

Full Moon Social #1

#fullmoonsocial2014

October anthology



Full Moon Social #1

Anthologist's note.

On October 8, 2014, poets and a few photographers posted their poems and images of the evening's full moon, following a path of tradition lit by a thousand years of full moons and the poems written beneath them.

This anthology simply collects as many of those contributions as I could track down, its purpose to do nothing more than honor the hours we spent together and look forward to the next cycle.

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Jeff Schwaner,
October 2014

Cover image: JSS
Back cover image: Alex Markovich

A #FULLMOONSOCIAL2014
OCTOBER ANTHOLOGY COURTESY OF
CONTRIBUTORS VARIOUS & SUNDRY AND
LISTED HEREIN WHO (UNDER ABSOLUTELY
NO PERSONAL DURESS TO DO SO) POSTED
WORDS & IMAGES ONLINE DURING
THE FULL MOON OF

OCTOBER 8 2014 AND WHOSE WORK IS
COLLECTED IN CELEBRATION OF THAT NIGHT

BLACKSTONE 2014
Staunton VA

to the moon, &
to all our loved ones

Contents

<i>Suggestion, Just Before Sunrise, Cemetery Hillside,</i>	7
Jeff Schwaner	
<i>Sky Gazing with My Grandmother,</i>	8
Heather Nanni	
<i>eyes on the moon,</i>	10
Leonard Durso	
<i>“That brazen moon...”,</i>	11
Gunmetal Geisha	
<i>Nine Ways of Shaping the Moon,</i>	12
Robert Okaji	
<i>The Madness of the Moon,</i>	14
Sister Madly	
<i>“We’ve given you a dark side...”,</i>	16
C.	
<i>Full Moon and Pine,</i>	18
Sunshine Jansen	
<i>Missing You,</i>	19
Annie Jadin	
<i>Taking the Whole,</i>	20
Russ Mann	
<i>Framework,</i>	21
Jeff Schwaner	
<i>On the October Full Moon,</i>	22
Marcy Erb	
<i>[haiku],</i>	23
Ron Evans	

Eclipse, 24
 Liana
[haiku], 25
 Ron Evans
Your heart, 26
 J.S. Lee
Tale of the Child's Night, 28
 Heather Nanni
[photo by Ann Koplów], 30
 Ann Koplów
[haiku], 31
 Ron Evans
Web of Fate, 32
 Phyllis Anne Duncan
[haiku], 34
 Emily Hancock
"I turn from a puddle of moon", 35
 Gunmetal Geisha
Wisteria moon, 36
 Sara Sally Davis
Hunter's Moon, 38
 Ruby Hoy
The Present, 39
 Jeff Schwaner
[haiku], 40
 Ron Evans
"The moonlight and the rest...", 41
 a geek
Full Moon, Belgorod, Russia, 42
 Alex Markovich

Suggestion, Just Before Sunrise, Cemetery Hillside

Loblolly pines peel away from the paling sky
 looking back on their roots.

Over one's shoulder the full moon
 eclipsed on the western horizon's

almost an after-thought. As indirect
 light rises from the ground below us men come,

constructing the canopy tent for the next
 funeral. Ground fog further east glows

red and headlights are no longer
 necessary to see where you're going.

Jeff Schwaner

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ENGLISH

Sky Gazing with My Grandmother

On warm summer days
we gazed up so high
and saw strange creatures
that danced in the sky

Such beauty up there
in that space above
I saw without fear
because of your love

But then came the night
It took you away
and left a sad child
who wished you would stay

And as the moon sits
on her silver throne-
you far beyond her
and me all alone

I think of those days
for which I now grieve
when sun reigned supreme
still you had to leave

And now the moon shines
benevolent light
Can you still see me
here in the night?

Heather Nanni
QUIRK N JIVE

eyes on the moon

I stand
on my balcony
gazing up
at the full moon
3 am
Izmir time
thousands of miles
from your eyes
gazing up
at the same moon
there
our faces reflected
on its surface
eyes meet
one time
more
before clouds
drift across
our gaze

Leonard Durso
LEONARDDURSO

“That brazen moon...”

That brazen moon and your
lie hover mercilessly on my
vision's edge. Tomorrow only
one of you has the decency to
shrink.

Gunmetal Geisha
GUNMETAL GEISHA

Nine Ways of Shaping the Moon

– for Lissa

1

Tilt your head and laugh
until the night bends
and I see only you.

2

Weave the wind into song.
Rub its fabric over your skin.
For whom does it speak?

