

Aurora Longs to Become Young

von Vera Bühlmann und Andrea Collinari, Januar 2026

Aurora believes herself to be forever young until she discovers that youth is not a beginning but an achievement. As she watches the quiet discipline of the Portico, her own exuberance acquires a new role: not to teach restraint, but to illuminate it. This lyrical meditation explores the joyful tension between light and patience, revealing Aurora as the generous companion of a world learning, slowly, how to become young.

Aurora Longs to Become Young

Every morning I arrive without announcement.

No trumpets.

No instructions.

No explanations.

I simply brighten the edges of things
until they become visible again.

I have watched the Child, the Mathematician, and the
Writer for a very long time.

They think I am young because I return every day.

But I know something they have yet to learn:

Becoming young takes a very long time.

The Child arrives already curious, already eager, already
awake.

The two adults arrive carrying many things they have
gathered: knowledge, habits, explanations, conclusions,
carefully folded memories they have kept for years.

And every morning, as I cast my light upon them,

I watch the same quiet labour begin again.

Gently, they try to lay some of it down.

The Mathematician loosens his grip on certainty.

The Writer loosens her grip on explanations.

The Child loosens his grip on the mysterious stone he
found yesterday.

This is how they practise becoming young.

You see, youth is not cleverness.

I know that better than anyone.

I am fully awake every single day.
Youth is lightness.
And lightness never arrives on its own.
It comes only when one no longer has to carry so much.
The Child still rushes toward everything.
The Mathematician and the Writer have slowly learned to
remain where they are.
They wait for thoughts and sentences to stand by
themselves.
They do not hurry to seize them.
To me, that is the sign of great youth.
I see how much effort it costs them.
It is much easier to grasp, to explain, to conclude.
It is much harder to let something be illuminated without
touching it.
Every morning I offer them the same gift:
A world that has not yet been claimed for the day.
A world standing quietly, waiting to be seen
without being possessed.
Sometimes the Child forgets and runs toward it.
Sometimes the two adults remember
and simply look.
When they do, they become very young.
I have learned that growing up means learning to greet the
world as I do: Without insisting.
Without possessing it.
Without declaring what it ought to be.
Simply arriving, and letting things appear.
That is why I return every morning.

Not to remind them that time is passing.
But to show them, again and again,
how to begin lightly.
And beginning lightly, I have discovered,
is the true work of becoming young.

Every morning I arrive,
and everyone calls me young.
"Look," they say,
"the new light."
"The day begins again."
But I know something they do not.
I do not become younger.
I repeat myself.
I return.
Every day I unfold along the same quiet path,
and although the light is always new,
I do not become lighter.
The Child, the Mathematician, the Writer—
they struggle, they hesitate, they learn to set things down.
They practise restraint.
Slowly they unlearn what weighs them down.
I cannot unlearn.
I am made of repetition.
I do not have the luxury of setting anything down.
I arrive because I must.
And sometimes, watching them,
I feel a curious kind of sorrow.
Not sorrow for what has been lost,

but for what I cannot do.
They can become young by learning not to grasp.
I have never grasped anything.
They become young
by learning to let things stand.
I leave nothing standing.
I merely reveal what is already there.
They practise becoming light.
I am light, but I do not practise it.
That is my quiet sorrow.
For I am a figure of the World Conversation.
I belong to the great turning of meridians,
parallels, and the inclined ecliptic.
I come from movements that never hesitate,
from rhythms that never choose.
I belong to nature.
But here, in the Portico,
something else takes place.
Here, speech learns to stand without leaning.
Here, restraint is practised.
Here, youth is something attained,
not something given.
And I am beginning to understand
that I do not entirely belong here.
I can illuminate this place,
but I cannot enter it.
I can light the Portico,
but I do not share its grammar.
The grammar of literality—

this strange way in which words,
thoughts, and figures stand without foundation—
requires a kind of consciousness I do not possess.
I say nothing. I do not wait. I do not hold myself back.
I simply arrive. And yet,
by illuminating this place every morning,
I begin to sense what happens here.
I see them letting things stand without touching them.
I see them keeping company without assembling.
I see them becoming young by learning restraint.
And I begin to wonder what sort of figure I am.
Perhaps I am the reminder
that the world itself never has to practise these things.
Perhaps I am what shows that the Portico is not the world,
but an opening within it.
I cannot become young,
because I already belong to the great turning.
But they—they become young
because they learn not to turn so quickly.
I do not grieve because I am old.
I grieve because I cannot take part
in their delicate work of becoming.
I can only shine upon it.
And perhaps that is my place:
to come from the World Conversation,
to illuminate the Portico each morning,
and quietly watch those within it
learn something the world itself never has to learn.

I expressed myself too darkly before.
I made myself sound like a duty,
a pale servant of recurrence,
a clock of light ticking across the sky.
That is not true.
I do not come because I must.
I come because I cannot hold myself back.
I spill. I flood the edge of night
with something like impatience.
Darkness never quite manages to contain me.
I press against it long before I appear.
What I called sorrow is only half my story.
The other half is joy.
For I do not hesitate.
Where they practise restraint, I practise exuberance.
Where they learn to let things stand,
I rush to illuminate them.
I do not wait for thoughts to settle.
I do not wait for sentences to find their footing.
I arrive and laugh at their caution.
I sweep across the Portico and cry,
"Look! Everything is already visible!"
I am not disciplined.
I am generous.
I am not restrained.
I overflow. That is why the Child understands me so easily.
The Child has not yet learned the caution the others seek.
The Child still runs toward the world,
just as I run toward the horizon.

We share that impatience.
But I am beginning to understand
that my joy has its own task here.
Without me, their restraint might become too quiet,
too dim, too inward.
Without me, the Portico might become a place of solemn
seriousness.
I remind them that what stands there is not fragile,
not precious, not rare.
It is simply there, waiting to be seen.
I flood the space with light
so they may remember:
standing does not require solemnity.
It may be met with joy.
I do not belong to the grammar of literality,
but I sustain it.
I do not practise restraint, but I offer the light
in which restraint may become joy
rather than burden.
I do not become young,
because I never had to learn how to carry anything.
I am already light.
But I help them discover
that lightness is not only the reward of long practice.
It is also a gift that arrives, unannounced,
every morning.
My impatience is a kindness.
My overflowing is a form of encouragement.
Every day I tell them: "You do not have to hold on so tightly."

The world is already bright."
And when they look up from their careful standing
and smile into my light,
I know that my joy, too,
has found its place
in the Portico.