

Rome, 6th Dec. 81

My good, my poor, Elda, my poor angel

I have just come back up home, among the other letters I looked for yours, I opened it with the emotion I always feel when I recognize the writing to be yours or that of papa, and I read it, and I felt really bad, I felt a pain in my heart.

You are so sad, and you say things that I understand too well and they tear me apart. Why have you been underlining and punctuating certain words for the past few days? Why? Do you doubt perhaps?

About what?

Oh, I beg you, I beg you with all my soul.

Elda, I beg you with all my soul not to torment me so ferociously. But do you not know that you make me desperate?

If I now, after you have suffered so much for me, after you have shed so many tears, after you have poured so much blood from your heart, if I now should come and say to you more or less covertly:= You are beginning not to love me anymore! = tell me, what would you do, Elda?

-I adore you adore you adore you forever, superhumanly, inexpressibly, and I suffer and fight and cry for you and want you to believe it, I do not want you to offend me any longer not even with the slightest hint of doubt.

- I will do anything you want me to, I will write to you every day, every hour as long as you give me a smile, as long as you say a cheerful, serene word to me ...

Farewell, farewell

I am yours, yours, only yours, forever, and ever, Elda farewell

Gabriele

My my divine, my divine Elda!

I am writing to you, I am writing to you after a long while, I am writing to you with tears in my eyes, with a thousand suspicions in my heart, with indescribable anguish, with an ardent desire for your words of love, for your kisses, for your caresses.

- What are you doing, how are you? How are you, oh my poor Elda, oh my poor angel?

I have been here in Rome for about ten days, days of hell, without having been able to write a line, without having been able to tell you that I still adore you, I still adore you desperately, I always think of you, I still have you in my soul.

This doubt torments me atrociously now: who knows what sad, what dark fantasies have crossed your mind! Who knows what you have thought of me, of my love, who knows!

Perhaps, perhaps you are devastated now, you are ill.-

Oh, Elda, if you still love me, tell me tell me everything, tell me everything, do not hide anything!

14th January 82

My divine Elda!

Today is one of those days when I feel shipwrecked in an ocean of monotony and melancholy, in which I feel my solitude and distance from you even more, divine Elda!

I have always been here at home after having woken up very late; and here I have been unable to do anything except write a letter to Papa ... I have started ten things, and have stopped immediately disgusted: I have sat there in the armchair in endless hours of sad inertia, thinking of you, quenching myself in desire without end...

Clearly, you see, it seems like I am missing something which is essential for my survival it feels like I am fading away slowly bit by bit [...]

I have read your lyrics many many times today, your lyrics overflowing with love. I thank you, I thank you a thousand times, my angel, my light, my most divine Elda!

- But why, but why - I ask myself crying- but why must we be far apart? Oh, and being so far apart, why must we love each other so desperately?

Oh Elda, Elda, my Elda!

Gabriele

My goddess, my fairy!

What a strange creature are you? How do you manage, Elda, how do you manage to shake all the most intimate fibres of my heart so deeply? You have an indefinable charm, a charm that draws me, that exalts me, that completely wraps around me and makes me cry out with passion, thrills of love, yearning for superhuman joy...

-What can I say about your letter of this morning?

Believe me, I am still under that overpowering impression and I cannot tell you anything, and I can feel that I am trembling all over

- I read it twenty times with ever-growing emotion ; I seemed insane; I went around all morning as if I were in a trance ,came back now, and reread your letter...

But did you put a fatal spell in it? I do not know. I will write to you tomorrow, I cannot now; now I can only repeat in a choked voice ...

Divine, divine, divine, I adore you, I'm yours yours yours desperately eternally yours, divine divine divine!

Farewell, farewell. Forgive me, but I feel like I am fainting.

Gabriele

Rome, 27th March 82

My beautiful beautiful beautiful little girl, here is a kiss, so long and quivering and with a sound that will make mother lift her eyes smiling with her divine smile as if to say that we must change our ways...

Do not take any notice of your mother? Give me another hundred kisses and every one longer, warmer and louder than the one before.

- How happy I am about your bright little letter, my Elda! It seems like I can see you with your pale face lit up by those two big tawny eyes, illuminated by the indescribable laughter of your mouth, laughter that penetrates deep into my soul with its silvery tremor and its splendour like that of a blooming carnation.

Rome, 28th March 82.

