

[in]bloom

issue #2
BLOOD MOON POETRY
March 2021

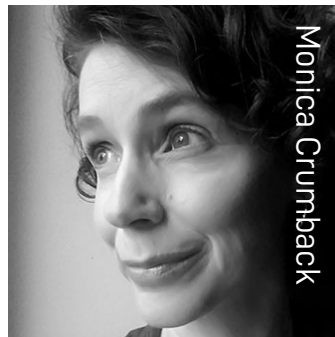




blood moon poetry
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@mochi.yg

welcome



blood moon POETRY - Issue 2 - welcome!

It seems like only yesterday that we planted the seed that would grow into blood moon POETRY, and yet here we are already, introducing issue 2: [in] bloom. Welcome, dear readers.

There can be no doubt that we have chosen a unique time in history to launch a creative space specifically for women. In this past year, it has been women most impacted by job losses paired with an increase in domestic demands on both our bodies and our minds. Many of us are teachers now, to our own children, while many grown children are home again. We are now mothering in overtime, while also doing the hard work of being partners and lovers, confidants and friends. Life has been challenging, for all of us. This year's been long. And yet, we've bloomed.

Our theme for our second issue, [in]bloom, explores a woman's capacity to create, wherever and whenever. We suspect that many submissions included in these pages were written while writers

should have been sleeping. We know that precious moments were stolen from families, and work time, and friends just to give us these words that we now share with you. Each piece in this issue is a hothouse flower, a precious example of renewal, regardless. We know you'll feel the warmth wound into every word, just waiting. We hope you let it in, and let it bloom.

As in issue 1, poems in this issue have been organized under headings in order to help you appreciate the connections within our beautifully diverse community of writers. Pieces by us and by our brilliant board members are featured separately, at the end of each issue.

As you move through these pages, we're certain you'll notice our bolder colours and cleaner lines meant to signal our own growth over these past few months. We're so glad to have you here with us as we begin again, brand new.

Lunar love and light to you all.

The Editors.

Key

daylily : mother's sacrifice

cosmos : balance

daffodil : rebirth/new beginnings

astilbe : waiting

amsonia : strength

zinnia : remembrance

Winter Morning

Wake in winter morning dark
Wild dark. The kind of dark
that's waiting at the edge of things

Feet bare, with wool bound shoulders
she walks like those
that walk upon the edge

of cliffs, on stormy days
in spray and screech of gulls,
The frantic obligation

of the sea below
She walks like someone
on the edge of things.

The light is always first.
The arc of all.
The light was the beginning

and the end.
Standing. Feet bare, wool bound
on the cusp of dawn

She can see the sky
and things have more colour
The colour blooms

It takes the edge off things
And tiny pieces of the light
settle in her hand.

COSMOS

Lauren Thomas

Lauren is an English teacher who writes about time, memory and the natural world, often inspired by her Welsh heritage. Her most recent work is in the, The Crank Literary Magazine, Daily Drunk Magazine, Briefly Zine and forthcoming in the @Mumpoempress anthology, Songs of Love and Strength.

@thoughtsofmanythings



Assistant Editor's Pick: Jem

I love the stark language and sense of urgency in this poem. Lauren transports us to the winter morning, the cliffs and the wild dark at the edge of things with a masterful gothic beauty that transforms when the light touches it, into a stunning hopeful turn at the end.

THE WING CHUN PRINCIPLE

The thorn burrows deep.

Every touch drives it deeper.

I place a cutting from my garden
under my tongue.
Plant myself
barefoot in fresh morning grass.

At first raw taste of spring
stems surface, green veins in my arms.
A rose buds from my mouth.

The old is pushed out by the new.
Armed now with sharp prickles.

I got too close

What I want from you is not removal

Earth in my belly
Water in my bones
Sunshine in my eyes

rosa acicularis

COSMOS

Heather Walker

Heather lives in the north of England, a southerner with a northern bloodline. She has a dance degree and an MA in The Body and Representation from Reading University. She manages art and culture projects by day and in her spare time writes poetry and short stories.

@heatherwalker_6

the art of blooming.

