



A collection of poems

# BLUE MOON

RACHEL DELÉGLISE



# Blue Moon

Rachel Deléglise



Library Cats Publishing House  
England, United Kingdom



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# **Editor's Note**

Dear Reader,

What you now see on your screen is our second publication, but our first as Library Cats. First and foremost, we would like to note that it has been a true pleasure, not only as editors, but readers of literature, to read through Rachel's collection. Poetry is an undoubtedly personal endeavour, and we cannot thank Rachel enough for taking that step in sending over her manuscript for our editorial eyes to gaze over. When Rachel first submitted her manuscript, we as an editorial team were struck by the sheer quantity and quality of poetry on display. A collection consisting of twenty-seven poems, *Blue Moon* is a joy to read. We instantly knew we wanted to publish these poems, and it seemed a disservice to truncate the selection to fit into a broader collection, so here you are presented with the full twenty-seven poems in a single volume.

In our previous collection, our former Editor-In-Chief, Peter Barrett, left the reader with a quote from Edgar Allen Poe, describing the medium of the short story in his essay 'The Philosophy of Composition'. For Rachel's collection, we thought a quotation from Wordsworth's preface to *Lyrical Ballads* would be an apt representation of the overriding quality of 'feeling' that Rachel captures in her poetry:

'I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind'

For us, it is Rachel's sense of place, and the emotions associated with place, that is so powerful. The eponymous 'Sunny Town', the liminal space of 'Rendez-vous At London Bridge', the metaphorical space of 'The Place We Keep For Dreams', each of these spaces bring with it emotion and feeling. The sunny town warms you, recollecting summers past, while London Bridge vibrates with bustling, confusing, energy until that anchor of the one you watch for appears in that sea of faces. We won't spoil anything further, but will leave you, the reader, with this: remember this is a *collection*. Read it, re-read it, reflect on the fluid ley-lines that run through its verse. We are sure you will find it as much of a pleasure as we have.

Before we let you read on, we would like to give special thanks to Alfonso Buhigas, Andy Salazar, Beatrice Feng, Beatriz de Castro, Cristobal Echevarria, Devora Moleman, Fiona Banham, Hannah Holmes, Hella Joshi, Isla MacFarlane, Maddie Tyler, Mayara Zucheli, Megan Ellis, Nicholas Iyamabo, Nisha Patel, Raja Khan, Rebecca Thomas, Sam Morgan, Sukhpreet Chana, and Victoria Smith for their wonderful, freely-volunteered efforts that have made this collection a reality.

Chris Millis, Editor-In-Chief

Marcos Echevarria, CEO and Founder



# **Blue Moon**

*To my crescent moon,*

# The Seed I Am Made Of

I am this tree  
Letting go of its faithful leaves  
I am the air of this cold winter  
I am the steam of a morning coffee  
I am solely the ground,  
Pressing and forcing  
In and of itself

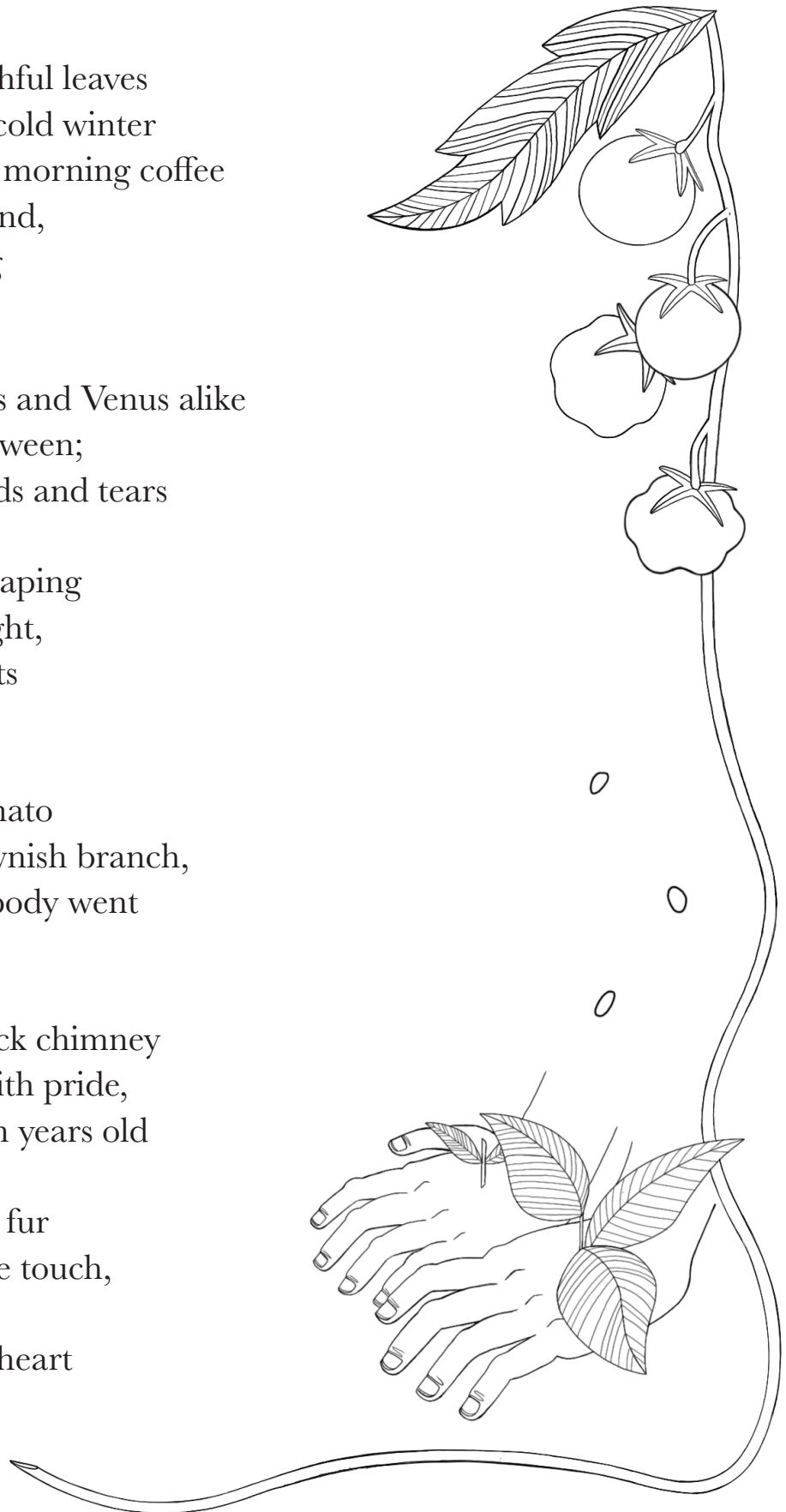
I am Neptune, Mars and Venus alike  
I am all that's in between;  
All about dust, clouds and tears

