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**YOUR VOICE, MARQUISE (1)**

*For Nicole Lemaire d'Agaggio*

*"Blessed solitude, my only bliss"*

St Bernard of Clairvaux

I loved your voice to distraction, Marquise,

A voice in which the graceful coolness of a gentle wind

Mingled with the liquid trembling of wings and colours,

Changing the choir of words into painful dread.

**YOUR VOICE, MARQUISE (II)**

To the point of madness I loved your voice, marquise,

Where the zephyr mixed its gracious cool

With the liquid trembling of wings and colours,

Changing the choir of words to pain and haunted fear.

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□ *Nicole Lemaire d'Agaggio*

“□□□□□□□□□□□□□□ ”

St Bernard of Clairvaux

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