

Eva Colombo, *Our gold*, third chapter: *Future's ashes* (Inspired by Anne Brigman's photo *The dying cedar*)

I don't need to look at you to know who you are: you are those ones who believe they are living in the present, and you don't know that present doesn't exist. I don't need to listen to you to know who do you believe I am: an useless woman since I am not your property, since you can't use me as a tool of yours. Now I can't either look at you or listen to you because I'm dreaming the dreams of a dying cedar. Now I am a ship which ploughs seas and carries treasures, I am the foundations of a city which makes mankind proud, I am the door which guards the eternal wisdom. And I am the terrible beauty of fire, the scent which ascends into the sky and the ashes which make the ground fertile. I am a cedar tree who with her own needles embroiders on the sky a prayer for the wrecks, the ruined cities, the doors no one is capable of opening anymore. And the wind changes me again into fire and scent, into ashes which make the ground fertile so that what cannot die would be able to be born again. You believe me to be an useless woman who dreams in the shade of a dying cedar, believe it if you like. When I will open my eyes again you will be vanished along with your inexistent present, and the future will be by my side.