

Eva Colombo, *Means of escape*, sixth chapter: *Moon ropes* ( inspired by Evelyn De Morgan's painting *Luna* )

From this labyrinth you cannot escape but by means of an Ariadne's thread. Don't deceive yourself that this thread would be handed you by those chaps you bump into at each corner: those there don't recognize you, they don't remember who you have been and they don't know who you are. Don't trust them: the thread handed you by them will change itself into a leash, the salvation handed you by them will be a slip knot around your neck. Remember: the moon ropes are the only Ariadne's thread which will enable you to come out safe and sound of this labyrinth. You cannot be wrong. Moon ropes are made of the ribbon which you have taken off when you have sworn, gazing at your loose hair into the mirror, that never again you would mortify your beauty in order to make your intelligence more easily acceptable. They are made of the curtain which you have drawn aside when you have found out that nocturnal darkness didn't frighten you so much as those shadows cast by the sun. They are made of the shawl which has wound you when, all alone, you have gone through a gloomy hotel corridor to reach a glass window and look at the crescent moon that seemed to smile just at you. Don't deceive yourself that anyone would come to hand you the moon ropes in this labyrinth where you are imprisoned. When you will feel that all is lost, when you will have wept yourself out and your breathing will be sweet and hypnotic as cradle's squeak...the moon ropes will come to you, as snakes spellbound by the sound of your pain. They will wind themselves round your wrists and ankles as glittering jewels and they will enable those who didn't forget you to recognize you. These ones shall deliver you: those that remember who you have been and know who you are.