You see, terrible little tigress, you see, when I read your crackling glittering dazzling lyrics and I intoxicated myself with your childlike joy and with your most divine love, you see, such a furious frenzy came over me, and such long, wild thrills ran through my veins and such a burning desire devoured my soul that if you had been there, to your misfortune, you would not have come out alive, I swear ...

-What crazy things I thought! I would have wanted to be there with you, alone, in this splendid golden light of March, in an infinite green field sparkling with flowers; to follow you gasping, and reach you and set your body on fire with my kisses burning

like the sun, and cover you with heaps of flowers, bury you in a fresh scented tomb,
oh temptress, oh goddess, oh my supreme joy and my supreme torment!

My Elda, Elda!

I have been here thinking about you until now, divinely adoring you in my soul, trying to enjoy even an atom of that dizzying intensity of the memories for another moment; and then torturing my heart with anxiety, with the frightening fantasies, rereading the burning and desperate pages of your letter, and waiting for your answer to my telegram.

- It is three in the afternoon, I have just received the telegram from Florence, and I have calmed down a little...

- I do not know, everything belonging to you, everything that has a distant relationship with you, everything that reminds me of you, it all moves me deeply and indescribably, and makes me quiver like a leaf, and moves me to tears ...

I held your telegram before my eyes for a long time, without ever having enough; I kept it on my lips for I do not know how long, and with my lips I eagerly looked for a sign of your fingertips, I searched for the smell of you with my nose, I was searching for you, you, you, always you-

What a terrible excitement in my whole being! I cannot, nor can I address you with my thoughts and not even for a very short brief moment ... Yes, it seems to me that my love has grown frighteningly ... And it was so great, and it was so deep even before !

- It is only one day since we were together: it seems like infinity to me. They ask me: When did you return? I hesitate to answer: Yesterday.

I feel like I am telling a lie, I feel like I have been here, in this great fiery loneliness, for months already, and still with a fierce desire for you, to see you, to kiss you, to hold you, as if I would never see you again, never embrace you again, never kiss you again!

- Last night, as I folded the letter I felt great pain; I do not know, I felt unable to distance myself, I wanted to write, again, continue writing, to fool myself, to believe I was talking to you ... who knows !

Pescara, 12th July, morning

My my my my my goddess!

I suffocate you with kisses, I bite you, I let your hair down, I twirl it around my neck like snakes, I lift you in my arms and run, carrying you like a child, while you cry out, while you laugh, covering you in wild kisses blindly, not caring where they fall, on your face, on your breasts, on your legs, on your hands, everywhere -

- But who teaches you, tell me, who teaches you to write these letters? Who teaches you these spells, this magic, these charms that lead me to madness, that tear supreme cries of love and desire from me, that make me tremble and cry, that make me forget everything else, tell me, who teaches you? -

- Yesterday I could not tear myself away from those pages, I read them, reread them without ever having enough, I drank them, let me say so!

- Oh, that dream, that dream, that unforgettable dream!

- You cannot imagine, Elda you cannot imagine what I felt, reading: I must have been as pale as a corpse, but lightning must have flashed from my eyes.

- My my my kind, my beautiful, my brilliant, my holy, my divine, immortal lover!

And, you know!, do not ever tell me again: no! it is not true!, when I speak to you this way, do not ever say so again because you hurt me, because you make me feel

irresistible urges which burned my soul - Yesterday you wrote: No, I am not beautiful; I alone, there, like a lunatic, shouted :
- Yes, yes, yes, beautiful as a fairy, beautiful as my goddess, beautiful as my most beautiful dream as a poet ! And I repeated those words, trembling, choking with my tears.

'82. 6th August – Francavilla.

My goddess! I have here your little letter of today, a fervent lyric of love and desire: but where is the one of yesterday?

You do not mention it, therefore it is certain that you wrote as usual. Maybe it has been lost, in some way; maybe the address was not correct; who knows?

I was really most sorry, and I am still sorry. Who knows how many lovely things you told me! Who knows how many sweet words!

– I, rather than lose a letter of yours, would lose forever the most beautiful of my odes, even a whole book on which I had worked for an entire year with great fatigue

- Your letters, these wonderful extremely delicate blossomings of your soul, these little poems which are stupendous in their harmony and passion, are sacred to me, they are relics, amulets which I would like to keep forever in my heart –

Here there is all of you, all of you is here with your irresistible force, with your deep melancholy, with your tears, with your sobs, with your long desires, with your lengthy dreams, with your deep sensual desire, with your virginal modesty; here there is all of you.

That huge sheaf of papers, which I have on my writing desk at home, is my intimate poem, that is what I call it; and it truly is a poem, a fascinating and musical and extremely luminous and human poem.

