Is it not the same woman?

The same? She floats a few inches above the ground on her shoeless feet past the marbled edge of a large and ornate fountain, hovering along the centre of the long glass-covered walkway, past the same sculptures regularly aligned on large plinths then into the house; up the front steps, up into a set of luxurious chambers, bedrooms, banqueting halls, mirrored ballrooms, boudoirs, opulent hallways and further stairways. On every wall in every room there are portraits of a young and impossibly beautiful young man with black slicked back hair, who looks exactly like a male version of the woman. The portraits are made in a variety of styles and seemingly across different times, and yet the man remains young, forever handsome.

I see that, yes.

She continues to float through another set of rooms, one leading into another, ever more magnificent, vaulted ceilings, gilded fittings, other more mysterious paintings, passing a large window that leads out onto a verandah that looks cut onto the surprise of some imperfectly laid out gardens, and back down through the glass of the hothouse.

I wonder who she is, this woman?

We follow her slowly to a large space, perhaps a bedroom.

She is alone, yes.

Yes. Except for us.