

LE CAFÉ DE TEMPS SIMPLE

Lost between cobbled streets of old buildings
Lost in the city of love like Ratatouille in a maze
Lost in a dream of beige and art and love and stone
Lost between cobbled streets of a long-past revolution.

Dancing through the gentle, lukewarm downpour
Dancing under wet twilight full of laughter and love
Dancing under the caress of foreign smells and raindrops
Dancing through the vibrancy of sweat and tears of history.

Searching for a café that he knew years ago
Searching and his words trail with uncertainty
Searching and she knows the magical day prevails
Searching for a delight to stop their stomach-grumbles.

This moment flashes like a photo of memory
This scene where the past comes to the present
This scene of rediscovery and hunger in full, heavy air
This moment of a girl and her father in a Parisian shower.