3

Remove all stars and streetlights.
Remove thought, remove voice.
Remove me. But do not remove yourself.

4

Tear the clouds into threads
and place them in layered circles.
Then breathe slowly into my ear.

5

Drink deeply. Raise your eyes to the brightness
above the cedars. Observe their motion
through the empty glass. Repeat.

6

Talk music to me. Talk conspiracies
and food and dogs and rain. Do this
under the wild night sky.

7

Harvest red pollen from the trees.
Cast it about the room
and look through the haze.

8

From the bed, gaze into the mirror.
The reflection you see is the darkness
absorbing your glow.

9

Fold the light around me, and listen.
You are the moon in whose waters
I would gladly drown.

Robert Okaji
O AT THE EDGES

The Madness of the Moon

Come along these lonely streets
And trip the light with me
For perhaps this reality
Is not the place to be

Let us break all the rules
That makes us immune
And let us be guided
By the madness of the moon

So we run with abandon
Through the falling leaves
Happily partaking
In the sacred art of thieves

With defiance we challenge
Every absolute
And the bloated sincerity
Of deviant truths

With a love that is selfish
Yet without inhibition
These arrested adolescents
With lovelorn fascination

Surrender to the madness
With all of humanity
Dancing under the influence
Of moonlit insanity

Sister Madly
THE SIXPENCE AT HER FEET

“We’ve given you a dark side…”

We’ve given you a dark side, and labeled you pale—
maybe we are the distant ones. Still, you look
up to all things bigger, tugging on our tides.

Are you of us? We began and you began.
Somehow formed, you can’t escape us,
and for all our proximity, I’d say

we hardly know you. What do you want
up there in your vault? Struck, you default
to giving, giving endlessly, day and night,

seen or not, small at the end of the line,
which is not the same as coldness;
and constancy is not the same as oldness.

It’s closer to tumescence, or maybe,
say, wholeness. Why not give you
a child’s voice? Proud but uncertain,

often at a loss for how to feel,
keen to reflect, or bashful, hide.
With no light of your own you share

what you’re given without hesitating,
even as a sliver, you offer up, and full,
give all. Never questioning, never

caring what we already have. Graciously,
gratefully, you make your face to shine
upon us, we who are your world.

C.
OPTIONAL POETRY

Full Moon and Pine

Solemn and veiled, the moon mounts the stairs
of the old white pine as if she too is wondering:
how long?

On the ground, dead needles, red and brazen
at midday, now shine like fallen silver hair:
since when?

Haunted and cold, I list omens: brittle boughs,
and this summer, a white-spotted sawyer:
why now?

Resting, the moon tells me, enmeshed like a
tender egg in the sap-filled branches:
not yet.

Sunshine Jansen
FAIRY OF DISENCHANTMENT

Missing You

Full moons are supposed to be culminations
but to me they are transitions
tipping from waxing into waning.
Transitions are when I feel your (fingers) ghosts
skim up my spine
or maybe it's just autumn air
but in the quiet hush as the full
moon rising clears crepe-paper clouds
I think of you
and hold my breath 'til winter,
our own tipping point between
living apart and being home
together.

Annie Jadin
SPEAKING VOICELESS

Taking the Whole

No mere quarters or halves for me,
I am finally taking the whole moon and already
over it like a rocket to Jupiter, where I can have 63 more
the moon reflects back, greedy monkey,
don't drown in the space between your ears,
you're still earthbound, still have your seasons
you try and plant your timeless flags
but only i am always here

Russ Mann
@MKTGMANN

Framework

You sleep beneath a quilt of moonlight.
As I cut off the lamp across the room

and walk into darkness the heavenly
body brightens. There is just enough

room for me, pushing aside a dog
or two, to press against you, fall in

to the rhythm of your breathing,
our dreams mountains on the moon

Jeff Schwaner
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ENGLISH

On the October Full Moon



On the October Full Moon

The face of the Queen of Hearts
catches the moonlight
atop the sodden deck of cards
arrayed in the gutter.

She recalls tipping, tumbling
from the hands of a child
climbing into a car;
from darkness to laying face up

Quietly staring at the polished
blue plate of the washed night sky.

