

Eva Colombo, *Eyes that see in the dark*, third chapter: *Sunset rose* (inspired by Leonor Fini's lithography print *The passenger*)

The sunset light has just fallen behind the horizon and you are going back home. An autumn rose that bears the colour of the sunset light looks like the last sparkle of sunset clung to the edge of the abyss. You stop beside her: you want to save her, you want to prevent her from falling behind the horizon. But the cold of a September night springs out from under the ground and rubs itself against your legs like a cat which purrs even if you don't stroke it. You bend over it and you notice that it is like a serpent with ruby eyes. Its look is as a wine that warms you even if you drink a drop only, it is as the autumn leaves that sparkle even if the sun is gone, it is as the subterranean fire that transforms everything even if no one feeds it. The cold of a September night is like a serpent which sinuous creeps towards the sunset – coloured rose and its ruby eyes are so lovely that she isn't afraid of it, and its ruby eyes are so lovely that she lets herself to be gently carried by it into the abyss behind the horizon where sunset light becomes dawn light and autumn roses die dreaming of spring.