

skimmed through the window and kissed her laughingly – and her awakening was complete. She slipped out of bed and ran over to the window and looked out. The sea shone with such an intense splendour, danced, leapt up, cried aloud, ran along the line of white beach so daintily, drew back so shyly, and then flung itself onto the warm whiteness with so complete an abandon that she clapped her hands like a child, pulled the blinds high in every window and filled the room with brightness. She looked up at the sun – it could not be more than four o'clock and away in the bush a tui called. Suddenly she grew serious, frowned, and then smiled ironically. 'I'd forgotten she existed' she laughed, opening the door. She peered into the passage – the sun was not there, and the whole house was very quiet.

In Marina's room the scent of the manuka was heavy and soothing. The floor was strewn with blossoms. Great sprays stood in every corner, and in the fireplace and even over the bed. Marina lay straight and still in her bed, her hands clasped over her head, her lips slightly parted. A faint thin colour like the petal of a dull rose leaf shone in the dusk of her skin. Hinemoa<sup>6</sup> bent over her with a curious feeling of pleasure, intermingled with a sensation which she did not analyse. It came upon her if she had used too much perfume, if she had drunk wine that was too heavy and sweet, laid her hand on velvet that was too soft and smooth. Marina was wrapped in the darkness of her hair. Hinemoa took it up in her hands and drew it away from her brow and face and shoulders.

'Marina, Marina' she called, and Marina opened her eyes and said 'Is it day?' and then sat up and took Hinemoa's face in her hands, and kissed her just between her eyebrows. 'O come quick, come quick', cried Hinemoa. 'Your room is hot with this manuka and I want to bathe.' 'I come now,' Marina answered, and suddenly she seized a great spray of manuka and threw it full in Hinemoa's face and the blossoms fell into her hair. 'Snow Maiden, Snow Maiden' she said laughing. 'Look at your hair. It is holding the blossoms in its curls.' But Hinemoa filled her hands with manuka and they ran laughing out of the house and down to the shore.

And the [sea] was before them. They stretched out their arms and ran in without speaking, and then swam swiftly and strongly towards an island that lay like a great emerald embedded in the heart of a gigantic amethyst. Hinemoa fell back a little to see Marina. She loved to watch her complete harmony. It increased her enjoyment. 'You are just where you ought to be' she said, raising her voice. 'But I like not that' said Hinemoa shaking back her hair. 'I like not congruity. It is because you are so utterly the foreign element . . . you see?'<sup>7</sup>

They reached the island and lay on a long smooth ledge of brown rock and rested. Above them the fern trees rose, and among the fern trees a rata rose like a pillar of flame. 'See the hanging beautiful arms of