

A SHOOTING STAR

I saw it fall from the sky. Beautiful and glowing, it looked like a big starfish. I bent down and took it in my hand. To my great astonishment, I noticed that it was slightly moving.

_ I have been through a long and exhausting journey to come to you, the star told me. The nights were terribly dark and the suns very sparse. Besides, I have the feeling that some of my light has faded away.

_ I think that you are still very beautiful and sparkling. Unlike me. My light is trapped inside and therefore cannot light up my path. I have walked for hours, months and years in sadness, with the hope that you would come to me. In the darkness, you were so far away, I would bang myself against all the obstacles, even though I sometimes thought I knew my way. And you did not even notice me groping along.

_ I was trying to understand.

_ It is sometimes necessary not to try and understand, just to understand things better.

While still in my hand it suddenly doubled in size and slightly modified its shape, became heavier and, as it transformed itself, sprang to land on the ground to reveal its real physiognomy.

_ I will never grow tired of looking at you, I told her with a light smile tinged with gravity.

_ Even when my light will be close to fading into the darkness ?

_ It doesn't matter. I will be nearing darkness too. I shall therefore catch a better glimpse of your light than in a blazing sun.

_ I loved the discreet blond shade in her hair which stood in perfect harmony with the colour of her eyes. A radiant intelligence emanated from her face, which was peaceful and grave. I hardly knew anything about her and yet I loved her. Thus, I opened myself to her as if we had always known each other. Her brightness had at last given me the delightful sensation that I was no longer alone. She was my living artwork crafted to keep me company. And happiness was shining all over me.

When, from above, I would see the light of your window, I would wonder what you were thinking about. From the sky my eyes would stare exclusively at this tiny light, lost amid billions of glittering dots.

And then she took my hand. I felt a strange sensation passing from my arm on to the rest of my body.

_ Would you like to go on a journey with me? she asked me.

_ I have only one wish: to be with you.

_ So, come along.

Both our bodies suddenly lit up; we next crossed the sky, leaving behind us a long and luminous trail.

Two lovers lying on the grass were looking at each other silently. Suddenly, she raised her eyes and said:

_ Look how pretty, there are two shooting stars across the sky.