

## Resistance

I don't know what to tell you, if it's true  
That one day you came to me.  
I was waiting for someone,  
Time passed and she didn't come.  
It was the broom season,  
When I never went to bed and  
At night I studied English ,French  
I phone friends: it was fresh.  
Together we spent a hour, an evening,  
All the hours that separated us  
From the end of the 70's;  
I'd like to see the house of fairies  
You showed me at the beginning of the years 2000,  
at that time things changed.  
Just like when, in the evening  
Drops of rain in puddles  
Fall slowly, sparkle, spurt  
At the end of a scorching day.  
Something was happening, I don't know what.  
That's how things go, days, buses,  
Stations, songs, diets,  
Saints, prayers and addresses  
of my new e-mail.

Communication is a game, a pastime,

The emptiness of a moment while I think - while I wait for you in the car

I see people go into the bar,

Buy a newspaper, send messages.

To endure is a duty, a love,

One day - better times will come.