

Molly Dreams

**A life
for a rose**

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In Greco-Roman mythology, we owe the birth of the rose to Flora, goddess of flowers and spring. As for the birth of its red color, many mysteries remain.

A legend has it that its hue was born from the blushing cheeks of Venus, goddess of love, seduction and beauty. Surprised in her bath by Jupiter, god of the Earth and the sky, she blushed and the rose imitated her.

Its colour could also be the result of a dramatic story between Venus and her lover Adonis. It was when the latter was threatened by Mars, god of war, that Venus flew to his rescue and skinned herself on the thorns of a white rose bush, colouring the roses with her blood.

What if we owe this legend to Cupid, god of love ? It would be by accidentally spilling her glass of wine on her that the rose took on its passion red, blood red colour.



Seven...

Some will see the seven days of the week or the seven dwarves in the Snow White tale, the number of *Harry Potter* volumes, the game of the 7 families, the seven years of misfortune we face when we break a mirror. Others will see the seven deadly sins, the seven signs of the zodiac, the seven planets, the seven colours of the rainbow, the seven musical notes, the seven wonders of the world, the seven stages of mourning, the seventh heaven, the seventh art.

I see above all the rose and its seven petals, a sign of perfection, order, and accomplishment. It is above all, beauty, but it also reminds us of the passing of time and the fading of time, this beauty that fades while dropping its petals.

A number. Four letters. Symbolism.

Seven...

~ When white meets black ~



May 13, 2013.

I wander in the city. Laval is far too big for lonely souls and yet the sun is on the agenda. I have trouble getting around, I then venture into a very small alley located a few meters from the station. It is never good to be fired in these tough times. I can see a new place, what could it be ? a store ? a hotel ? The exterior lighting is dimmed making this place both mystical and secret. I hear music coming to my ears, jazz. As I approached, I saw a name engraved on this facade: "La vie en rose", it was more and more mysterious, I decided to enter, feverishly, fearfully. The outside door is open, I enter an entrance airlock that is not the warmest. The room is very narrow, with white tiles reminiscent of school kitchens, a place that is both cold and icy.

The interior is cosy, some burgundy tables are arranged there and on my left is a white marble bar. In the centre, stands a majestic cream-coloured piano, the pinkish light makes the place welcoming and intimate. I perceive under the attic a second floor, a mezzanine where other tables have taken place, here I am in another world, out of time. I am welcomed with open arms by a man in his fifties. An athletic silhouette, about one meter eighty, slightly bald, his hoarse and broken voice instantly makes me shudder. I immediately understand that this man is the manager of the place. My instinct leads me to believe that behind this robust physique must lie a most touching personality.

Intrigued by this soft and harmonious decor, I sit in the bar. A young waiter introduces himself to me and then takes my order. Mojito in command, I observe the world around me, I am fascinated by this friendly universe. This setting is worthy of a theatre, the staging is precise, meticulous and the piano is the centrepiece. Each scene has its importance, each being has a well-defined role, without knowing it, the audience is much more than a spectator, it is an actor. I suddenly found my child's eyes, my little girl's dreams. I could

spend hours watching this show, hours staring at the light, but at the most unexpected moment an unexpected event comes to take me out of my dreams.

A mysterious man enters the bar. He personally greets the boss and the waiters, he must be a regular here, his physique reminds me of a very famous American actor ; Joaquin Phoenix. Actor in : Woody Allen's *Irrational Man*, James Mangold's *Walk the Line* or James Gray's *The Night Belongs to Us*. I am marked by this fallen angel's mouth, by this tenebrous look, by this scar that runs through his lip, by his pepper and salt hair. What about his clothes ? The colours are non-existent, adding all the more charisma and plumbness. He sits on the stool next to mine. I don't know why, but I'm intimidated, I barely dare to look up and even less to approach it, something strange that I lose my words, it impresses me. Shyly, I listen to him exchange with this young waiter, I see him radiating, laughing to the bursts. With a quick look, I furrow his face, his eyes are hazelnut colors, his look is sparkling and bright. Her wide smile conceals her scar and within a few seconds, her face changes from a fallen angel's face to an angel's face that fell from the

sky. Despite everything, the discussions are worthy of counter briefs ; routine, banal, impersonal. I just finished my Mojito when this man already finished his first pint, I am surprised by the speed at which he finished his beer. The man finally picks up a smile and calls out to me. "Tell me, young lady, what are you doing in a bar alone at this hour ?"

"I was walking and I was intrigued by this place."

"Maybe you're not from here ?"

"Yes, I live not very far away, but I rarely pass by there."

"Indeed, it would have been a shame if you had passed by this bar, we're like home here. Chance does things right sometimes, don't you think ?"

"Chance I don't know, but fate, yes, I'm sure."

Over the minutes, his face deteriorates, a dramatic air appears on his face, despite everything, our discussions continue and we get to know each other better. I discover that this man is younger than his age, he is between fifty and fifty-five years old, that he is single and childless. Everyone calls him John, I guess that's short for Jonathan or Johnny. I enter into his intimacy, I ask myself many questions and I quickly realize that we have more in common than anyone could

ever believe. Both of us are passionate, skinned alive. Everything touches us, everything transports us. We burn, we catch fire, we are on the surface. I am very surprised by her vision of life, by her desire not to create a bond, by her choice not to start a family, by her independence, all this for only friend, loneliness. Where can this resistance come from ? Is it really a choice on his part or is it inevitable ? My gaze freezes on this piano, on these musical notes, on this melody. My thoughts are interrupted by this song, the lyrics touch my heart. Barbara.



