

The present

It's running, the present
It is trying to escape but I stick to its neck
Elated by its impetus
Which is leading us to the unknown

I am stretching my arm on the way
To pick whatever seems right to me
And I am nourishing myself from what the journey offers me
Holding onto its bust

Sometimes I slip a subtle word to its ear
When signs are becoming too ambiguous
Or whenever I feel it slowing down
Facing the unknown

I am clinging to its blazing mane
And let him gallop, following its intuition
Tippy, amused, smiling
To entrust my destiny to its impulse

It is my past and my future
That we are forging ever since
My suitcase and my sky-line
In the procession of the days

And my more faithful love

English adaptation from "Le présent": Lindsay Aouine