

POEMS FOR THE XXI CENTURY

PARIS (read [PAH-REE])

The eve of the year 2000.
I'm 11 years old in Paris (read [PAH-REE]).

(Little did I know)

The city of Love.
The Love that I will end up chasing for forever.

Naive. Idealistic. Full of dreams.

(Little did I know)

Fireworks in Champs-Élysées'
The man with a champagne hat,
The magical ball...

(Little did I know)

Naive. Full of dreams
Before everything that was to happen in front of me.

My mum,
My dad,
And my sister.
Not next but fully with me.

I'm 11 years old,
Full of dreams,
Unaware of all
That is awaiting for me.

The lights on the Eiffel Tower,
The sense of the end,
The end of the world
That was promised to me.

(Little did I know)

And then

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-

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nothing extraordinary happened -

The world did not end.

Little did I know

The little of me

The little of me

Still full of naive dreams