



In the quest of her whom I had lost, I came at length to the shores of Lethe, under the vault of an immense, empty, ebon sky, from which all the stars had vanished one by one. Proceeding I knew not whence, a pale, elusive light as of the waning moon, or the phantasmal phosphorescence of a dead sun, lay dimly and without lustre on the sable stream, and on the black, flowerless meadows. By this light, I saw many wandering souls of men and women, who came, hesitantly or in haste, to drink of the slow un murmuring waters. But among all these, there were none who departed in haste, and many who stayed to watch, with unseeing eyes, the calm and waveless movement of the stream. At length in the lily-tall and gracile form, and the still, uplifted face of a woman who stood apart from the rest, I saw the one whom I had sought; and, hastening to her side, with a heart wherein old memories sang like a nest of nightingales, was fain to take her by the hand. But in the pale, immutable eyes, and wan, unmoving lips that were raised to mine, I saw no light of memory, nor any tremor of recognition. And knowing now that she had forgotten, I turned away despairingly, and finding the river at my side, was suddenly aware of my ancient thirst for its waters, a thirst I had once thought to satisfy at many diverse springs, but in vain. Stooping hastily, I drank, and rising again, perceived that the light had died or disappeared, and that all the land was like the land of a dreamless slumber, wherein I could no longer

distinguish the faces of my companions. Nor was I able to remember any longer why I wished to drink of the waters of oblivion.

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A la ricercje di kujê che o vevi pierdude, o rivai alfin a lis rivis de Lethe, sot la volte di un imens, vueit cîl di avoli, che dutis lis stelis si 'nd jerin sfantadis une daûr chê altre. Vignint no sai di dontri, un lusôr smamît, elusîf, come di vieri di lune, o come la fosforescence fantasmâl di un soreli muart, al vongolave svoladi e cence lustris su la corint scure, e sui neris prâts cence rosis. Chel lusôr mi pandè cetantis animis vagolantis di oms e feminis che a vignivin, restîfs o di buride, a bevi di chês aghis lentis cence sunsûr. Ma di ducj lôr nol jere un che al les vie di buride, e tancj si stratignivin, cjalant, cun voi che no viodevin, il moviment pacjific e cence ondis de corint. Alfin, te forme vidrice e tant che zi alte, e te muse indolente e beade di une femine che e stave in bande, o viodei kujê che o vevi suspirât, e, corintji dongje, cuntun cûr là che i vieris ricuarts a cjantavin tant che un nît di rusignûi, i cjapai svelt la man. Ma tai voi palits, imutabii, e tai lavris smavîts, imobii che si jerin jevâts su di me, no viodei faliscje di ricuart ni mot di cognossince. E savint cumò che jê e veve dismenteât, mi zirai disperât, e cjatant il flum dongje di me, o foi a colp cussient de antighe sêt des sôs aghis, une sêt che une volte o vevi crodût di distudâ in tantis risultivis, ma dibant. Pleantmi di presse, o bevei, e tornant a jevâ sù, i percepii che il lusôr al jere muart o fuît, e che dute la tiere e jere come la tiere di une sium cence siums, là che no savevi dicerni lis musis dai miei compagns. E nancje no jeri bon di visâmi parcè che o ves volût bevi des aghis de dismentie.

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