

Eva Colombo, *Eyes that see in the dark*, sixth chapter: *The sparkling ivy*
(Inspired by Paul Delvaux painting *The call of the night*, 1938)

Take that sheet off of your head, and look at me. Do not be afraid, I'm not a nightmare. I've lit your lamp, now you can see that you and I are very much alike. I know, you can't sleep at night because you're afraid that in daylight no one would notice the sparkling of your dark eyes and they would trample on you like a precious stone of unappreciated value. I know, you can't sleep at night because you're afraid that in daylight the melancholy which floods your dark eyes would look like a dead something unworthy of being remembered since it is useless by now. Come with me, let's go out. Bring your lamp because the moon isn't risen yet and your eyes don't know yet that they are capable of seeing in the dark. Follow me, I know that you are afraid because you see desolation all around you: stones which torment a rough ground, rocks which are darker than a moonless night, dry mountains with dull peaks. Now give your lamp to a tree which being unable to give shade in daylight wishes to give light at night, you don't need the lamp anymore since the moon is risen. I know, it is a sickle of waning moon so thin that you're afraid it wouldn't be sufficient to prevent you from stumbling over the stones and bumping against the rocks, from being afraid of all this death which surrounds you. Stop then, sit down beside me and listen to me. You have to know that when the sky and the earth mated those stones were stars which bound themselves to the ground sparkling with that love and then for a long time those very stones sparkled in the moonlight like the eyes of those ones who know the way to reach the aim in their life. You have to know that when the sky and the earth mated those rocks were clouds which bound themselves to the ground sparkling with that love and then for a long time those very rocks sparkled in the sunshine like the eyes of those ones who know where it can be found what is necessary to live forever. You have to know that when the sky and the earth mated those dull peaks were sea soundings which bound themselves to the sky sparkling

with that love and then for a long time those very peaks sparkled in the sunshine and in the moonlight like the eyes of those ones who know how to preserve the source of life. Now that you know all these things you can look at yourself into my eyes. You will see the melancholy that floods your dark eyes as a subterranean river which feeds all that keeps on living even if it is sunk in oblivion. You will see that your dark eyes sparkle through your hair as precious stones lovingly bound by ivy, the ivy which trips up those ones who are about to trample on you in order to force them to notice that your dark eyes sparkle as stars which show the way towards life.