I long to be fragrant
instead of fragile
but my bloom is
s l o w
my becoming
e l o n g a t e d
evolution embellished

secret blush within
sensuous
cellular structure

I dream of being more
than a bashful bud
yet seen
or \unseen\
I inhabit my being
with [presence]
and meditation

allowing layers
of self to unfold
in soft light

I contain nebulous nectar
finding its way to {florescence}
inside this lineage
uncharted
)hide(tantalizing
transparent || pillars ||
of synthesized light

where scented
peculiar petals
spiral spectacular

I will blossom
into bright bouquet

<< rich >>

vivid and picturesque
when in time, I climb
out into open air
true hue]] shining [[

as my multicolored makeup
becomes one with the sun
of my soul

COSMOS

Jessamy Joy

Jessamy is a "word weaver" who merges matter with spirit into poetry and portals of being. Inspired by nature itself and the nature of existence, she utilizes unique wordplay to create layered poetic tapestries that evoke vivid visualizations while conveying experiences and emotions that provoke thought and expand consciousness.

@riverofthegoddess

Budding Hope

Sometimes the budding is easy to unsee.
Perhaps we forget,
the tight green fists shelved in soil-
milk teeth buried in gum.

Wishing away the time between-
tangled up in that great grey wait,
saying, 'soon
I'll be happy soon.
When the daffodils torch
whole lawns, fireworks bursting
in waxy green and yellow pinwheels. Then-
I'll be happy then.'

And it is heavy work:
Looking only for what has not bloomed,
missing buds breaking
even now, below train-track rib line
where hope chugs
slow, on its long ride home

Zoe Gray

Zoe grew up on the Somerset levels where she caught poetry from the flat land, sleepy deer and bulrushes. She has always loved stories and poetry, spending much of her childhood pretending to be the missing (born much later) Brontë sister. Zoe is currently writing her first novel for children.

@inkandpaper_zml

astilbe

Tight Love

Release tight love from throbbing bones,
its roots buckling honeycomb marrow.
Nourish its tenuous tendrils tethering to apple peel lungs,
spiralling a brimming, ribbed basket.
Exhale with innocent breaths of flammable hope,
peace uncoupling with each unfurling petal,
nostalgic heads perforating atmosphere,
dripping perennial solace and spilling blossoms
at faltering feet.

Hold still.

Permit this love, this delicate life,
to hijack ankles, climb grass-stained knees,
wrap slanted hip and smother stretched embers of body,
for seasons are fleeting,
and bloom is not without you.

astilbe

Zara Al-Noah

Zara, a medic in the NHS, is happiest in wellies whilst exploring the countryside with her little children. She has only recently started writing, often jotting down poems when feeding her second baby, and finds it to be a cathartic outlet from work and motherhood.

@littlepocketpoems



Editor's Pick: MC

I've chosen this piece for its heady mix of surreal imagery and intense beauty. This poem gives one the experience of being inside the bloom, holding still, just waiting for the release.

Snowdrops

A flower would never rip out its roots and run -
I know this only too well.

I've been stalked by ice most winters,
the sort that claims each crack as its own

- can't even speak for months, only creak
and claw at the cold earth.

But when the dawn shakes out its dew
and finally I thaw - flicker back to life

when its water licks and leaks into light
- I at least give it some thought.

I pack up my petals and the last of my leaves,
bend down to kiss the earth goodbye -

I even bow! mistaking the rattle of rain for a round
of applause awarded by the clouds like confetti.

I swear there was a standing ovation of trees
straining their sinews just to commend my courage.

Yet still I share the silent fury of seeds -
grappling with a ground that just won't give.

I fire out a flower - a flare - a distress signal
to the bees saying: please, dig me out from this dirt!

and though I hear the hum of their rescue mission
shivering down my spine they simply pollinate me

with the promise that next time, when I'm sown back
into the soil - next time, I will bolt straight out from my bulb.

astilbe

Jade Cuttle

Jade is Arts Commissioning Editor at The Times. Her poetry features on Radio 3 and in her eco-themed album of poem-songs *Algal Bloom*. Previously working for The Poetry Society, Poetry School, and *Ambit*, she's judged the Costa Book Awards and the world's largest prize for ecopoetry, the Ginkgo prize. Find her at: www.jadecuttle.com

@jadecuttle

Persephone's Path

She slid between the cracks
And frost followed,
Leaving a crystalline trail
Deep in the seam of the
Underground
From where she would spring
Afresh and
In bloom.

arnsornia

Sarah Munoz

Sarah is from a small town in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Southwest Virginia, recognized for a giant neon star that lights up Mill Mountain at night. She's a mother, a middle school English teacher, and a poet. She writes every time she can find a spare minute. She plans to continue honing the craft and sharing her art.

