

RANCID IDOLS PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:

MOON

24 HOUR CHAPBOOK
CHALLENGE #1

Published in Northern Ireland by
Rancid Idols Productions

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Cover image: modified detail from
Two Men Contemplating the Moon (1825-30)
by Caspar David Friedrich

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Foreword

The idea for this chapbook you're now reading came from a simple thought: would it be possible to write, format and release a booklet within the space of just twenty-four hours?

A callout for poets to take part when out of social media at the start of the week. On Thursday, 5.30pm, the start of our twenty-four-hour period, a prompt went out to participating poets, with just one word, 'moon', and a picture: *Two Men Contemplating the Moon* (1825-30) by Caspar David Friedrich. For some reason, I had been thinking of the painting earlier on in the week, before the day the prompt was delivered. It is believed the image was partly the inspiration for Samuel Beckett's *Waiting For Godot*. Thankfully, unlike Godot, by Friday, the poems did arrive.

What you read now is the combined efforts of all the poets; many thanks to all of them for agreeing to take part and sending in their work. I hope you enjoy these moon poems, and perhaps next time you are staring up at the moon, you too might muse on a few lines to jot down.

Colin Dardis, Editor

I wake to this wolf moon

and check the time in luminous green,
what stirs me is yet to reveal itself,
as I rise to stand in its blue beam,
a scene unresolved but focus-felt.

The mechanics yard is quiet and sharp,
morning will bring its clear industry,
for now the moon has the sun usurped
and no regime can ignore its filigree.

And by this light I can grasp the world
in its delicate immenseness, half the earth
dreams, the other slowly curves
its moon-fed eyes to the day's thirst.

The tides that move the black sea
well also in me, I tread in that thought.

Glen Wilson

Clothing

one by one
the birds become silent . . .
wallpaper roses

I glance through the little cottage window. Already, a sweet voice fills the air. You are almost here. As soon as your crimson cloak appears at the gate, I leap into bed, adjust my bonnet and smooth down the patchwork quilt you made with your tender hands.

hunter's moon—
my Gran's banshee stories
far more frightening

Marion Clarke

Moon Gazing

I never learned
The names of your goddesses or mountains

Could never see
The fairy tale face that others could

Or understand how to tell waxing
From waning

But when I hear a fox scream in the darkness
I remember mother

Shaking her fist
At your silver gaze
Believing you caused
The tides of her despair.

Pauline Fayne

Wee Hours

Head rinsed and wrecked,
Black broken by reflection.
Small thoughts and big ideas to resurrect.
First draft dies by first light's correction.
Paper bleached blank by the disconnect
Of self and introspection.

Marcus Keeley

My Favourite Afternoons

My favourite afternoons are the ones
Where sun and moon don't compete
- one at day and one at night -
But come together as friends
To contemplate the earth.

The moon may rise late, bleary-eyed,
But she floats up to the brilliant sun
And they sit companionably on a low bank of clouds.
"What do they do down there?"
Moon wonders, trying to peek through the light.
The sun shakes her head gently, expansively,
"Everything," she replies.

Gillian Pencavel

Portofino Moon

I stood above a vast and tranquil sea.
After the searing day, the sun had set
beneath a blazing cloud. A twisted tree
imposed a black, exotic silhouette.
And through its branches I discerned a star,
and then another, brighter one, and soon,
embossed upon a deepening crimson sky –
of pale transparent gold, behold the moon.
I did not tire of gazing at her face,
the grace with which she moved, without a sound,
and when I turned to leave that magic place,
a moonbright night illumined all around.

Frances Corkey Thompson

Every Moon That Ever Was

After *The Moon and the Yew Tree* by Sylvia Plath

Men contemplate her
the patriarchy try to conquer
wipe away her mystery
women feel the pull
come out of their doors
close their eyes and bathe
in her energy '*bald and wild*'

Geraldine O'Kane

Overcast

That night you strung lanterns in the rafters,
pin-pricked holes in the window blinds,
dance-kicked fire sparks to the ceilings,
chased torch beams over the walls,
sprinkled glass splinters on the rugs.

You hung a shard of porcelain
In the window of the room
where we slept.

