bothered me (to each his palate) she lay down on the floor negligently, with a certain way posed in the gesture, while remaining very natural. Was it the green of the dress that led me to believe that her eyes had this color? Her thin arms touched the floor with the grace of children playing and indeed the age was impossible to define. She kept staring at me, I thought she was trying to get to know me as quickly as she had recognized the room and the landing on the 8th floor! She put her head on her left arm, meditative. Her hand slightly flattened her mouth, the pout was all the more delicious... She was not wearing a ring, but black and green were a perfect match for her, better than jewelry. I think her hair is chestnut, with almost red reflections in places...

She doesn't say a word, me neither, I'm afraid to speak, afraid to scare her, afraid to see her go, afraid that she might evaporate... I want to keep her, more than an hour, at least all night, all my life, there, lying on my floor, I will sit right here in front of her eyes that show all the beauties of the universe. She is patient, she chose me, this moonless night: me, the poor lame artist with his box of colored pencils as his only treasure... I can't take my eyes off her, it seems to me that from now on my eyes will only look at the world through hers... Superimposed... For ever... With the dominant green.