I am the she-wolf leaping  
Into the glorious night,  
Running out of fruits  
To feed her peers

I am this cherry tomato  
Hanging on its brownish branch,  
Wondering why nobody went  
To pick it up

I am this tall-ass brick chimney  
Orange and solid with pride,  
Feeling like a million years old

I am my cat's warm fur  
Fluffy and soft to the touch,  
Funniest to the eyes  
Comfortable to the heart



I am each cycle of life  
Imperturbable yet bouncing,  
Oblivious yet knowing  
Infinitely vast yet suffocating

I am everything that I am not  
I am all and its opposite  
I am the living, the dead,  
The barely existing

I am my own crescendo  
My own tornado,  
Your deepest volcano  
That's not an innuendo

I am this ray of Sun  
Wandering around Sunny Town  
But don't let me fool you,  
I long for the rainbow to come

I am you and you are me  
We are  
We are all of it

We are what we love  
What we don't want to be,

We are of fire and flame  
We are all that we blame

We are our inconsistencies,  
Our shared fantasies,  
Our constant prophecies  
We are magic particles  
Dancing their frequencies.



# Blue Moon

Into this black thick night  
We found each other again  
There, in the midst of silence  
We joined our hearts and hands

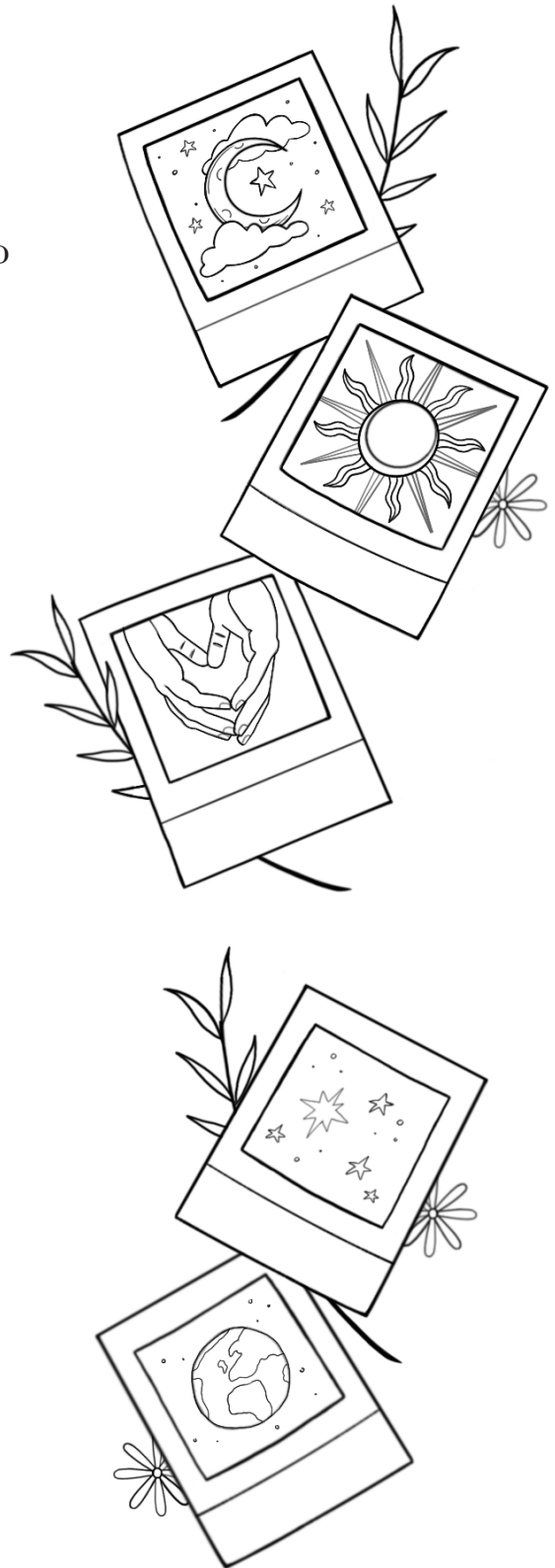
It seems like yesterday or rather ages ago  
One timeless precious moment  
That meant a thousand more

The feeling never leaves the ground  
The walls and the air around  
Are full of it, Yet need some more  
Under this Blue Moon  
We can try to recreate it all

But what is lost is lost  
Or perhaps somewhere, anywhere  
Anywhere and there, anywhere it's not  
Anywhere the Earth turns on itself  
And the Sun shines around

