

Emmanuelle Peyroulet  
4°C

## Literary Contest:

Him:

I met a boy some time ago,  
From childish airs that gave life,  
And a somewhat nomadic seriousness,  
With a sweet, longing smile,  
And a lot of joy and happiness.

A hair, dark as night,  
As opposed to creamy skin,  
Eyes of a mixed brown-green,  
Illuminated by a brightly light,  
Playful but loving.

He always had a lot of ideas,  
To occupy the simple monotony,  
We had adventures with him,  
Nice faded memories,  
That fill my nostalgic soul.

About five minutes by his side,  
Remembered as five hours,  
Even the simplest things with him,  
They feel like they're out of this world,  
This world is small for him.

Everyone should know him,  
He, who comes like the new wind,  
Because the moments by his side,  
They take on a new and simple life,  
He is life and can make us live.

I'll keep all the pictures with him,  
Ephemeral moments captured,  
To remember that sweet friendship,  
That we had time to live,  
He at my side and I at his.