

Eva Colombo, *A day in exile*, first chapter: *The night of the black hat*
(Inspired by Leonard Nimoy's photo *Eye contact*, *Chicago*)

Tonight with this black hat I am a black moth snatched from the spiny sweetness of her acacia tree by summer storms and flung many miles northwards, in the Windy City. Tonight I am a black moth who looks for the light and finds the flash of your camera. For an instant I feel into my warm dark eyes the light of your flash as cold as the cold morning light of the day when you will leave me. I won't chase you with my black hat in my hand begging for the crumbs of your love, like a black moth I won't survive winter. Now I blow into you my breath along with the smoke of my cigarette and I know that my breath in your memories will be the dark shadow of an uninvited guest, I know that my breath in your dreams will be the warm touch of a loving ghost. At dawn I will pull my black hat over my eyes and my auburn hair will flow like a river kissed by the first rays of the sun, and my breath in your sleep will be like the rustling of the wind through the leafy braches of an acacia tree.