Anywhere you can look, smell, feel  
Just around the corner  
Anywhere the wind blows  
Anywhere the mind goes  
Anywhere our time rolls

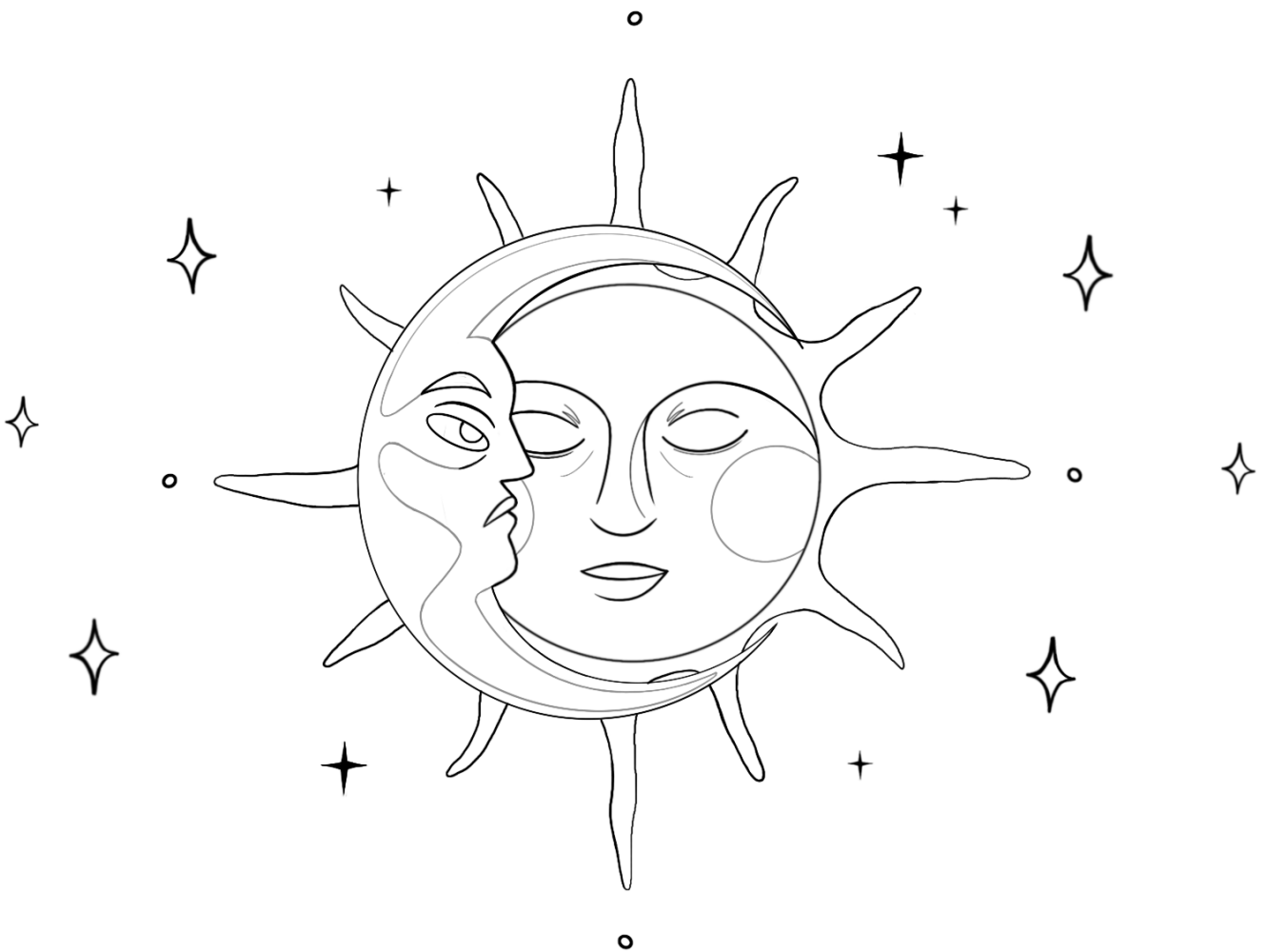
What is lost cannot be found  
Unless you're willing to search  
Just in case, somewhere inside you  
For nothing is truly lost





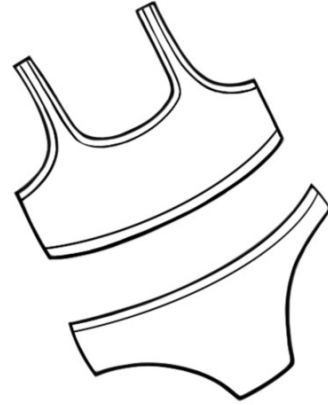
If preciously cared for in thought,  
Along with seasons, in memory  
Under this Blue Moon

Everything's so blue in my heart  
Indeed a very nice color  
I plunge myself into it even more  
In imagination, in dreams,  
Until the Blue Moon comes for me.



