

“Paris”

Dear Paris

It has been 5 months since we have seen each other. I miss you very much
Before having met you, I always thought that you were perfect
Always happy, always smiling in your pictures
You intimidated me, and I never imagined myself able to spend time with you
Me, full of flaws, and you an angel
After having spent 5 weeks with you, everything changed

I marveled in front of Notre Dame
A massive, prestigious remain and a symbol of your pride
All of a sudden, a sad gypsy asked me for some money
I felt lost; stuck between hell and paradise
During the night, cigarettes and drunkards on your streets
Accompany the delicious wind and the beautiful lights

Day after day, you revealed your beauty as well as your imperfections
And I felt more at ease with you;
Your sadness finally opened to me
From now on, Paris, you shine with every single color
A rainbow in the sky among gray clouds
Heating up my heart with your soft warmth

Even though I admired the masterpieces at ‘Musée d’Orsay’
And the boutiques in ‘Le Marais’
I felt more at home dancing near the Seine
Among the Arabs, the Africans and the Pakistanis
You are not only the upper class woman, dressed in pearls
Or the business man going back home on the metro at midnight

Your true face, is that of the Italian who welcomed me at the flea market
The Tunisian who followed me around Montmartre
The Congolese, the extraordinary salsa dancer
You are a rare painting, a blue sky and a sun soaked in rain
A homeless man on Rue Cujas, and his broken bottle of wine
A metro crowded with people from the four corners of the globe

There you go, Paris! Even though I know you are busy right now, as everyone wants to see you
Just know that I understand you better now
You opened up a new world for me, full of sophistication and common folk
For me, you are an angel, the most beautiful angel in the world
But with injured wings

I hope to see you soon

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