I was waning,
you returned
the moon.

David Brazier

Moon Song

Moon is my best friend
I follow it ev'rywhere
With my camera
With my longest lens
I see all of its craters
That's meant to be seen
Full Moon or Crescent
In its different colours
Golden, Red, Orange
Away from street lights
Its brightest shines on acres
Of Farmers' harvest
Need a telescope
Ready for when it is bright

Andrew Ward

Haiku

Snow on bamboo,
melting, slips down, brush pointed leaf
and polished stem

Shirley Bork

Deity

The whispers here
Had no home come daylight
This particular joy
Was for the not quite dark

They lost the others
So they could pretend
That she shone
In solidarity to them

And in a moment
They were not wealthy
Or of society
But two deities
Both jubilant and fearful
Underneath another

Helen Hastings

Teenage Self

Always the moon
Never the main attraction
Always dull in comparison
Grey to your green-blue

Seventeen earth shattering years later
And against all laws of physics
I find myself in my own orbit
Nothing obstructing my view

of
the
stars

Ellie Rose McKee

Safe Passage

Just seeing you stops me in my tracks
stretches my chin skywards, makes an arc
of my back and catches the air in my chest.
Too rare a sight in city smog and smoke.

Suspended absurdity
you silently spotlight jealousy, become
a watch tower over grief and death
and a backdrop for trickery. They say

we are all under the same sky, the same you.
A constant dappled talisman. Leave us here
with moonless nights, take your light. Shine
fiercely into the bunkers tonight. Illuminate

safe passage through the darkness
and let them find love in your face.

Julie McNeill

Run for Cover

Here is your personal cloud:
available 24/7 if you wish
for hiding, hibernating,
and general avoidance

on those days when
you cannot feel the sun
but you feel the calories
in every drop of rain,

when the forecast ahead
is unwanted visitation,
everyone a stranger yet who
somehow knows your name;

your retreat back to gestation,
portable denial of the world.

Colin Dardis

Playing for Keeps

We met knuckles down armed with slugs of glass
hamstered in the pockets of your serge school shorts
mine in a pouch stitched from old brown drapes
as strong as a saddlebag.

A heel dragged through dirt marked our Colosseum
blue meanies and moons faced the shooter's flick
spinning Jupiter in your palm — one eye closed —
you cast an arc through comets and stardusts
collided with my milky way.

Liz Houchin

undiscerning of yearning

Mankind stands eclipsed by a silvered n' slithered
crescent delight. Blind of their imminent plight n'
reminiscent in the night.

Can't you see?

Lunacy deceives whilst thy trees, rile beneath ur feet,
weave n' reach for thee. For they have been denied the
right to sight.

Blighted with plight n' petrified trees n' enemies alike,
have learnt to petrify is a way of life.

Their yearning to steal ur sight burns just as bright as
the moonlight...

So be wary ole friend, of what descends amongst the
night. It could be The End.

Ann McCollum

Genesis

The same moon guides us, love
That shines so brightly down
And shows the path towards our destiny.
Though we may travel different forests, love
There still she waits,
Patience carved into every canyon.
There may be brambles tangled on the path, love
Yet her light unfurls them into beauty
So we appreciate their form, their shape.
Our journeys may never reach their ends, love,
For her light will bring us back together
To the ending of beginning.
You will never be alone, love
So long as the same moon guides us.

Phoebe Briginshaw

Lunar

O wondrous aspect of our sky
I would be happy to die at your sight
Influence over me is strong and long
Like tides beating on the shore
From hence to yore
Your light is bright
It shows the way
Takes me along and makes me stray
With emotions strong and all a'sway
I am happy to follow your lead
A true 'selenophile' indeed

Marina Esler

Also available from
Rancid Idols Productions:

WORDS

Colin Dardis	All This Light In Which To See The Dead
Helen Hastings	Calling Card #2
Peter Adair	Calling Card #1
Colin Dardis	Endless Flower

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AUDIO

Slowpe	Slow Photos EP
Virush	Virush
DARDIS	Projections EP
Peter Adair:	Calling Card #1 Sampler
Bruce McRae	Three Poems

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