

AUGUST 2018

## FATA MORGANA



Hot air trembles and undulates above the white surface, distorts the picture and at the same time brings it to life. The two skinny palm trees are rising up, trembling and swaying. Two giant snakes that wind up to the heads of the trees. The top fronds bend over in the sun's glare and strive towards the scrawny branches hanging down as in there there is a little bit of shadow left. Shadow that does not promise cooling in this heat wave. In this caldron of fire burns a merciless blaze which reflected by the white house walls extinguishes unmercifully all life. The shutters on the houses are all closed, bolted. White washing hangs over the balcony railing, petrified in the glistening light.

No human being animates the picture, even the cats found themselves cooler places for their siesta. Also the colours desintegrated in this light, became light themselves hanging around on the buntings in front of the community hall, limp and tired.

And above all lies this eerie silence which can not be heard but sensed. It creeps under your skin with the heat, grabs with red-hot fingers for your heart. All of a sudden one is longing for the dogs which drive us crazy during the night, for the mopeds which flog our ears, for the beeps of mobiles, for a sign of life.

But under the black sky all life is paralyzed and awaits the moment the shadows will be covering the square.