@ponderpoet.sarah

"Flowers All the Way Down"

Our fingers glide past ourselves
We are told
we are wilting flowers on the vine
soft petals, pink and pollinated
or ripened fruit
or single white pearls at
the mouth of an oyster

I am no man's flower
I am an ocean unto myself
waves parting and crashing
ushering in life and death
scented wild and honest
like when the tide
is full and pregnant
gaping at the moon
undulating beneath the sky and knowing
I'm what makes it blue

arnsornia

ESH Leighton

ESH Leighton is a writer and wandering spirit, a college dropout and proud autodidact. Her work has recently been featured in Mookychick and Loud Coffee Press. She currently lives in Las Vegas with her husband and a motley crew of adopted animals. Find her at: www.eshleighton.com.

@eshleighton

Kyoto (after phoebe bridgers)

The day I grew into my spine
I felt her bend backward,
like the willow tree in her wisdom,
leather bound
and caressed in her grip
to ensure the safety of all my secrets.

I let the sage-doused thoughts
tangle themselves into roots,
permeating into a grounding
beneath vast seas of lights.

I grew into her
and she grew into me-
a temple-garden geisha,
full-bloomed,
and seeping with treesong.

arnsonia

Gina Bowen

Gina lives, breathes, and photographs the mountains of Eastern Tennessee. She spends her time writing poetry and short stories on her porch and getting lost in the woods with her pups to photograph the beautiful landscapes. Gina is currently a writer for Emotional Alchemy magazine (@emotionalalchemy_mag).

@gina.bowen.creative

gone to ground

the part of me
that went to seed
has been down
in the dark so long
I wonder if
it forgot
how to grow

but even though i've gone to ground
my soul still knows
to seek the sun

to survive:

flowers don't ask permission to bloom;
they just do.

armstrongia

LB Colburn

LB Colburn is a writer, mother, and village witch who started writing poetry when she fell in love for the first time, and never stopped. Her work focuses on love, loss, and motherhood. She resides in Northern California and is always delighted to discover dead things at the beach.

@motheramongthorns

BETWEEN ROCKS AND HARD PLACES

Perhaps the defining feature of this time
is finding treasures lodged between rocks and hard places.

Take samphire:

barely rooted in stony crevasses
the mountain goat of the culinary botanical
formed of salt and sand and rock
lining paths and spilling from cliff faces
its improbability belied by its abundance
a liminal herb garden shaped from a precipice.
Like hiraeth (the longing for a home we've never visited)
it grows on the edges
and it's left me wondering what else
when caught between rocks and hard places
can take root in stony crevasses
flourish on precipices
surprise us with its sheer abundance
call us back to a home we never knew we missed.

Blink, and kindness enters into the fray.

Tia Meraki

Tia is a poet, musician, and yoga teacher, inspired by the beautiful landscape of her adopted home on the edge of Exmoor and the North Devon coast. Can mostly be found playing with movement, words, melody, and breath, or out swimming or attempting to surf among the breaking waves of the Atlantic.

@tia_meraki

arnsoria

Bloom

I have been watching mould bloom
across my bedroom ceiling for weeks now.
Swelling lattice building and subsiding
when the breeze blowing through disturbs
this finely balanced ecosystem of
mustard, coral and sea green.

Once I would have bleached this colony to oblivion,
but something has been leaching into my brain.
My spore ridden skull invaded by a seed of doubt,
growing swollen on my membranes,
sinking roots deep into my complex convexity and
Tying me to this bed.

Lights blossom over my eyes,
Blazing against this pallid room.
I can't sleep for blinding suns when I drop my lids so
I lie here, and watch the mould expand across the
ceiling, down my wall, not tendrils but swaying
circles, searching for me.

I don't know when I notice you there,
but you're speaking gently in my ear,
breathing so shallow I can barely feel you at my cheek.
You lift my fingers, rub a spiral into my palm with your thumb.
That spot warms, a patch of life
in this forgotten place.

datafoodii

Eleanor Shaw

Eleanor is a historian of medicine living in Northern England. Picking up poetry again after many years helped her through the early years of parenting and the pandemic.

