

Eva Colombo, *Eyes that see in the dark*, seventh chapter: *Hopeful flowers*
(Inspired by Maximilian Lenz's painting *A world*, 1899)

I must get out of here. I must see the stars tonight. Wintry stars are just like a glance which gives you the shudders and you remember that you are alive. Wintry stars are just like a glance which freezes you: you stop a moment and you remember that you are alive and you're going somewhere. I know, they say that you can't get out of this dead end. They say that you must be satisfied with man – made lights, fake stars which get you nowhere. They want your life to glide away dancing meaningless dances, bumping against the walls of a dead end. But I know that this dead end is actually the meander of a labyrinth, and I know that a labyrinth has always a way out. And I must get out of here because I must see the stars tonight. I will be like the water that always finds its way, I will be like the wind that insinuates itself everywhere. I will get out of the labyrinth, I will glide along the streets like an azure glimmering of water and wind and other runaways will join me. We will reach that meadow where flowers have been kept alive by the hope of our return, we will lift our eyes to the sky and we will not see the stars. The sky will be encumbered like the eyes of someone who doesn't dare to weep because it has been told him that weeping is useless. Then we will join hands and we will be an azure whirl to remind the clouds of the sea from which they have risen. Then we will wave leafy braches and we will be an azure gust to remind the clouds of the wind which has carried them there. And the clouds will be moved and they will weep those tears that men wouldn't have the mettle to shed, and we will see the stars again.