Our seasons are no longer the same.
You are springtime
I am winter
And the season of our I love you
Could lead us to Hell.

I'm over your age.
But I'm happy to look at you.
We're making a trip.
In a lifetime
Repeated.

Our season is the same,
You in springtime
From my winters

And without memory,
you don't know anything anymore
But to live
Just the moment, this present,
To live it,
Quicksand quicksand
Of our doomed loves



The hours go by and I have to decide to go home, the night has already fallen and I myself am falling from fatigue. With the glass set, I greet this man and the employees, Franck the bar owner accompanies me to the exit. We talk endlessly, he seems happy to have met me and without any ulterior motive, we exchange numbers in order to meet again over a drink in the coming days. I'm leaving this place of the most with the promise of coming back to it very soon. I go to my apartment located a few kilometers from here and I get tired, a few moments will have been enough for me to fall into the arms of Morphée.

Six days have just passed, six days during which I sail between my job search and my administrative requirements. Entire days cut off from the world where nothing exists, where no one exists anymore. I am looking for a meaning in my life, I am looking for that spark, that grain of madness that I once knew, my childhood dreams that I had to abandon as I grew up. I isolate myself a little more every day when suddenly I receive a voice message. A message from Franck inviting me to join him this very evening to a very special evening. A piano/voice evening.

May 19, 2013.

Twenty-one thirty hours, dressed and dressed, I take the road to the bar. It's only the second time I've been here, but as soon as I get there, as soon as I take off my coat, I already feel at home. Very naturally, the boss and the waiters kiss me and say hello to me, I do the same, I feel more integrated than ever. My eyes move towards this pianist, the music runs through his body, the musical notes escape through all the pores of his skin. He is in a trance, his movements are fast, wide, but full of confidence. He lives music with an emotion that paralyzes me, I am moved by so much passion.

I sit next to the man I identify at first sight, the man with the scar. I settle down, order a beer, but for the first time, I feel a heavy atmosphere. He looks at me furtively and then looks back into his glass, I wonder if he really saw that I had just sat beside him. The subjects mentioned are dark, I see the beers scrolling at the speed of light. Tonight he is bitter, something sad, he is full of hatred, we are all here, all of us, listening to him complain about his work, about the whole world, about his age, about old age, about his life, about

life in general. His face is closing more and more.

Suddenly, he keeps quiet and hides me for long minutes. The world around him no longer exists, he walls himself up in an almost religious silence. The boss tries to break this silence, but does not seem surprised by this most gloomy atmosphere. I feel he is pleasant with me, I would even say in seduction and very quickly, he makes me understand through his gestures and accompanied by a straightforward smile that I am not guilty of this unease. We are immersed in an atmosphere that does not seem to be foreign to him, I must be the only one in total misunderstanding. A few minutes later, the man with the scar comes back to me and tells me about his state of mind, his discomfort. He apologizes for not being in good company tonight, for being only a man sometimes won by his demons. I understand everything now, I understand that he is here to forget his worries, to try to find some companies, to relax from his day. I also understand that for him, this place has become a habit, a second home and all these glasses too. Three in the morning, all the customers have disappeared, there are more than two of us. The curtain falls, the lights go out one by one, the show is over, it's

time to take a bow, high time I left them. I kiss everyone and leave at the same time as this man, as John. He faces me, then in a tender gesture, hugs me. My mind floats, my heart is light, I feel like I'm losing control of my own body, I'm losing consciousness for a few moments.

For two months, I go to this bar more and more regularly, I am there, always. Each evening is as good as the previous one with moments of relaxation, calmness and a host of surprises. Every week, I meet John in the same place, in the same place, at the same time, we remake the world, we relive it. We exchanged our numbers in order to meet again in another setting, outside this bar. The "he" fades away to make way for the "you", the "he" is a distant memory and we begin a new page in our history. This man is no longer "the man with the scar", it's John. In spite of us, we created habits, little rituals, a complicity was born. We often see ourselves in the evening hidden from view, hidden from life. We meet once a week in the restaurant for a good meal, epicureans at heart, lovers of good "food". This being touches me, it intrigues me. Despite this proximity, I know he is disturbed, he reveals himself little, he advances to better back up,

always. I'm trying to understand why I'm so reluctant, I'm trying in vain. Until the day when...

July 13, 2013.

In the early morning, I receive a phone call, a proposal for a relaxing afternoon just you and me. You give me an appointment at 1 p.m. when you leave work not far from Laval station. I immediately understand that you are booking me a very original outing. I'm intrigued, what could it be ?

At 12:45 p.m., I'm at the meeting a little early, waiting. Outside, the calm is soothing and the weather is pleasant. Every minute seems like an eternity to me, every second an endless wait, then I see you coming from far away. Two motorcycle helmets in hand, smiling, you give me a kiss and offer me, if my heart desires, a ride on your Triumph 1700 Thunderbird Storm, a motorcycle looking like a Harley-Davidson. My instinct pushes me to say yes, so does my heart, but my conscience tells me to be careful. In the end, I know you very little, no one knows that I am with you, I take a risk, I am aware of it.