@pushing.and.pining

the will to bloom

with the gentle kiss of a window's crack
twain shivers dip & curtsy & bow
towards the fragrant mind in wobbling dance
a swallow's sweet rubber of echo's recall

twain shivers dip & curtsy & bow
frenetic winding sauntering low
the sparkling coil of furrowed brow
painting the marble of saffron's glow

frenetic winding sauntering low
& digging in trenches of song's repose
the swinging choir of velveteen lips
departing of sorrow tomorrow forlorn

& digging in trenches of song's repose
the stagnant flower's embracing winds forth
encouraging feather & shell alike
with the gentle kiss of a window's crack

datafoodie

A.I.Firefly

A.i. Firefly was born at the tail end of the 1970s in the suburbs of NYC. She is the author of *Cast Iron Poetry #2: A Moon Magnetized This Screeching Bird*, a poetry collection published by Time Is An Ocean Publications. Her previous work on the web & in print appears in publications by *Having A Whiskey Coke With You*, NYSAI Press, *Blood Moon Poetry*, A.B. Baird Publishing, E-ratio, & *Great Weather For Media*. You can read more of her work and engage with the author at <https://aifirefly.wordpress.com>.

@a.i.firefly

Her[Haw]thorn

Wind bent
Twisted
Into
A quiet
Contemplation
- I wait

Invisibly anchored
My earth covered
Root lace
Filigree skirt
Below
- I hold

Trauma wrought
In each fissure
Knotted spines
Prickles of protection
Form
- I endure

As sun warms
Raindrops settle
Branches
Awaken
Leaves quiver
- I grow

As Spring
Turns to Summer
Five star
Constellations
Burst
- I bloom

daffodil

Lucy Beckley

Lucy is a writer, wanderer and wonderer. She recently moved to Lisbon from Cornwall and can often be found trailing after her children on the beach, taking a moment to find the extraordinary joy in the ordinary. She is currently working on her first poetry collection and a novel. You can find more of her work at: www.lucybeckley.com

@lucybeckley

New Woman Grown

A garden of roses
blossomed through my wicked bones.
Ravishing red to pierce my rib cage,
thorns to tickle my eager skin.
My wretched memories forgotten,
a wrench to shatter forlorn spirits.
A new woman grown
from poppy flower and perfume,
Ready to tend to fresh seed.

Kayla Kazmar

Kayla is a writer from Virginia. In 2021, she took the plunge and began to share her works publicly and hasn't looked back since. When she isn't playing with pets or perfecting her makeup skills, she's busy writing poems about love, womanhood and anything that floats through her mind.

@poetess_kay

Snapdragon

There's this brick wall
In Milton Keynes
Sprayed reds, yellows, pinks and greens
By this underground trans teen
And
The council tried to machine-clean it
Apparently the image was obscene
It
Depicted
A chick with a you-know-what
Said one right politic prick
The world's gone sick
And
Some lads pissed up the wall
On a pub crawl
And
the youth felt so unqueened
Her eyes streamed
As she leaned against the wall
In the muted early morning
And
Looked down
Where between the mortar and stone
In a crack of its own
Fighting for elbow room
Was a snapdragon in bloom
And it winked
At the spray-can queen
Who blinked back the tears
Of fourteen years
Hugged the mural to support her
Tilted her face to the weak sun
And became a daughter

daffodil

Ebony Gilbert

The darkly raw insides of a woman standing naked with a kind of sincerity that hurts and heals. Ebony writes what she feels. Her poems are selfies. Unprocessed. No makeup. No filter.

