



I fell in love with Johanna,  
Not because she was kind or beautiful  
But because she was a dreamer.  
I loved when she told me her stories,  
When she described me some wonderful landscapes,  
The way she talked about  
The countries that she had discovered  
Or the ones she dreamt about.  
It was like if the stars were shining in her eyes  
When she talked about travelling.  
I was so in love with her way to speak  
That I could have stayed there forever,  
Listening to her for hours.  
I was also fond of the tattoos that she had  
Everywhere on her body,  
Different parts of her story,  
Of her life.  
One day we dated,  
For the first time  
We kissed each other;  
It felt like  
If the sun was shining brighter,  
I felt more alive,  
No longer afraid of death.

Her lips tasted like freedom,  
I could see an ocean  
Through her deep blue eyes,  
Her laugh sounded like  
Those birds singing  
When the sun is raising  
In the morning skies.  
I loved the way  
She took my fingers  
And made them running  
Onto her skin,  
Onto her tattoos,  
Like if she let me know  
Everything about her,  
Like if I was also  
Part of her story now.  
It seemed like  
She was inked in my skin too  
Even if I did not have any tattoo.  
We decided to run away  
From our boring lives:  
We were young,  
We needed to breathe,  
To see new horizons,  
To meet new people,  
Finally, to find our place on Earth.  
We had enough money to go to Paris,  
We saw the Eiffel Tower since we had dreamt about it.

I will never forget  
Our walk in the streets  
Surrounded by night;  
She was holding my hand  
When she told me  
She would probably  
Always keep this memory  
In her head, as the best one.  
I remember the nights  
When we looked at the stars,  
We smoked and we laughed,  
It was incredible.  
I was thinking that  
Wherever I would go now,  
I would not care at all  
If I am with her.

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