

Eva Colombo, *Our gold*, fourth chapter: *Dawn cloud* ( Inspired by Mikhail Vrubel's painting *Siren* or *The Lilacs*, 1900 )

You told me that you can't love me because you love the sunshine. I love the sunshine too, I replied. You told me that it can't be true because on my face there is a shadow which is like the shadow that obscures the face of the new moon and makes the night black as desperation. You told me that you can't love me because it is springtime and you love life. It is springtime for me too and I love life as much as you do, I replied. You told me that it can't be true because my eyes are like an abyss and who that falls into it is doomed to drown into muddy waters which bear the colour of my iris. You told me that it can't be true because the melancholy which resounds into my voice is like the swashing of a subterranean river that doesn't feed any flower. Now it is night and I don't sleep. I am alone and in the dark I'm looking at a lilac - cluster which is like a cloud imbued with dawn light. If its scent could insinuate itself into your dreams perhaps now you would see me... You would see that the shadow on my face which is like the shadow that obscures the face of the new moon it is a sign that the sun loves me and he is about to present me with his splendor. You would see that the abyss of my eyes is like the abyss into which the sun falls at sunset and the muddy water of my iris is like the gold of the sun which changes itself into mud in order to flow in the subterranean river where he is used to spend the night. Lilac roots reach that river and feed on the sun... Otherwise how could the lilac – clusters be so similar to the dawn clouds? And you would hear the melancholic song which I sing on the banks of that subterranean river when the sun, cradled by the river and tickled by the lilac roots, wishes to rise no more... Then on the banks of the subterranean river I sing a melancholic song so the sun may be nostalgic of the sky and would hurry towards the sea where he will be born again, towards the horizon where he will rise again. If this night you could be able to smell the scent of this lilac – cluster

maybe tomorrow you would love me as one loves a cloud seen in a dream. A cloud imbued with dawn light, gushing with life.