@_ebonygilbert_



Editor's Pick: Holly

This poem fails to knock, but rather it barges in with all the audacity of spring. Ebony's raw and visceral imagery works like a sledgehammer to the gut. Her words carve a new meaning into this most hopeful of seasons and I reached the end with a melancholic urge to read more.

eclosion

has-been caterpillar
you are mush
encased in blankets not knowing
which way is up
you deliquesce
day night day night all one
you have no edge
liquid love you can be sucked
someone else's nectar
but where is yours?
trust
trust
the soup of life
the muddy pool you have become
is everything you were and more
a spell of time is seasoning your taste
you will mature
in thin layers of a different self
first huddled damply then sodden anxious bud
relaxing into bloom
how will you find your form again?
forget it
there's no going back
no bridge and stretch pinching inching concertina A to B
linear is yesterday
warm air
both sides
dries you crisp and light
your job is flit and oversee
but watch - your twitch
windmills
triggers sails
a voyage
a flying carpet
leverage of beauty
carnival your everyday
love at your command
get used to it

Zoe Gardner

A mammal native to London, Zoë began scrawling motherhood poems as unseen words in the dark while breastfeeding. She started a 'mother record book' as both a place to put them, and a local community project inviting others to #recordnoticevalue their own matrescence. @limberdoodle is their post-pandemic online home.

@limberdoodle

daffodil

THE HEART HAS NOT STOPPED

one does not simply
lock one's self inside for summer.
not after a winter as long
as the four months of January we've had.
what choice did we have.
what choice did i have
but to curl inward, tune in
to every synapses my stirring
brain could fire. to put every thought
onto paper until it spelled out
p o e t r y.

it was the canned beans
that sustained me, the jarred
peaches that kept me sweet
when i wanted to sour.
and on the days i couldn't help
but rot, couldn't quite end-hadn't
done enough to call it-i used
all that brine leaking from my eyes
for watercolor portraits of my partner,
the cat: saltwater odes to the only souls
who can see-look! i exist! i shed tears!
i am flesh in bloom!

i came into this bare.
shriveled into it. thought for sure nothing
dying could be revived without fresh
oxygen, sunlight. but o, the songs
one's lungs can carry, churn, expel
on just recycled air! what sunlight
one can spark from banana bread
and cinnamon-sugared pears!
o, what petals a lover can unfurl
when you believe you have nothing
to burgeon but decay!

what blossoms
one can coax from fields believed barren,
if only one braves the dirt and bones
beneath it, empties at the irises,

brews celestial light still glistening
deep in our marrow. it is blood-spilling
work, but look: how the geraniums
open and close their scarlet mouths
like beating hearts!

daffodil

Kait Quinn

Kait is a law admin and poet. Her poetry has appeared in Polemical Zine, Chestnut Review, VERSES, and various anthologies. Her books include A Time for Winter and I Saw Myself Alive in a Coffin. Kait lives in Minneapolis with her partner and their regal cat Spart.

@kaitquinnpoetry

*The title "The Heart Has Not Stopped" is a line from the poem "Mystic" by Sylvia Plath.

Spring

I've never witnessed miracle at its dawn
But I taste the rising amber
as your hand unfurls its velvet petal hold
While sun dips to steal a kiss
from the sliding glass of sky
A smile that's learning not to hide
A goosebump in full bloom
I grip the breath between us
as you teach the grass to spin
Daisies curtsy, bees bumble
Child we're in your trail
You're both going and arriving
in a way I never dared to dream
Once you were a moving wish
twice wanted, within me
All those ribbon-budding veins,
a string of ghosts I cleave to
I never know of nature's thirst
'til it takes me to its edge
to drink its aching
Where I sip the sting
of bittersweet awakening
I look down with the setting sun,
my palm a daisy stain
Brooding in this bruised perfume,
loosened from the chain
Our love is mapped in hollowed places
Garlands in the dim
At least until first miracle of spring

Lisa Perkins

Lisa is a mum of three from Dublin, who scribbles her way around motherhood. A previous business owner and blogger, poetry remains her first writing love and choice of escapism. Her work has featured in Pivot & Pause Anthology, Mum Poet Club Guide to self-care and The Dear 2020 Project.

@lisaperks

daily

Skin

Out of the winter frost we strip down to bare bones,
Find a blanket and sit close.
Slowly attempting to release frosted tense muscles, slowly
We sit together, catalysts skin-on-skin, bare legs touching each other's.
Yours - two fresh smooth sprigs growing fair.
Mine - a little bruised, flaking at the seams.
Your roving eyes follow the lines cascading down my thighs,
At the hairs grown here, not there.
Past blue roots tumbling down from my heart
To the scratch on my knee, which you touch with such delicacy.
I tell you how the marks on me are changed, still changeable.
Growing through these seasons,
Fluctuating, flexible yet fixed and steady, stable.

