

Spring 1995

## Les rêves d'une jeune fille (The dreams of young girl)

Rita Sabat

*University of Massachusetts Amherst*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Sabat, Rita (1995) "Les rêves d'une jeune fille (The dreams of young girl)," *mOthertongue*: Vol. 2 , Article 20.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot/vol2/iss1/20>

This Multilingual Prose is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. It has been accepted for inclusion in mOthertongue by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@library.umass.edu](mailto:scholarworks@library.umass.edu).

## ***The Dreams of a Young Girl***

I closed my eyes only to imagine his body against mine. His hands so strong and yet so tender. The imagination of a love that does not exist. I turn around briskly and there he is. The dreams of a young girl that longs for a love so perfect. Hearing his voice as he speaks to me takes me by surprise. I thought I was alone in my thoughts for a moment only to turn around and watch him leave. He has the walk of a man with determination, but the smile of a boy in need of love. Again I return to the darkness and with me, I take my dreams. When he takes me in his arms, my hairs stand on end! I don't want to move, I only want to stay there. We make love as if it were the last time or maybe even the first time.

Rita Sabat

## ***Les rêves d'une jeune fille***

J'ai fermé mes yeux seulement pour imaginer son corps sur le mien. Ses mains si fortes seulement si tendre. L'imagination d'un amour qui n'existe pas. Je me tourne brusquement et le voilà! Les rêves d'une jeune fille qui longue pour c'est amour si parfait. Sa voix quand il me parle me prend pas surprise. Je me croyais seule pour un moment avec mes pensées, seulement pour tourner est le regarder quand il quitte. Il a la marche d'un homme avec détermination, mais le souris d'un garçon besoin d'amour. Encore je retourne dans ses bras j'ai les pieds de poules. Je ne veux pas bouger je veux rester la bas. On fait l'amour comme si c'était la dernière fois, ou même la première fois.

Rita Sabat