

Eva Colombo, *The blessing of the red wood*, first chapter: *Twilights* ( *Zwielichter*, oil on canvas by Hugo Hoppener known as Fidus, 1902 )

A veranda, two lanterns, banisters of red wood. My hands lean on this red wood, maybe soon my hands will grasp this red wood because I'm smelling rain in the air. Cloud, clouds full of rain are running toward me driven by an aware wind. The storm has recognized me, she knows that I am her sister. My cloth a cloud, pearls of my necklace drops of rain, my hair the dark wing of wind, my eyes...my eyes flashes of lightning...but my eyes are human, are human too. Yes, my human eyes are looking for the light of lanterns, my ultrahuman eyes are looking for twilight's glow which is rapidly surrendering to the dark charm of the storm. My profile hangs over red wood banisters while my eyes can't decide which light they want to reflect in their abyssal mirror. My hands are now grasping the red wood because rain's smell is storming my ultrahuman sensitive nostrils...but my hands are human, too much human. They are scared by the storm, they want to bind me to human manufactures, they want to secure me with a sound anchorage to the house: according to them, this is for my good. My human eyes are now staring at the lantern, even they think that my good is the fire tamed by human beings. But a spark of the wild fire of lightning burns in those very eyes...Enough, now I close them. I hear the rain pelting, I smell the rain, I feel that this is my good. I need the sound of rain as much as I need to smell the rain...and staying so, alone...When the water doesn't fall from the sky I look for her on the earth...Yes, I'm speaking the truth: I have a bodily need of approaching water. Every day I look for the sound of water: a waterfall, a fountain free from the human noise. And I listen. Every day I look for the smell of water: damp ground, wet stone, macerated grass free from human miasmas. And I breath. The fact that this is to me vital nourishment is something unacceptable for too many human beings. I'm still a young woman and – at least is what they say – a handsome one. It cannot be my good this going out – of the – way assuming unintelligible attitudes.

Plunderers are in ambush, slanders are in the air. Maybe those human beings are in the right, probably they are in the right...But I have no choice. To stay alive I have to find daily a bit of time to listen to the water and to smell her. This bit of time is usually a dark one, when the majority of human beings are far away from the pelting water and the earthy banks that exhale water's smell...I listen to the water and I look at the darkness and I am myself. There are not human looks that withdraw my beauty to oblige her into alienating files, there are not human words that drag my thoughts into a dead end. It is dangerous for the society that a woman dares to be herself: this is what too many human beings think. So they raise gates and webs forcing me to slip along cutting edge, forcing me to totter on the border of an abyss to look for what I need to stay alive. Then if one day I will fall into this abyss those too many human beings will cry triumphantly: what which fed that woman's soul leads to death, so there! No, what feeds my soul leads to life, a life very different from yours, but still a life. Now the storm has flung open an abyss in front of the veranda, the storm is dancing with furious joy around this abyss, the storm is trying to grasp my hand to drag me into the vortex of that ultrahuman dance. She has recognized me, she knows that I am her sister. Come with me, she says. Give me your hand. You and me together will dash the sky to the ground, we will set fire through showers of rain. We will uproot gates and webs, we will transform the twilight into dawn, the night into day. The time itself will be our at last, and the space also. We will be the rule and those "too many" the anomaly that should be marginalized. Come with me, at my side you will find what feeds your soul without being forced to excuse yourself, to defend yourself, to hide yourself...The cold wind insinuates itself under my hand, the cold wind is trying to wrench my hand from the red wood. The red wood is hot, it is hot thanks to the human blood that flows into my hand...I'm a human being, I'm a human being also...The red wood knows this and it holds me

back, the red wood protects me. I am a human being and I am sister of the storm: grasping the red wood, I will stay alive.