And so, it's time to drink.
I'll unfurl and let you climb on me, little frozen fingers grasping for warmth
And your small mouth looking for its own warm place of comfort.
But before you latch and suckle, you spot a new interest;
The little wrinkles around each nipple on each breast.
A few years now, they have seeped white and leaked on coloured petals.
And it hits me so hard, all of a sudden - I've grown, peaked, I've shot up and out.
I feel our warmth and I see; now my body is out of the winter cold,
I can begin to unwind, sprout, reach up with this rising heat.
A Mother's body in all its beauty, mine to lie on and grow in with glory.
Skin touching earth, head raised upwards, arms to the sun.

Nicola Dellard-Lyle

Nicola writes poetry and prose on the wilds of motherhood and the serenity of conscious living. Her honest words often reflect on deep inner work and overcoming challenges, whilst weaving in uplifting space for nature and its cycles. Nicola lives with her family in Bristol, UK.

@threadressed

daylily

The Bloom

Come to the bloom
just as you are-- in sweatpants,
mother breasts and unwashed hair.
No one is here to judge you
but you.

Come to the bloom
as both sapling and strong-root tree.
Be a bird. Be a bee.
Come when you feel world weary
and heart tied, unfurled and overtired

again and again to the bloom.

Show up with pen and paper
and write the rose as only you
can see it, careful of her thorns.
Show up barefoot and dance with the earth,
enlisting Eve with no time to lose.

Show up with floured hands
ready to knead and rise and feed,
lend your voice to a broken bird.
Show up with a packet of seeds,
part the soft dark soil, give shelter.

Be patient and wonder at renewal.

Bring to the bloom
all your gifts: your bread, your songs
your art, your wounds.
Trust that generations of instinct
will turn you towards the sun.

daylily

Ellen Rowland

Ellen creates, concocts and forages when she's not writing poetry honoring the natural world. She is currently at work on her first collection of haiku. She and her family live in an off the grid farmhouse on a tiny island in Greece.

@rowland.ellen

COMMON NAMES FOR FLOWERS

All buds have a genus and species,
Latin roots for both the natives and interlopers.
Because in Greece or India this bloom is different
than my suburb, but it's still the same soft pink
from my grandmother's driveway.

I name my daughters after flowers
when they're born, curvy vowels
for their fragile petal fingers.
Beautiful little things and when they speak
I hear all the perennial women:
medicinal, culinary, ornamental, essential.

They grow like the lush answer of spring,
and I tend to them but do not tame them to a fence.
I let them blossom into their abundant selves,
I do not speak any other language.

daylily

Katy Luxem

Katy lives in Salt Lake City with her husband, kids, and dogs. When not working as an e-commerce content editor and copywriter, she plays roller derby under the name KT-Wrecks.

@katyluxem

When I ask if you're ok

What I mean is, I know you kept his name
when they couldn't stop the bleeding.

So much else on your hands, you carry
stones, heads bowed in constant prayer.

Negotiate your left breast crater, offer
a fast, some cash. Promise you'll be good -

pink calamine compress on sunburn
and on your mother's words.

The missing hurts so you stop eating
at eleven and still you can't find her.

Sleepwalk to fold each loss in half,
count in staircases and goodnights -

etched smile lines beg stop,
this light forgives nothing.

Say the pills help
and when they don't, let the lilies

ache the earth close to the place
you left your god last time.

Bury each broken day a baby bird
in the bald flower bed -

cyclamen kneel to a kind of reckoning.
What I mean is can we share this air?

Tonight the moon might be full,
her bones comforting oceans.

daylily

Antonia Taylor

Antonia is a British Cypriot communications expert, writer and poet. She lives in Reading with her husband and two children who are somehow teenagers. During lockdown, she got over being so busy and returned to her first love of poetry.

@antoniatailorpr

Hannah

I remember you with French braids,
Dorito fingers and Diet Coke breath,
we stayed up all night with our dolls,
giving them sordid, soapy dramas,
as we shared secrets, sodas and ghost stories.

I think about you all the time
and how we grew up and apart
like curving branches of the same tree.
I looked for you in other friends,
but the easy intimacy we shared,
without a trace of self-consciousness,
was impossible to replicate.
We all outgrow our trusting child-hearts eventually.

