

Eva Colombo, *Our gold*, sixth chapter: *The equinoctial pearl* (Inspired by Edward Burne – Jones painting *Girl and Goldfish*, 1861)

The night of the autumnal equinox is like a shell endowed with perfectly fitting together valves which shields its pearl from those ones who don't want to see, those ones who don't want to know. But you want to see and to know: then listen to me. In the twilight of the autumnal equinox you will set yourself on a way which I will show you. Shortly you will reach a sundial and a pond with goldfish, you will turn your back to the sundial and you will sit down by the pond. The night will wrap up without hurting herself the sundial's stylus still warm of the September sun, the goldfish darting to and fro in the dark water of the pond will be the sunset glow that the night will have taken for herself. All at once the equinoctial night will shut her perfectly fitting together valves and you will fall into the dark. With your black as night eyes you will stare the dark until you will see a shining pearl, until you will realize that that very pearl is shining in the black of your eyes as well. So you will shut your eyes to be able to keep that pearl with you in the light of the sun. At daybreak you will open your eyes again and you will turn towards the sundial and you will know that the stylus of time may carve your face but it will never be able to injure your look which shields the pearl.