



Chevaux



blancs



aux



ailes



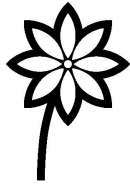
argentées.



Sel



de



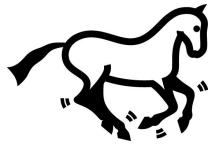
fleur.



Ironie



au



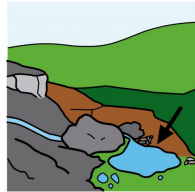
galop



dans



la



source



incandescente.



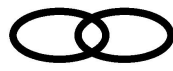
Danse



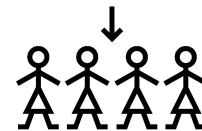
un



papillon



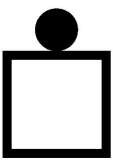
avec



les



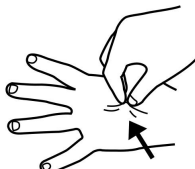
louis



sur



ta



peau.



Écrit



le



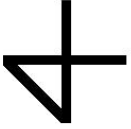
28 septembre par



Cédric,



Philippe



et



Frédéric