"Poland and Me"

Imagine a room. A big, empty and completely white room.
Now, imagine that everything you do, every single experience you make, every person you meet, gives you a colour to put in that white room.
Imagine that the white room is your life.

You wake up one morning and you look at the blue, blue sky and that adds a little of blue in your white room. You meet a gentle, kind lady at the supermarket and that is your spot of yellow. You start growing a beautiful tropical plant in your garden, and that is your stain of green.
I've always imagined Polish as violet. I don't know why, many of you may think about that as a nonsense, but I'm a big thinker-in-images and colours (I think it's called something like visual thinking). You may ask, why violet? Why not red, as in the flag? Or white, for the same reason?
But the fact is that Polish is, and will always be, violet for me.

My life, until a few years ago, was missing something. I couldn't quite figure out what, but I knew there were something missing. My big, white room was full of colours, experiences that had been shaping me all these years, but something was still missing.
So I went to university and I decided to study languages. I've always been a fan of languages, they are the perfect example of something that can add colours to your life. So, as I was saying, I was about to start university and I wanted to study something new, something special. I decided to go to a presentation organized by the university of Padua, where I currently study, where they presented some of the languages that the university offer. I listened while people were talking about "Hola" and "Hello" and "Salute" and finally, at some point, I heard Polish. I remember exactly the moment when I first heard my Polish's teacher starting to talk about the polish course that she was teaching and I was so fascinated, completely charmed.
And then she began to read a poem of the polish author Wisława Szymborska.
All of sudden, violet. There was violet everywhere.
I think that was the moment I realized, that the thing that was missing form life was some violet.
So I started learning Polish. I have some great teachers, we are very few in my class (and that's good) but I never felt lonely, or like have made a wrong choice. Every new sentence, every "Dzień dobry" and "Do widzenia", every verb, every noun, was a new shade of violet to add up to my white room.
In my second year of university I realized that my true calling were Slavic languages. So I started learning Czech too (which was a beautiful blue) and every month I added something new, like Slavic philology, Serb culture and so, so much polish literature. I started asking my professor for more of Wisława Szymborska's poems, and Miłosz, Barańczak, Andrzejewski and more, more, more. And I still do. I think I will never grow tired of that.
Now I'm on my third year. This year I will write my thesis for the end of my three-year degree, and it will be on the myth of Cassandra in the polish literature, starting from the poem "Monolog dla Kasandry", by Wisława Szymborska. I like to think about that as a circle: I started my path with her and I want to end it (for now, cause I will surely continue my studies) with her.
I imagine that now my room is full of colours and so, so full of violet.

I'm thinking about my room now, and I think that it has never been so beautiful.

Imagine a room. A big, empty and completely white room.
Now, imagine that everything that you do, every single experience that you make, every person that you meet, give you a colour to put in that white room.
Imagine that the white room is your life.
Close your eyes just for one second, and think about everything that you know about polish.
What do you see?