Marcy Erb
ILLUSTRATED POET

[haiku]

grackles roosting
in the white-spattered trees —
silver-ashen Moon

Ron Evans
RANDA LANE

Eclipse

Longitudinally, the Moon made her observations
and concluded that I had issues with Object Permanence
. . . clearly I'd been left to cry too long
in my crib or the one who should be there never would
or could be . . . these are issues of impermanence I clarified
as the Sun unseen leaned over bearing down and breathing heavy
into the Moon who couldn't hear me anymore . . . disappearing
into the star-spun fabric of Her nature ever giving Herself
up for the taking . . . endlessly I was shaking
my head because I know how this thing goes down
it does not last it won't last it never lasts
. . . how the world will always come between you

Liana
THE HOUR OF SOFT LIGHT

[haiku]

Blood Moon hanging
in the shadowed veil of night—
deep ruby pendant

Ron Evans
RANDA LANE

Your heart

has grown old.
worn down by the lonelineses
of a hundred empty homes,
sunken in
like fingers
fallen too long asleep
in a hot bath.

how else
do you show me
the moon,
its silky-
ink silhouette
stained on our back door,
and not kiss me?

there is no monitor
that measures
love. tell me: when
was the last time
it leapt?
got a running start
and just

jumped? heedless
of chasm, of canyon,

of distance?
of the finish,
the fear, the flatline?
your pulse
plays its thud-thump

through limp veins,
forgetting
how to thunder.
if i could see you
the way the lightning
sees, from inside the storm,
i would find it

damp and dark,
with slow rivers
and huddled walls,
a crumpled fist
written with little scars
but untouched, too,
by moonlight.

J.S. Lee

THE TENTH MUSE

Tale of the Child's Night

"May we look at the stars Mommy?"

"Yes
Love"

Eyes Up

We were
three

All the
delights

two could see

The moon showed
us

the silver platter and
said,

"Come, come to
me.

Oh how happy you will be."

But one poor
soul

The moon swallowed him whole

*Some skip on
stars*

over night's great river

*But for
others*

*that cannot
be*

*They get caught by the
Hunter*

and carried out to the sea

Heather Nanni
QUIRK N JIVE

[photo by Ann Koplou]



Ann Koplou
THE YEAR(S) OF LIVING NON-JUDGMENTALLY

[haiku]

in earth's shadow cone
the Moon's mountains disappear —
sunflowers at dusk

Ron Evans
RANDA LANE

Web of Fate

I have stared at the Moon a thousand times
Or more.

In a line that goes back to the African woman,
Our mother,

I stand with everyone who has gone before and
Will come.

In my life the moon changed, bearing the footprints
Of men.

The names of all its deities are female, from Aega
To Zirna;

Yet, no woman's feet have disturbed that smooth
Ancient dust.

And even now we still say we gaze upon the Man in
The moon.

How lonely he must be. Did he leave Gaia behind
On Earth

When Theia struck and buried its iron in Earth's core
And hurtled

Molten rock into space to form what we look on
now?
The Moon.

Phyllis Anne Duncan
UNEXPECTED PATHS

[haiku]

kittens hunkered 'round
the darkened rim, we sit
lapping that milk-white light

Emily Hancock
ST BRIGID PRESS

“I turn from a puddle of moon”

I turn from a puddle of moon
across a glass highrise
rub an allergic eye
watch him splinter into several of himself

Gunmetal Geisha
GUNMETAL GEISHA

Wisteria moon

entangled in my trellis,
lured here by the heady scent
of profligate flowers,

drunk with summer,
you reel across the darkening sky
sure of endless balmy nights,
heedless of danger.

I have you now.
Bound in shadow vines, you float
just above my jealous grasp.
Will you be true?

Perhaps held fast
you'll keep your promise,
endless summers, vows unbroken,
love that lasts.

Released by time,
you rise above your twining bonds.
Gentle breeze, left in your wake,
is my only caress.

Stepping from shadow,
inhaling scent of summer night,
I bathe in your silver spill
and am content.

Sara Sally Davis
WORDS

Hunter's Moon

October and hares
go to ground
a full moon shines
on hunter and hunted
light for flight
and for the chase
shadows may
shroud them both
life is all about
perspective

Ruby Hoy
POETRY—RUBY HOY

The Present

O star you should have known
not even your memory will eclipse you

No distance will establish a shadow
between this heart and yours

The light that comes back to me
from something larger—is it

not my own joy which without you
I would never know?

Jeff Schwaner
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ENGLISH

[haiku]

final sliver of light —
our one and dearest moon
winks us all goodnight

Ron Evans
RANDA LANE

“The moonlight and the rest...”

The moonlight and the rest of the day before my eyes

a geek
@ALFAGEEEK



Alex Markovich
CONTEMPLATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY