

seen you so beautiful! Your gown is the colour of a cloud of narcissus blossoms and your hands are like strange white moths . . . (He seats himself beside her.) Look at me, speak to me Radiana. In the opening of the morning sky I rode forth towards the mountains. All the day have I journeyed – in the emerald of the forests, and when the sky was like a great flaming opal I saw the white tower of your castle far ahead of me. Last night I woke from a dream, fearful and overpowering, that hovered round my room – vague, shadow-like. And as I lay still, staring into the purple darkness, your face came before me, the sweetness of your eyelids and the shadows that lie under your eyes. And in the intensity of my longing I cried aloud and beat upon the pillows of my couch and shook and shuddered with the strength of myself. At last I rose, and leaning far out of the window I plucked a bunch of grapes to quench my parched mouth – but they tasted of strong blood and I felt I was drowning, suffocating [in] the heart of a purple sea. And the light of your face was as the light of the moon above the waters . . . So I –

*Radiana*: O – I am afraid, I am afraid. Somewhere under these hangings, know you not, Summer lies dead. Ah – the perfume of her dead body stifles me. Loosen my girdle, Guido, I cannot breathe.

*Guido*: Radiana you dream, you have been too much alone. See, see – I am weeping. The tears are falling down my face and on to your sweet throat – you are so beautiful you are tragic, weak. One cannot live and hold so much beauty.

*Radiana*: Take off your cloak and wrap me in its folds. I am cold and weary. I am tired of passion, weary with Love. In the hours of the night I have called and cried for you. I have wept in the long darknesses till my hair was heavy and damp with my tears. Through the days I have leaned against my balcony and pulled the petals one by one from the roses that grow there so passionately, so beautifully. I have watched the petals fluttering to my feet one by one till my feet were covered with the crimson of them and I was standing in a pool of blood. And at the fall of each petal I have whispered your name. I have been like a virgin crying her roses, but my beads were rose-petals, were drops of blood. In the evening hour I have stood by the fountain when the water that plunged into the air was red with the colour of the sky and I have wept for you – till I could fancy my tears were of blood, all red like the fountain water . . . it is gone . . . my strength, my desire . . . is spent . . .

*Guido*: Radiana, Radiana, your brow is so hot – it is almost burning under my hand. Speak to me again – her breath is like the perfume of incense. You are [—]<sup>2</sup>. Your body is white and cool like a shell cast by the sea on to the dull shore. Look I will raise you to your feet. My arms are round you, I am very strong. Stand here in the darkness of this room, let me feel your body leaning against me. Can I not give you