

## THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

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*Extracts from "Complete Poems" di Emily Dickinson*

***Finding is the first Act  
The second, loss,  
Third, Expedition for  
The "Golden Fleece"***

***Fourth, no Discovery --  
Fifth, no Crew --  
Finally, no Golden Fleece --  
Jason -- sham -- too..***

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## Chaos.

We never know we go when we are going

From Blank to Blank -  
A Threadless Way  
I pushed Mechanic feet –

When everything that ticked - has stopped -  
And Space stares all around -  
But, most, like Chaos - Stopless - cool -

Done with the Compass -  
Done with the Chart!

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,  
And Mourners to and fro  
Kept treading - treading - till it seemed  
That Sense was breaking through -

A Service, like a Drum -  
Kept beating - beating - till I thought  
My Mind was going numb -

Then Space - began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,  
And Being, but an Ear,  
And I, and Silence, some strange Race  
Wrecked, solitary, here –

I felt a Cleaving in my Mind -  
As if my Brain had split -  
I tried to match it - Seam by Seam -  
But could not make them fit -  
The thought behind, I strove to join  
Unto the thought before -  
But Sequence unravelled out of Sound -  
Like Balls - upon a Floor

It sounded as if the streets were running  
And then - the streets stood still -  
Eclipse - was all we could see at the Window  
And Awe - was all we could feel.

I told my Soul to sing –  
She said her strings were snapt -  
And Something's odd - within -  
That person that I was -  
And this One - do not feel the same -  
Could it be Madness - this?

I am nobody!

I lost a World - the other day!  
Has Anybody found?

And now, an Amethyst remembrance  
Is all I own -

As if my life were shaven,  
And fitted to a frame,  
And could not breathe without a key,

We dream - it is good we are dreaming -  
It would hurt us - were we awake -  
But since it is playing - kill us,  
And we are playing - shriek –

Ourself - behind Ourself - Concealed -  
Recordless Company -  
Who baffle Key -

This is the Hour of Lead -  
Remembered, if outlived,  
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow -  
First - Chill - then Stupor - then the letting go –

*The Props assist the House -  
Until the House is Built -  
And then the Props withdraw -  
And adequate - Erect -  
The House support itself -  
And cease to recollect  
The Scaffold and the Carpenter -  
Just such a Retrospect  
Hath the Perfected Life -  
A Past of Plank - and Nail -  
And Slowness - then the Stagings drop -  
Affirming it - A Soul -*

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**Ka.**

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -  
That perches in the soul -  
And sings the tune without the words -  
And never stops - at all -

We grow accustomed to the Dark -  
When Light is put away -  
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp  
To witness her Good bye -

A Moment - We uncertain step  
For newness of the night -  
Then - fit our Vision to the Dark -  
And meet the Road - erect -

And so of larger - Darknesses -  
Those Evenings of the Brain -  
When not a Moon disclose a sign -  
Or Star - come out - within -

The Bravest - grope a little -  
And sometimes hit a Tree  
Directly in the Forehead -  
But as they learn to see -

Either the Darkness alters -  
Or something in the sight  
Adjusts itself to Midnight -  
And Life steps almost straight.

How infinite - to be  
Alive - two-fold - The Birth I had –

Each - it's difficult Ideal  
Must achieve - Itself -  
Through the solitary prowess  
Of a Silent Life -

Effort - is the sole condition -  
Patience of Itself -  
Patience of opposing forces -  
And intact Belief -

Looking on - is the Department  
Of it's Audience -  
But Transaction - is assisted  
By no Countenance -

I dwell in Possibility –

For Occupation - This -  
The spreading wide of narrow Hands  
To gather Paradise -

For parting, that is night,  
And presence, simply dawn -