When we are husband and wife, with what intense joy and with what strange beating hearts will we reread those pages that sometimes seem to be written in the blood of our hearts!

Pescara, 11th September '82

My goddess, my goddess, my goddess

Your pale blue letter so full of love and gentle kindness has done my soul unspeakable good. I have read and reread it, and carried it around with me, close to my heart, all day.

- Thank you, thank you for Mama and Papa's sweet words too. Give them a kiss from me, kiss them with tender strength, and tell them that I felt tears come to my eyes while reading and I ardently desired to feel their kisses on my faded brow -

- Now I feel much better, much better.

Villa, 9th October '82

My sorceress, it is a cold and grey winter morning. Yesterday the harvest sun flooded the countryside and the sea, and warmed me all the way along road. What a splendid ride in the mild and very clear afternoon, towards the divine and clement Adriatic. This morning the sky is ashen-grey, there is a bothersome humidity in the air which penetrates the bones.

What are you doing? Are you happy? Is it sunny?

You ask me insistently if I will come to Florence this month. Who knows? The best thing to do is not to make any promises or fixed arrangements, so there will be no worries or upsets.

They will probably make me spend the whole month of October here; when I am in Rome, I will try to come, but I am not promising anything, I am not arranging anything any more, any more –

You know that an intense desire for you torments me. I will do everything possible to try to see you again, as soon as I can.

Maia, I really do not know how I live any more. I live lost in reverie. Lost in reverie I live. Now I remember that I wrote a few pages about this way of living, in a foreign land, in Zurich, where I was resting after having written a substantial book.

Lost in reverie in Maia.

I am facing the most atrocious – ferocious – hour of the day. I have to shave myself [phallic drawing]!!!

Remind sweet and surly Aelis that I have been invited to an evening of Disssssks
Eat! Gabri

Manah, after that wild fever of last night, after that voracious voluptuousness between two precipices, I took refuge in the Workshop feeling melancholy but no longer trembling. I knew that you fortunately and wisely had gone to lunch with Luisa. So I went down to our room, to that of the Prison. I had given you everything, with all my caresses. I had not slept for three days and had gone without food for two. After devouring your scented flesh, I had no desire of losing the taste of you with the concoctions of common food. But I was overcome by a kind of lethargy, and I did not wake until after midnight.

I did not come to look for you, out of mercy for you. I hoped that you received from the carnal God the sleep you deserved. To let you rest I had the lamps put out.

But the Goddess Voluptuousness, in the shape of you, lay down with me.

I had never enjoyed you so much. Even your Ligurian peaches tasted insipid in comparison.

“Three + three + three and a woman.” The woman amounted to a hundred + a hundred + a hundred fruits.

May you be praised.

I have been awake since seven, because I wanted to say goodbye to Luisa who is leaving for her painful treatment.

Now I have been told that you are awake too, and that you first had a coffee, and now some milk!

When may I kiss your beautiful paws?

Here there is another problem.

The chimney of my Bathroom was about to fall down. The builders are working on the roof.

May I come up to ask your advice? How I would like to find the voluptuousness of last night in your narrow bed, like the deliriousness of a faun and a goddess-like nymph on the edge of a terrible cliff!

My bed is cool. The blows on the roof warn of the danger. It is wonderful to be delirious with the threat of tiles above your head.

I am thirsty and hungry for your breast.

Gabri

18.VI.'36.

Manah, where are you? what are you doing?

are you lost in the labyrinths of the Vittoriale?

are you waiting in ambush in the Garden?

Manah, I have slept, in my dreams I was weaving this black dress for you which falls from your white shoulders without offending them.

I alone will be able to open it and lift it to touch your brown triangle where your skin is even softer.

Now I shall enter the blue water. Then I will go up to the Workshop. And I will shout without music until you come running.

I offer you my arcane book, and I leave my bookmark among the pages as I would like to put one between your two caresses or between the two folds of your soul which is unreadable.

Ariel –

Lying next to you I could not sleep, because I still suffered all the burning of your speaking kisses. You were breathing like an innocent child.

The golden helmet shone on the pillow even after I had switched the light off.

Every now and then I brushed against your feet and your legs with the excuse of covering you with the veil of Agra.

Towards eight o'clock Fessonia's sleep hit me like a blow on the nape of my neck. I awoke after midday, and I looked for my companion of the night. The veil of Agra still held your shape, but you had fled with the silent art of Dreams.

