

Era felice in casa sua

Futility: futilita/vanita

Vagare: wander in her carriage in the sleeping countryside

The complete end of her thoughts-*io* superbo part: "of her I/self/identity"

She felt like artist

She felt like she closed in her restless soul

Mitido-distinct, clear

Illuminando la notte-shedding light on the night

Secondare la terra- fertilizing

At twenty-five years old, beautiful, rich, engaged, without having ever experienced any real, grave sadness, Margi Magda, one day like any other, all of a sudden felt her heart become black and empty.

It was like the start of a sudden physical illness, that came day by day, growing, spreading, expanding.

She was happy in her house, and waited for another source of happiness. But in order to achieve this new happiness, she had to abandon the past, and it seemed to her that *now* her regret about her distant family, the charming paternal house, her lost freedom, her abandoned homeland, could have given her indescribable nostalgia, poisoning her new happiness. There were hours in which, especially at night, in the darkness, she would feel deep anguish, living in the future. Now she would open her eyes, look around her bedroom suffused of dense, half lit light, and think:

-No, I won't leave anything, I won't abandon anything, ever, ever!

And so? And the entertained dream of love of long years? Ah, the present happiness was incomplete, it was not even happiness in comparison to the other things. And in certain hours, especially in the tender, violet evenings, she was consumed, like ever, in the desire of the beloved distance.

Sometimes she thought that real happiness could be in the blend of the present and the future, in living with her husband in the paternal house.

But it was a flash of light, which followed an impenetrable, frightening darkness. Yes, and so, and then? And then, she felt that, after, two, three, ten months, the love would die (maybe it was already dying, if she, not already a bride, clearly envisioned the end of it), and from this great dream it would leave a man and a woman tied to the laws of the men, no longer that of the heart. But she also could not accept this: yes, if they were loved forever, like in the novels, they would have always been happy, yes, and so, and then? And then everything had to

fall, time passed, death came. Ah, it was this evil of Magda, or at least, in certain hours of pondering, it seemed to her that this was her evil.

She *felt* the time pass, felt the futility of everything, and in the end she had a terrible fear of dying. This fear poisoned her life, the life to which she thought that in order to control the events with scrutiny over the inescapable years, she had to be so tenaciously attached. The idea of the *end* made her heart freeze every impulse, every joy, every idea of pleasure dried her out. So much that she at least thought.

She started to become grim, engrossed. If she went into town, if in the entertainment she was stunned, on the way back she felt a dark disgust with herself. Well, the happiness has passed: why was she stunned so foolishly, forgetting that time was passing?

And if then the instinct dragged her to remember, and remembering to still feel the satisfaction of her triumphs, of her elegance, of her splendor, a demon sneering at her inside, taunting her. Then she looked away disgusted, astonished how she abandoned the small thoughts of her feminine futility.

She started not coming out, not even for a walk: she only went in the countryside, diving in like a fragrant purification in the sight of sacred nature, that she sensed and understood strongly;

She felt more sad than ever, but something unusual, a faint veil of tenderness, a vague nostalgia of distant memories, trembled in her sadness.