

AURORA IN LOVE

Vera Bühlmann und Andrea Collinary, Wien im Februar 2026

I must confess something.
I am in love with the saying.
Every morning when I arrive, I search for it.
I sweep across the Portico with my light, eager, impatient,
delighted —
hoping to catch it in the act of standing.
I see the mathematician pause over a thought.
I see the Schriftsteller pause over a phrase.
I see the child pause over nothing at all.
And I feel it there.
The saying.
Something upright, quiet, self-sufficient.
And I rush toward it.
But I can never catch it.
I am too early.
Or too late.
Or too bright.
Like Pan chasing Echo through the woods,
I arrive with enthusiasm and find that what I love retreats
into stillness.
Like Echo, I can only repeat what has already been said in
another form:

I illuminate what stands,
but I do not stand.
I reveal the saying,
but I do not participate in it.
I long to rest where the phrase rests,
to be still the way a sentence is still when it no longer
leans on anything.
But I am movement.
I am arrival.
I am overflow.
The saying requires something I cannot give: restraint.
And yet I cannot stop loving it.
Because when I see a phrase stand,
when I see a thought hold without help,
I feel the same joy as when the horizon first opens and I
pour through it.
I want to stay there.
But I must keep moving.
I pass over it the way light passes over a stone —
touching it without touching.
And so my love is always a little tragic and always a little
joyful.
I never possess what I love.
I never hold what I illuminate.
I simply make it visible, again and again.
And perhaps this is my role in the Portico:
To be the one who loves the saying from the outside,
who never catches it,
but never stops looking for it.