I was bewildered, because I feared you were hiding and wanted to scare me. After careful exploration, I guessed that you had fled down the short corridor; but through which door?

When you flee, you know all the passages and openings; but you do not when I call you. Peppery cat!

Titti, I lingered in your bed for a long time: in your smell, in the pale, dry flower of your magical body, always with my mouth pressed against your brown bush, sometimes playing the double flute on your fabulous runner's legs.

I was intoxicated with you, and I suffered because of you.

Now I am suffering for you. My jealousy tortures me endlessly.

You have to come back to your house of the seductress, and let me die of consumption.

I was free and impatient.

Now the only thing I can do is die.

You keep my blood feverish, a fever which ghosts arouse.
And I do not have the strength to kill you if you do not have the time to look at me.
I am made of you.
Ariel

My dear, my dear, I have been very sick up to now.
But worse, even worse, thinking that you are here and that you cannot – must not –
come here next to me.
My sickness is incurable. I had never felt until today, so deeply, the horror of old age.
It is that I am lacking the courage: I mean the courage to fight.
I have death in my bones: “the corporal sister death.”
If you were not here, if I did not have to accept your sacrifice – I who in all my life
have never accepted the sacrifice of anyone, always ready to sacrifice myself with a
smile in times of peace and in times of war - maybe I could make the effort to cure
myself, to consult the good doctor, with the hope of the miracle of seeing you again,
of holding you tight for an hour. Maybe.
Little one, be indulgent and merciful with me. It is not my fault that the years oppress
me, and that I love you so much.
Gabri
9th Nov

Manah, now you are a beautiful smooth stone in the rain. You cannot you cannot
leave. It was written that you should stay with me today as well. You will not be able
to have your car back unless you have an order written and signed by me. You are my
prisoner. On the third day I love you more than on the first and on the second. It
seems that I am bound by your skin; nor do I wish to shed it.
I could not sleep, burnt and burnt once again by your triangle.
When will I be able to look for you and find you?
Now I bathe not in rainwater but in blue water. How happy I was in your closed room,
in your narrow bed! This dismal day was made for the experiences that I proposed to
you when your face was transparent and shining bright and your mouth a little
convulsed. I know the way to kiss your hands to perturb you...
Last night I had these pastilles for you which would be useful for your throat which is
sore from too much smoking.
I think of the Auparishtaka, which is now our caress.
Ariel
29.V.

Little one – carnal and celestial – I have eaten like “an Apennine wolf”. You will eat
alone!
I am lying down. Then I will shave myself, oh! Your last caress, on your knees, was
more than divine. The taste of your Rose on my mouth was more than nectar. Your
bush is my eternal beard.
I adore you without knowing why. I kiss what you deny me.
Ariel

Friend enemy; Delight of delights, Tormentress beyond all torments,

at the end of your sheet of paper you portray your superhuman mouth as you make it redder with the red lead of hell ... Did you want to burn me? Did you know you were burning me?

Little one, my little one, I am bewitched, I am intoxicated. I cannot wait until tomorrow. I ask you for the caress of your mouth, that of the other night, with Snow: in the small room of the enchantment and of the precipice, or in the Workshop, or in the Prison bed, where you want.

If I could be so bold as to tell you my choice, I would say to you: "in the enchanted Room."

If you do not want to, send me a card with a bloody insult (ouch!)

But, if you have memory and mercy, let me hear your voice agree with a simple "Yes".

Forgive me. I have found your nielli box in front of your portrait standing by the Column.

I kiss your cunt before the irremediable disaster, before tomorrow. Tomorrow is always uncertain.

Gabri

9. VII.

Sweet little one, I wanted to come up to bring you the medal of Africa; but I feel ill. Certainly, it is beautiful – after having so loved one's beloved - to hear that love goes beyond the relationship. I cannot convince myself that tomorrow you will not be here beside me – that this deeply blessed October is finishing, is over.

All your signs, all mine, are next to our bed. I had started to remove the dear things from the two shelves of red marble and gilded bronze, which made me tremble for your mad golden head. My throat felt tight; and I had to stop, leave everything there. Never before, little one, never have I felt so tied to another creature. Believe me: never.

Just think back over these last weeks: of our last sleeps after such extenuating voluptuousness.

Later I will come to see our Hideaway and the precipices, where we have been intoxicated and insatiated.

I would say, almost as a joke: "Now I am going to cry." And today I have to make continual efforts to send the lump rising in my throat back down to my heart.

What name can I give you, my friend?

You are nameless like every infinite thing.

Your Gabri