

A New Year's Love

During the End of the Year party in the foyer of a theatre in Zürich, just past midnight, I spotted her dancing with another girl. She was absolutely herself, resting within her body with a natural flair which immediately attracted my attention. The girl, yes she was still a girl, was dressed in a loose white blouse, short black skirt, wearing simple boots, their top reaching just the right level of her wades. She wore her hair as loose as her blouse, not coiffed at all, freely swinging around her fine, very fine nape and face, with impish eyes, straight nose, and a mouth prone to smile; underneath the blouse you might notice her buds, no bra necessary, sharp. She was beautifully created, her face on a long slender neck, gentle shoulders, tight waist, the skirt shaping her promising hips.

I don't remember anymore how I've overcome my self imposed restriction to approach her but I did, though I might have been about fifteen years older than her - Arlette. In these situations, the fact that my father was sixteen years older than my mother, it was a handy argument to step forward, to interfere so to say - certainly under some embarrassing pretext...

... Arlette was lovely, she was so pure, though she lived by herself in a street which was within the red light district and she jobbed around. She didn't have a strong self-confidence but it didn't show.

I was totally in love with her, with Arlette. I adored her and I felt abducted into the age when I was as old as she was; but I was not near the same age, quite sure, and gradually it started to show. For a couple of months we loved each other, then Arlette started to depart...

Now what is left is a crystal like memory of the winter months of 1985, a couple of post cards (one from Paris, dated Feb 25, my birthday), notes left bellow my pillow, one saying just plainly, simply "I love you". And there is a letter I wrote to Arlette to keep her, to stop her, to draw her to come back to me, a letter which I never sent off. And there is a portrait of this divine youngster which might be self-explanatory for my craziness, timeless; never have I met Arlette nowhere anywhere again. (C) 2018, galerie9.com