We fizzled out instead of exploding;
a merciful end to a friendship like ours;
The kind that blossomed from handmade
bracelets and braces and braids.

To me, you will always be the silly girl
you were with me, singing songs in the closet,
falling asleep with the tv on, cheating at Uno.
I wonder how I live in your memory.
I hope it's all breakfast cereals and late night giggles.
Your initials are carved on my heart bark
as not my first friend or my last
but the very, very best.

zinnia

Jordan Bryant

Jordan is a marketing and events assistant for Kaye Publicity. When she's not obsessively reading, she's writing poetry or singing with the Circle City Chamber Choir. She lives in Indianapolis, Indiana with her husband, Josh and their two dogs, Norm and Edgar.

@jaybeereads

A poet's collection

Consequence of holy hallucinogenics
From nights unslept

Marrow broth
Whispering down the throats of sleeping giants

Powdered bone melodies
between ink and pulp

Mostly dust suspended in light
Hanging on to be seen
Till a door opens
Or the earth moves

Blooms
Collecting
Memory
Of
Light

zinnia

Sara Rogers

Sara is a word witch + wolf ma poet in Ontario. She has published a collection of poetry to unearth the intrinsic connection between women and nature in her book *Elemental Magic, poetic chapters of wild self love* (2020), inviting readers to know a closer presence of love, belonging and identity.

@sararogerspoe^{try}

Smells Like Teen Corpse Flower

In Bloom
sits squashed between
Smells Like Teen Spirit
and Come as You Are
like the forgotten middle child -

the big one gets all the attention,
everyone loves the little one -

but if people looked closer,
listened harder,
they'd realise
the kid has a lot to say
about

alienation.

When you are black and gay
and develop shoots

in a town where nobody else
is black and gay,

you begin to bear fruits

you believe nobody
will ever want to eat.

The corpse flower smells
of rotting meat,

can take up to twenty years
to let its inner beauty out.
In bloom, is said to be both
disgusting and magnificent.

In time you learn
you are the latter,
never mind the former.

Like that flower,
it takes you decades to open up.

Jem Hathaway ~ assistant editor

@jemmahathaway

editorial board

the long and complicated process of blooming

maybe this is part of
blooming, also -
after all, every flower has survived
as a seed through
the impossible dark.
when you find yourself here,
it doesn't mean you don't belong
in the sunshine -
it qualifies you for it, so
bloom freely, my darling.

Bec Ellis

@bec_ellis_writer

editorial board

The Fourth Trimester

These first weeks are uncharted and you are adrift
in seas the same colour and temperature as tears.
And you are weightless with exhaustion in the water,
the scope of need making hollow driftwood of your bones,
all your past selves floating out of reach,
clumps of green, unfettered seaweed.

Slowly, you are discerning shorelines and horizons
in the dark, and slowly you are swimming.
And the waters bloom with jellyfish,
vicious moon bodies lit with guilt and resentment and doubt,
and you are firebranded, but you are swimming.
And then there are shallows, there are footholds.

There are others like you, crawling stunned and stung
onto the shingle. There is a sunrise cresting the waves,
tongues of flame in your hair. Slowly you stand.
You stand and pass the bright certainty of dawn
along this beach like a beacon,
mother to mother to mother.

Jen Feroze ~ roving editor

@the_colourofhope

editorial board

Survival Song

Even when ink stained nights
dripping with tar coated air
and heavy with questions
mark and burn
into my skin
tattoos I never asked for
selling stories of me I never wrote
I bloom.

Even when the sun lurks in shadows
too scared to burn hot
through the haze of
righteous ways
and fear sears into lungs and
seeps into every thought
every hope
every eye for an eye
Still I bloom.

