

English version:

Berlin, November 24.

A train has just passed, and the church bell is ringing. It's 5 p.m., but it's already dark, night.

The building numbers glow in small illuminated squares: 34, 34A. Many windows here in Berlin are adorned with delicate white curtains made of crochet or lace. I wonder about the enduring presence of these traditional curtains in homes filled with IKEA furniture.

As I pass a wine shop, I think of a red wine I used to love. I never remembered its name, but I can picture its label: an engraved design featuring bluish flowers and fruits. It perfectly captured the wine's essence—light, delicate, lilac. Some images have that power, to convey something abstract so well.

The streetlights cast a warm yellow glow, spaced so evenly that I feel like a human figurine walking through a scale model of the city. The cozy light of the lamps makes me think this color was chosen to evoke the warmth of candlelight, of fire—offering pedestrians a sense of comfort, a gentle embrace of warmth in the darkness.