



Misty morning

Timothée Bordenave

It is a little farm, in the wild, up a hill,
There has been snow this night : white cover on the fields,
I wake up in the misty dawn when just revealed,
The Sun, everything is quiet and is still.

« Well, brother Sun, you might be shining all your lights,
Then you could maybe heat us down here a little... »
Think-I. And I walk down the snows, pass the stable,
Reach the kitchen, pour coffee. Morning will be bright !

I hear the dogs grunting, as they enter the room.
I greet them. They get out... « Lord knows what dreams a dog ! »
Alone again, I start a new stove with two logs.

While thinking: « Our lives are full of an unknown,
Yet perceivable fact, there is more to be shown,
Around... » I sit and eat, toasts with jelly of plum.

Be simple

The most humble is happiest.
The most efficient, most simple.
Good hearts beat in many people...
Common sense knows how to harvest !

And there is far more, there is Love !
There are birds, singing by the grove,
Nature all around, abundance,
Mystery ! As the children dance...

We are blessed ! Oh, I knew sorrows,
In times past yes, but still I hope,
For better days and tomorrows...

Yes, the Skies hold us on their scope,
We men, women, youngsters, should know,
Joy, desire, waters of hop.



The Party

In Berlin...

There was music around, all of us were dancing,
To the loud, frenetic melody and scansion,
Though we were three hundred, we would not feel tension,

Only the love, the joy, as these speakers would sing...

Yes ! Even if I had come alone to the place,
I was feeling upheld by the crowd as I moved,
With the rhythm, so strong ! Soon our party improved :
When I saw at my side a cute girl's happy face.

« Mm » Thought-I. « This woman is pretty ! Attractive ! »
And I bounced for some more, my eyes shut, with a smile...
Then there after we kissed. I proposed we would leave.

We walked for a moment in the surrounding woods,
Let apart what followed when a quarter of mile,
Further, we sat and leaned, and kissed, and kissed, moulded...

The Elephant

I saw a bathing elephant,
In a pond, once in Cambodia,
Very tall, massive, elegant,
He splashed along with euphoria...

« Sire ! » Addressed-I to the beast,
« Oh, what a joy to me also,
To see you happy, makes me so,
Glad, inner ! I feel my heartbeats... »


He replied in a loud trumpet,
Some words I didn't understand,
In Khmer... Then rolled up on the sands.

« Cheers to you, graces to the Skies !
Glories to Ganesha the wise...
I witnessed here their true prophet. »



Timothée Bordenave, born in January 1984, pursued a diverse academic path, beginning with literary studies in high school. He spent time in London before earning a law degree in Paris, later exploring Library Sciences. He went on to direct two research libraries while dedicating himself to writing and painting.

Now a full-time creative writer, he has published numerous works across fiction, essays, and poetry. As an international artist and painter, his creative expression extends beyond words, capturing emotion through both literature and visual art.

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