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C'est Tout. That's All

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C'est Tout

Son rouge à lèvres a laissé une tache sur son verre de Bordeaux 1997. Elle faisait jouer ses ongles sur la nappe blanche, quand elle a levé les yeux, son regard vide, et dit, « Je pense qu'on va s'arrêter là. »

Nous sommes restés assis un moment, jusqu'à ce qu'elle se lève et s'en aille. Sans même dire au revoir. Elle est partie dans le noir. Devant moi.

That's All

Her red lipstick left a smudge on her glass of '97 Bordeaux. Her nails rolled on the white tablecloth, when she looked up, her gaze empty, and spoke. "I think it's over now."

We sat there for a moment, until she stood up and left. Without even saying goodbye. She walked away, into the darkness. Ahead of me.

Written and translated by A.J. Marino



Photo by Charles O'Keefe