

Eva Colombo, *Means of escape*, first chapter: *Pia* (inspired by Dante Gabriel Rossetti's painting *Pia de' Tolomei*)

Rooks are black as the falling night. Through the clouds, the sky at twilight has the colour of your dress. The ivy clung beside you has the colour of your eyes. The fig – leaves touched by the autumn framed your head because they have the colour of your hair. The night is winged as the rooks, soon she will settle on the window – sill of your prison. Your twilight – coloured dress will be that light which the night cannot turn off. Your ivy – coloured eyes will be that life which an autumnal night cannot kill. Your autumnal leaf – coloured hair will be that death which feeds a new life. Listen to the rooks, now. They are winged, they know how to escape into the sky. Smell the water within the clouds, the water knows how to escape into the ground. Slip off that ring, throw it to the rooks: it isn't your gold, that one. Look at the sky through the clouds, impress your beauty on twilight gold. Let some tears drop from your eyes, like drops of rain from the clouds. Your pain will find out its means of escape and it will drain the ground. When the night will be passed, when autumn will be passed the sky and the earth will remember you. At twilight the sky will irradiate your beauty and in spring the earth will sprout on your pain. And men will not be able to imprison you again, men will not be able to forget you again.