

Eva Colombo, *Eyes that see in the dark*, fourth chapter: *Fire and cornflowers* (Inspired by Arnold Böcklin's painting *Vestal*)

I can't talk to you, the fire wants my silence so that its crackling may resound as an echo which I will never forget. I can't join you, the fire wants my loneliness so that it may warm me with that warmth which saves from frostbite. I can't quench my thirst by drinking from your glass, the fire wants my thirst so that it may burn as something which is unquenchable. I can't hold your hand, my hands can hold only a bunch of cornflowers which bear the colour of the horizon after a rainy day. But sooner or later the fire will let me go, when it will be sure of burning forever in the pitch – black of my eyes. Then I will reach the horizon full of cornflowers after a rainy day and I will quench my thirst drinking the rain from cornflowers calyx.