I bloom with might
powered through gritted teeth
that snarl sweet and splendid
gripping tight with fists
to my own roots
while my chest heaves
peels back soft
scorched layers of me
one by one
until blushing songs float
singing my own true song
I am in bloom.

editorial board

Darci Walker

@thekitchenpoet

Morning Born

night blooms black
an open mouth
pulling stars
from its jaw
like glistening teeth
while day
a swallowed lemon drop
waits
a bee for pollen
soft tickle
of small legs
light's climbing out
rest bringing warm
arms holding
with the blush
of dawn's love rising
slowly upward
morning born

Monica Crumback & Holly Ruskin

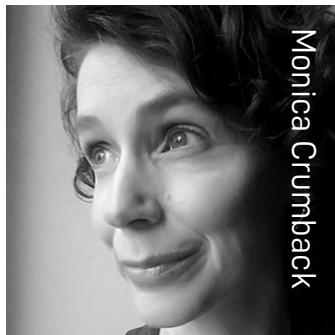
@regardingwe & @mother.in.motion

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Holly Ruskin has been a writer all her life, exploring the poetic form after the birth of her daughter in 2019. She graduated with a BA in English Literature & Film going on to complete an MA in Film, specialising in feminism and the representation of women. As a Lecturer and freelance writer she has edited screenplays, written short stories and academic essays. But it is writing poems about motherhood that has brought her the most creative joy. She co-founded 'blood moon poetry', an inclusive and welcoming place for female poets to submit their work for publication. A selection of her work is published in an anthology of stories about postnatal depression titled 'Not the Only One'. She is a Motherscope contributor as well as writing for Harness Magazine and Motherdom. Holly lives in Bristol, UK. You can find her on Instagram @mother.in.motion

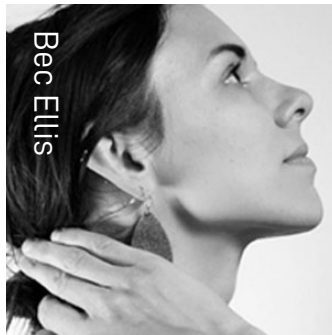


Monica Crumback is an American mother, wife, educator, and writer living in the Midwest. Her essays and poetry have been published in various places both in print and around the web. She draws inspiration for her work from the natural world around her and in the everyday miracles of marriage and mothering. She has written every day for as long as she can remember. Monica co-founded 'blood moon poetry', an online journal for female writers and illustrators, in the hopes of encouraging, inspiring, and amplifying the creative voices of other women. You can find her on Instagram @regardingwe

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Jemma Hathaway likes to stick words next to one another and see if they hit it off. She is passionate about all things poetry and is the 2020 Hammer and Tongue poetry slam champion for Bristol, UK. Jemma has a First degree in English Literature and an MA with Distinction in Writing for Young People from Bath Spa University. As a mixed-race gay woman she is extremely passionate about equality and diversity. She is honoured to be part of a brand-new publication - 'blood moon poetry'- dedicated to promoting and championing the varied and veracious voices of women. You can find her Instagram: @jemmahathaway



Bec Ellis is a writer, photographer and spiritual director located in Central Oregon with her husband and three children. A seeker of questions and deep noticer, she began writing at a young age and has now found healing and connection in recent years, by sharing her words through poetry and short prose. She has a strong belief that our stories are what bring healing and unite us together, finding deep beauty in the curves and scars of our lives. She is especially drawn to themes of motherhood, embodiment and self-acceptance. She is currently working towards publishing her first poetry collection. You can learn more about Bec on her website www.bec-ellis.com. You can find her on Instagram: @bec_ellis_writer

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Darci Walker, a poet by heart and a psychologist by trade, believes deeply in the power of words. She loves nothing more than the creating prose and poetry that touch hearts and speak to the human experience in a way that almost anyone can relate to. Currently she is working on her most beloved project, The Kitchen Poet, which explores family, love, connection, and parenting exemplified through baking blended with poetry. She is so honored to be a part of the Blood Moon Poetry family and help raise up the voices of women poets. Her writing both as a poet and a psychologist has been published in various places in print and on the internet but you can easily find and connect with her on Instagram or Facebook as @thekitchenpoet.



Jen Feroze has been in love with language since she was tiny. A former Foyle Young Poet of the Year, she worked as an editor of children's books in London for ten years, before striking out on her own as a copywriter. She now writes copy for the wedding industry by day and scribbles poetry by night, and she's delighted to be able to indulge her word-nerd tendencies in as many aspects of her life as possible! Jen lives by the sea in Essex, UK, with her husband and two young children. Her debut poetry collection, The Colour of Hope was published in December 2020. You can find her on instagram @the_colourofhope.

blood moon poetry
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