

Eva Colombo, *Our gold*, seventh chapter: *The golden shade* (Inspired by Elisabeth Sonrel' s painting *Our Lady of cow parsley*)

It was the finest day of the Indian summer and the sunlight was worth as gold. You've hurried along the road which leads to that river's loop which seems to stretch itself towards the sunset as if the river were unwilling to let the sunset go. You wished the sunlight to graze you like a murmured blessing but the river's bank was encumbered with people that snatched the sunlight, that wanted for them only the gold of the sun. Then you've looked for the shade of the trees because you felt that tears were about to scald your eyes and you've noticed that eastwards the moon was already risen. November moonlight soothed the scald of your tears as if a compassionate hand would have placed two cold silver coins on your eyelids. At nightfall you've gone back to the river's bank; there was no one and you've bent down over that ground martyred by the trample of greedy people. The moonlight alighted there as cold silver coins to soothe the pain of the ground and it was as if a voice would remind you of cow parsley's white flowers into which those coins would have turned themselves as soon as May would arrive and you thought of the underground shade which preserves the life of the roots during a cold autumn night. And it was as if that voice would promise you that one blinding day in June when it seems that the sun would never set and the shade is worth as gold the sight of the cow parsley's flowers would soothe your eyes as the cold silver of November moonlight did and a compassionate shade would be there for you only, a shade that will look at you with my dark eyes through the cow parsley.