

Eva Colombo, *Flowers and Sea*, second chapter: *Irises* (inspired by Evelyn De Morgan's painting *The Dryad*)

No one remembers you, no one recognizes you. Not even the sky, not even the earth. You've been shut up in your house so long time that you became a stranger to the earth, you skims her with your feet and she doesn't notice you and at each step you hope the sky would send you a pair of wings in recompense for your pain, a pair of wings that enable you to escape from earthly indifference. But you became a stranger to the sky too, he is too high and distant: he doesn't notice you. The sunset casts many shadows, but none of them is the shadow of your loved one. You walk towards the sea and you come across many people, but no one talks to you. Only the sea talks to you with his voice that is the voice of an unceasing pain, your pain. You sit down on the shore and the sea water on your fingers tastes of your tears and the waves which lick you are like a memory which returns in your dreams, which returns unceasingly. And you wish to turn yourself into a wave since only the sea can turn your tears into pearls, only the sea can turn your pain into foam which glitters in the sun like gold. A gust of sea breeze stirs the leaves of an olive tree somewhere behind you and you notice that those leaves sound like the pages of a book which you have forgotten on the shore long time ago, when your life was an impetuous hot surge that swept away words. You don't remember which book it was, you don't remember what was written on those pages. Now that you are alone and only the sea talks to you, now you wish to remember the words of that book. The sea licks your hands like a memory which returns in your dreams but his voice doesn't articulate words and you wish to hear words, human words talking about that distant time...you wish to fall asleep cradled by these human words and dream of being wrapped in the hot shadow of your loved one. But the sea doesn't articulate words and the olive tree leaves keep on rustling with the sound of the pages of that book which you have forgotten. Words are winged, they fly away and come back. Now that the

sun has set and the sea breeze is getting cold, now that you are alone and human beings don't talk to you... perhaps now the words of that book have come back and they are perched upon the branches of the olive tree. You stand up, you go towards the olive tree and you notice that his trunk bears the impression of your body. And you notice that some purple irises nearby bear the colour of the twilight light, an unwilling to die light. You let yourself be wrapped in the trunk of the olive tree, now that it is evening and you are alone. Irises remind you that the rainbow joins together sky and earth when the storm is over and the memory is a fruit of this joining. You close your eyes listening to the sea and the olive tree leaves. In your dreams memory will give you the words capable of appeasing the storm of your pain, the words that you will write in a book which will be like an evergreen tree where the memory of your loved one will be able to nest.