

Eva Colombo, *The peacock triptych*, third chapter: *The mother of pearl gaze* (Inspired by Edgard Maxence's painting *Peacock Profile*, 1896)

During the last hour of the night it seemed to me that the rain's murmur would be your voice. You were telling me that an early January day was about to begin, a holy – day. And I was weeping because I was unable to catch a sight of the coming day. The drops of rain among the bare branches of the trees appeared blue like the cold of a wintry night and green like the leaves which will sprout in spring on those branches and it was as if those blue – green drops would soothe the burning of my tears. Towards the end of the night I closed my eyes as black as the night and in dreamland I saw the mother of pearl sky of a rainy morning shining among the branches of the trees. And I saw that the profile of your face was like a door ajar and beyond that door the trees were green in January because your mother of pearl gaze would have disclosed the future. And near you I saw running a river and I knew that the tears which during the night were slipped on my face were now running in that very river causing my beauty to flow towards the coming day. And I saw that in that river were running the blue – green rain drops pregnant with the light of the morning sun which was shining behind the clouds and on the surface of the river the rain was causing the sun to appear as if it were the reflection of a peacock which displays its tail. And the water of the river seemed to run faster for the desire of joining the blue – green waters of the sea which soothe the setting sun in view of a new dawn. And I saw that along this river a path wound, my path. I open my eyes, I know that I have to run along that path. With menacing or mellifluous words, some people will try to hold me back. I will not stop near them. Those ones don't have the heart to gaze at the dark and they are unable to weep, for this reason their life doesn't flow and their souls are like a quagmire where they crave to drag you. I will not turn to them, I will not meet their eyes because their eyes are like puddles which turn the sky into mud. A blue – green rain drop in my hair will be like a peacock feather which will attract

their envious glances and disperse them to the wind, and I will keep on walking along my path.