# Sunny Town

When on the streets of Sunny Town  
At sunrise or at sundown  
Sunglasses on, eyes closed  
Bathing suit under the clothes  
All the time in the world,  
Not a care in the world  
That's all one really needs

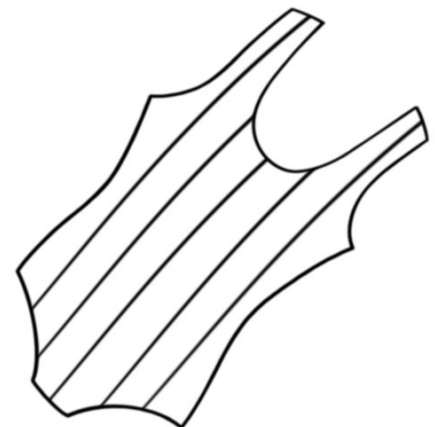


When the Sun meets the horizon  
As one the clouds are acting out  
Preparing some kind of mischief  
Or some magnificent color palette  
To compete with Monet



When the seagulls and the swallows  
Want to be part of the show,  
They start turning, chirping, dancing  
In the courtesy of the trees  
For the pleasure of the bees  
And soon enough come the sparrows

When leaving Sunny Town  
Make sure to keep a little bit  
Of its salty light and gentle breeze  
With you—A sunny heart  
Warm enough to get through winter



With flowered thyme and red spices,  
Playful mind and spread laughter

When the night comes on Sunny Town  
The cicadas fall asleep  
And the owl takes over  
The air is warm, time gets slower  
Sunglasses off, eyes wide open

Blue Moon up front  
Round and full as I hoped  
Tempting me to stay put  
Until morning, until dawn

Whether in dreams or thoughts,  
When everything goes to a blur  
Azure Town or Sunny Moon  
Nostalgia or funny mood,  
Blue-hearted girl, here comes the Sun.



# Somewhere In The Caribbean

Sunset is here, but do not move  
Stay for one last steady groove  
I was prepared for this, I  
Longed for its rays to heat my thigh

Warmth and colors along your neck  
Speeding roots, no more shipwreck  
Only liquid sunny orange bottles  
Sand, salt, stars and tiny turtles

Look at the sky  
The Moon is gone;  
Invisible and eternally lone  
I trust her to show up again soon  
Filling our bodies with cold sweetness

Sun rising upon here  
Time to rest  
But do not move, dear,  
Heal your chest.



# Round And Round

The whole world is round  
As curvy and chubby as  
My cheeks;  
Just as I'd like to end  
These lines  
We are bound to the circular,  
It could not be any  
Other way

These shapes are life itself  
Composed in one single  
Tempo;  
Waltzing one way or another,  
Far too high or far  
Too low  
Rhythms and music sheets are  
The sacred wardens of this flow,  
Keeping it steady, ready  
To go

The impulse of the living  
Beating its symphony  
In choir;  
Each part its proper role,  
Until the world starts playing  
To the measure of  
Its soul.

# Rendez-Vous At London Bridge

On a red bus that afternoon  
A clear, sunny day in London  
Least expected, much appreciated  
Love, beware of the countdown

Have you seen this girl?  
She's blonde, fair and tall  
She's my friend and she told me  
Rendez-vous at London Bridge

Looking everywhere around;  
Inspecting faces and postures  
Trusting my ears to recognize  
The sound of your poised voice,  
And familiar dear laugh

Starting to get worried now,  
My twin-named friend  
Is nowhere to be found  
And the wind is coming out

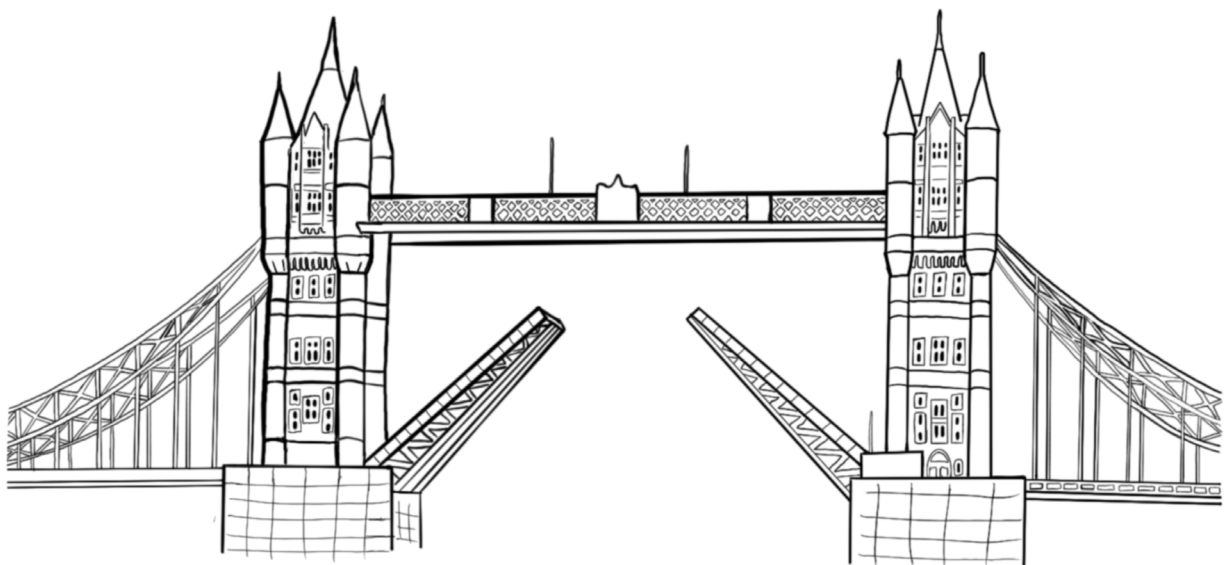
The tragedy of this tale is  
The little time we are granted  
Is slowly flowing away,  
The hourglass ready to turn  
The flight back heading my way

Suddenly, my head shifts  
And my eyes come across  
This smiling flower,  
These sisterly teeth  
At last, here is my Booth

Let's go near the river Thames  
Catching up, going back in time  
How have you been, Rachel?  
I sure missed you like hell

I wish I could stay one more day  
Or month, or year, or life  
In your peaceful company  
For you do appease my mind  
And make my cheeks all sore  
From laughing way too hard

I have to go now, and all I can do  
Is bringing your smile with me;  
Carrying it around as Sun rays,  
Saving its light for gloomy days.



# A Tribute To Those Who Left

Rest well, to those who tried their best  
With what they had  
At the very moment they had it

Rest well, to those who once were  
To those who lived, who died  
To make us see the day

Rest well, to those who cried  
Just like any of us  
On the first times of life

Rest well, to those we remember  
To those we don't recall  
To the letters not answered  
To the legacy of all  
To the memories anchored

Rest well, to those we looked up to,  
To those we looked down on  
To the best and the worst of us,  
To the faces we miss at night  
To the places we kissed goodbye

Whether in peace or distress  
In restraint or in excess  
In forgiveness or bitterness,  
To failed attempts and lost success  
To brave talks during the mess

Here is our chance to know  
Here is our move to grow,  
Here is our way to pay  
A tribute to those who left.



# Travels In Time

Time is our fleeting friend  
Running and running to catch itself  
Slipping through its fading fingers

Showing up for eternity or else,  
Reborn and lost at the same time  
For us to laugh at our fair fate

Traveling in time is not that far  
We do it every day in thought

Heading back and forth;  
Remembering the past  
Imagining the future,  
Breathing the instant

We forgot where we came from  
Focussing on where to go  
In search of—A better world,  
A lighter shore to land upon

And while the road seems limitless  
Time has long won its game of chess

The world is this huge ticking clock  
Within which our lives are nothing

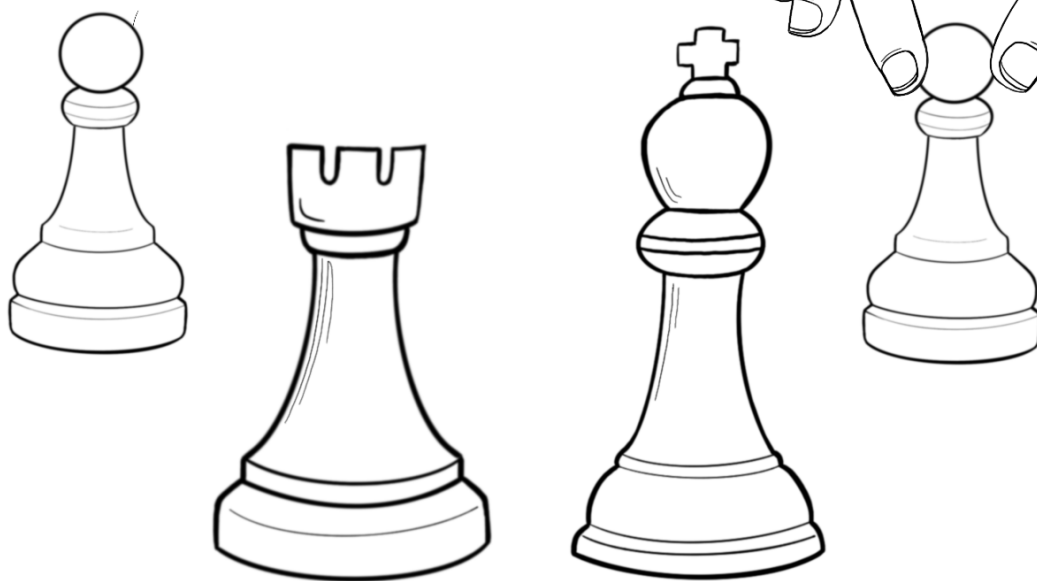
But the suitcases we carry close  
Until the next train station;  
When we venture to ask our watch  
How much time remains



Time is our lonesome friend  
And our most loyal ally  
Do not worry about the end,  
Let's enjoy the ride instead

It will never be too late,  
Nor too early—In a world  
Filled with timeless possibilities

To make it good,  
To make it count  
To find what you love,  
To find what you loath  
To follow your own quest,  
To follow your own song  
To do something right,  
To do something wrong.



# The Window

A window appears at my side  
A window to an open door  
My senses keep reading its tide  
Longing for me to seek more

And this unprecedented tune  
Waltzing around in my head  
As birds circling above the dune  
Of their shallow and callous nest

Dreams of another reality  
Glowing, illuminating all pain  
Are hidden in the city  
Right behind that window pane.



# I Feel Therefore I Am

Emotions feel like a raft on the sea  
No matter how quiet or loud  
These waves can be,  
They may lift you far up  
Or suck you down low  
And spit you out on land

This is what makes us feel  
This is what makes it real  
This is what makes us heal

Yet, we try to cut them loose  
We blame them every time we lose  
We only love them when we're full,  
We dare to call this raft a fool

But emotions are our fuel  
And they come back,  
Relentlessly  
In some other form,  
In some other shape

Just to make us see,  
Therefore loving  
Just to make us feel,  
Therefore living.

# Lifelong Avenue

Together on this lifelong avenue  
Side by side on these earthy stairs

Divine columns and wooded walls  
Trying to shift my own despairs

Nothing can change my hearty wits  
For I allowed them to be

Even followed their infinite pits;  
Casting their shores all around thee

Am I consumed or feeling fine  
No time to ask, restless

Yet, I'm sensing this fine line  
Pulling me high up, relentless

Together on this lifelong avenue,  
I can't see the end of it, but I can see you.

# H Like Home

*To Hugo*

Where is my land?  
My happy place?

It is where my heart is  
It is my brother, my Home

It is what's inside us, what's around us  
What has made and broken us,  
What we have embraced and cleaned

What we'll carry on the road, through  
The winds of our soul, flesh and minds

Home is what you lent me  
The very day I was born.



# The Sun At Night

They say all of this is but one  
Well, if there is one everything  
You must be in it, somewhere



I look and I find you, and I run away  
Into the depths of our infinities  
Playing hide and seek with your sweet reflection  
As if, by day, the Moon could take me to you  
And yet, I can hear you deep within

The scenery remains unchanged  
And its imprint feels noisy,  
The echo of joined voices and open hearts,  
Unforgettable eyes and fleeting words



And we leave towards later hours,  
Where the twilight unveils the trees  
Where after all those storms,  
We can only see the light

For when autumn comes round again,  
By its colors and its smells  
You can recognize from miles away  
The tenderness of this world  
Prominently laid upon a rosy bird.



# Red Kiss

All you ever needed was one shot  
For the arrow to pierce my heart  
One single try to aim that kiss  
One you certainly did not miss

All I ever needed was someone  
To weave me together into one  
One single face to change the game  
One I certainly rose to claim

All we ever needed was some love  
And for the hand to fit the glove  
One single sign to make it work  
One we sincerely chose to mark;

With a red kiss on your rose lips  
A warm arm on my blue heart

All the colors of the world  
To fill my deep dark well

All the contours of my mind  
To read between your lines,

All the powers of the stars  
To ignite our fiercest fires.



# Letter To A Drowned Sailor

I know about your darkness,  
I know about this sickness  
Which burnt your life out  
And left you with nothing but ashes

You need people  
You need love, appropriate love,  
You need trust and compassion  
But you won't let people in

It seems even harder for you to change  
Then just letting yourself go,  
Aging with the demons in your heart

I still have hope deep inside  
That one day you realize  
Your life is nothing but  
What you decide it to be

You can create a life of your own,  
Which belongs to you only  
A life to be proud of,  
A life to remember

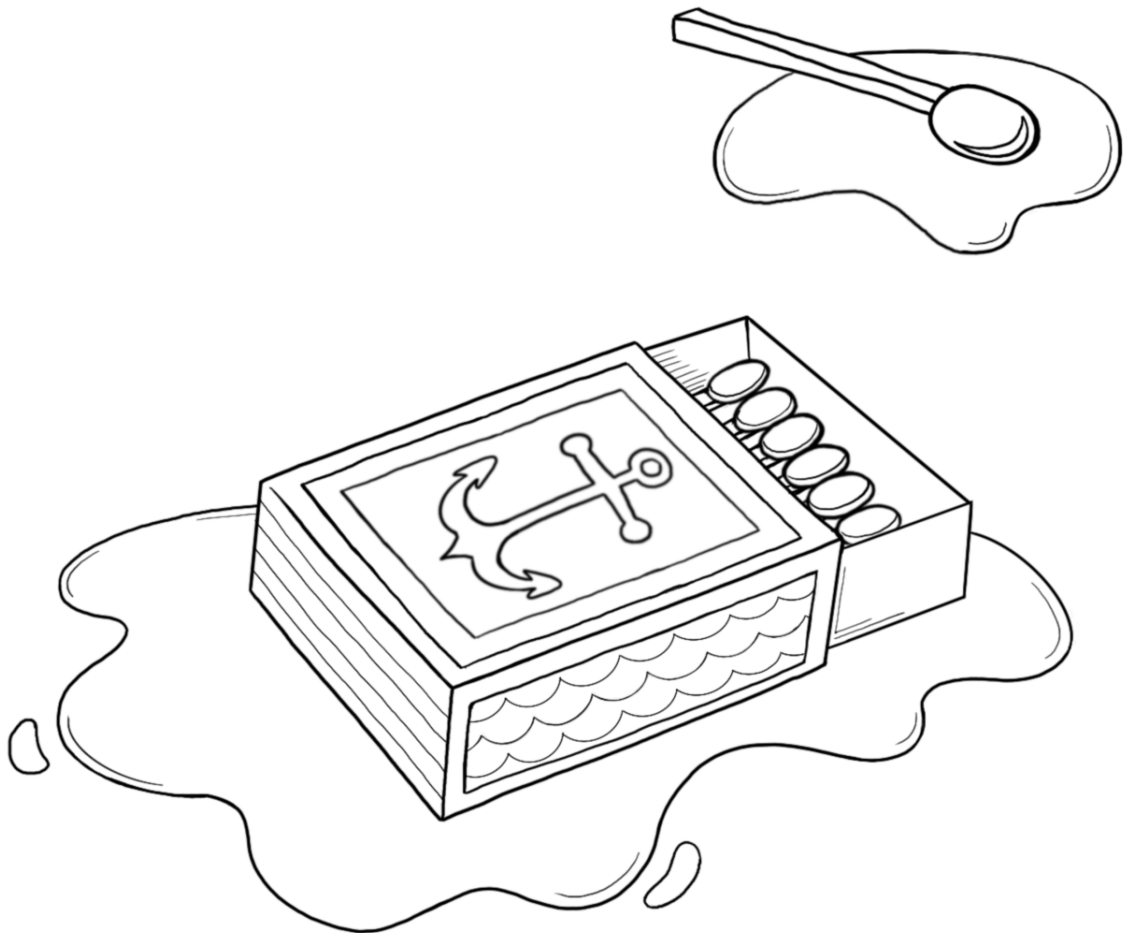
I know about this darkness of yours,  
But I also see your light

I see you have what it takes  
To conquer your world  
Instead, you let it burn

No life can be perfect, but you can at least try  
To make the best of it, with what you have  
With the persons who love you, support you  
Who need you, also

You never know what's coming for you  
But that should never stop you  
From seeking peace and favorable winds  
Besides, the sea always wins

From lost seamen to drowned sailors,  
Take your soaked matches and your rum  
Try to burn this letter out and;  
Let the waves do the work.



# Daddies Planet

Teach me how to be the wind  
And I'll make it all fly away

Teach me how to spell my name  
And I'll be a person with it

Teach me how to love and be loved  
Teach me how to feel and be filled  
Teach me how to dare and beware  
And I'll try to live by it

Teach me how to forget, how to remember  
How much to bear on my shoulder

Teach me how to see the world, and watch the sea  
How much to give one another, how much to receive

Teach me how to breathe out there  
Out there in this place you're not

And how to laugh it off, as you would do  
And how to rest my heart,  
And how to join your Moon.

# Notice For A Human Being

It's life. It's the circle of things;  
You can't blame anyone for your senses

No one is better than any other,  
And nobody should judge you

For you are not that good,  
You are not that bad either

You're not supposed to be;  
You're only human  
And that's quite enough already.



# The Place We Keep For Dreams

All this love existed already  
Before, during and after  
It was written in time  
Or rather out of time, out of frame

We went as shallow shells  
On a new, unborn day,  
While our bodies and feels  
Translated into something  
We thought we had never tasted

But in this place of stale memories  
All we could do was store,  
Behind the blank canvas  
For more,

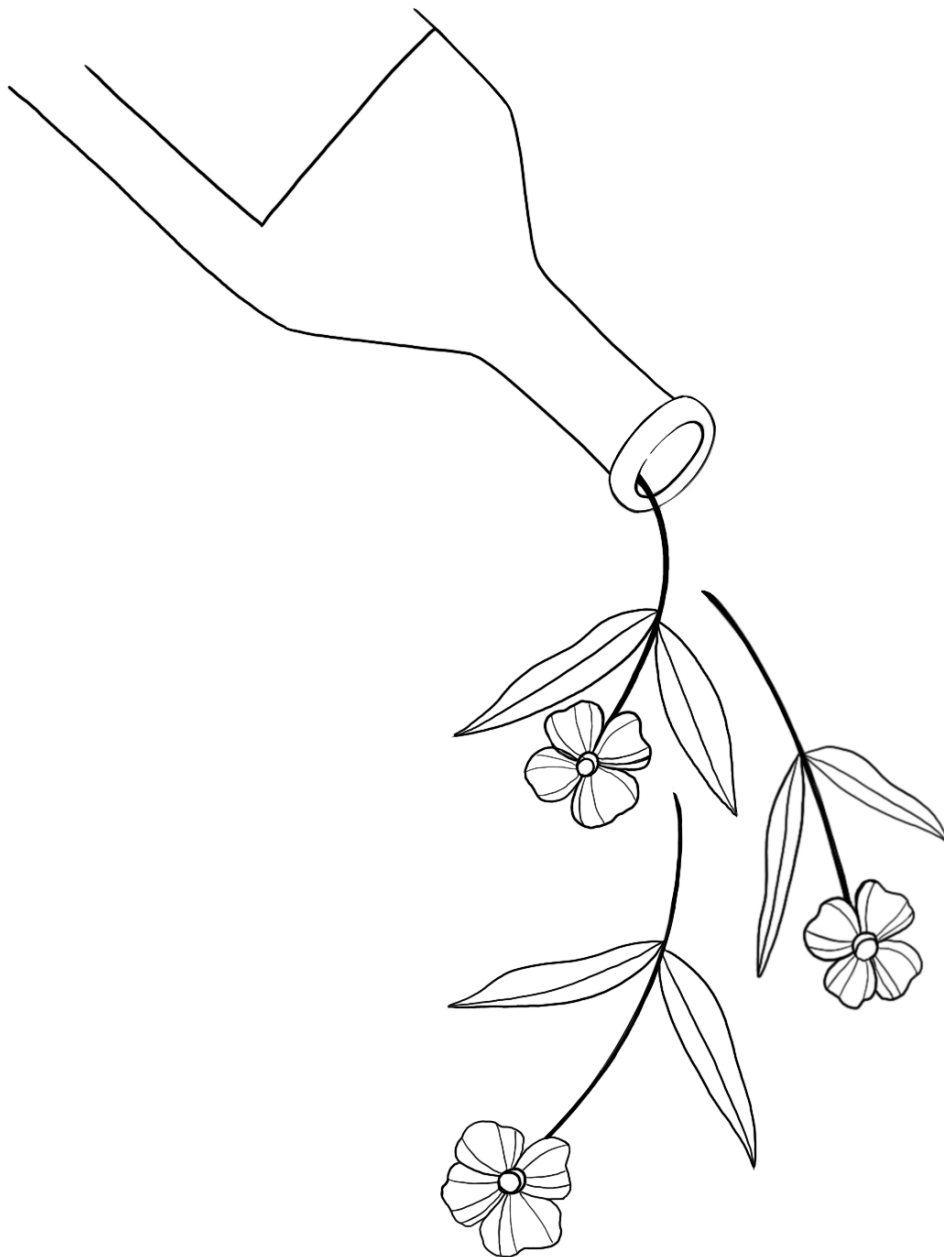
More of this strange lucid translucent sentiment  
More of these quarreling faces and curious stares  
More of this genuine gap,

Full of lacks, full at last

No matter the season,  
Not eager for reason  
This love seemed out of reach  
Yet settled,  
Never to be seen again  
Yet bottled,

Gathered in the place we keep for dreams  
In the meantime, the world runs its course  
And what's inside won't go away

But while we breathe out here on Earth  
And while we feel, for what it's worth,  
Let's help this lost love find its way.



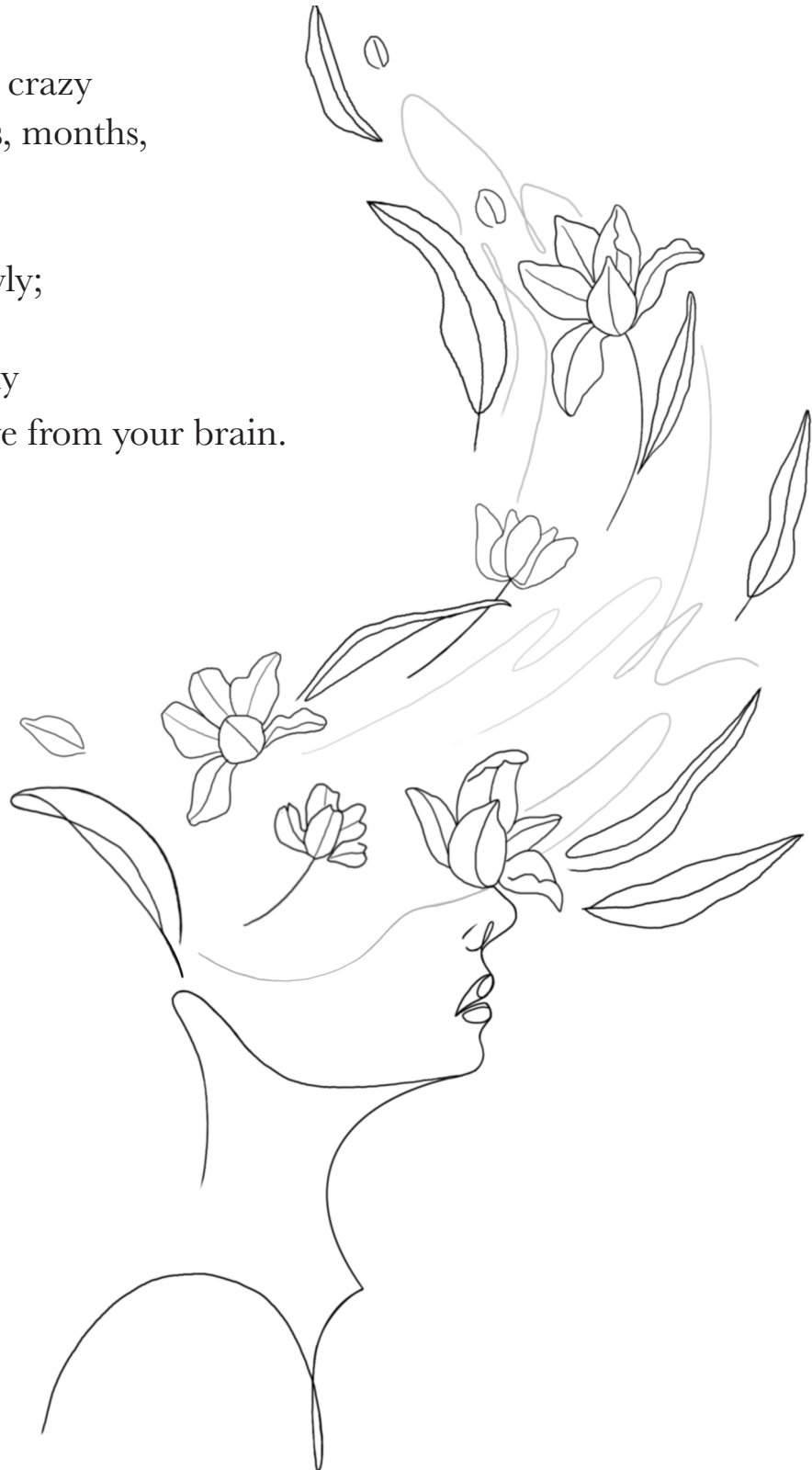
# Heavy Void

The absence,  
This unbearable silence

That makes you crazy  
And days, weeks, months,

Even years  
Are flowing slowly;

As an old melody  
You can't remove from your brain.



# Human Arrogance

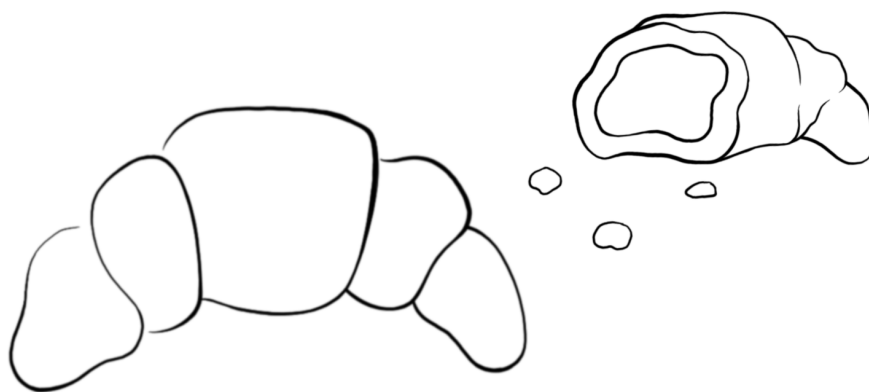
How come the waves like to follow the winds?  
How come we humans think we're more?  
How come we act to fit the role?

How come the crescent ends up croissant?  
How come the shining star's long gone?  
How come the lion resembles the Sun?

How come the lesson's not learned?  
How long have our vision's been blurred?  
How long have our memories been cured?

And our mommies, they mourn  
And our bodies, they turn  
And our babies, they learn  
And our stories, they earn  
And [...]

Our questions remain questions;  
The answer is there is no answer  
I don't know about you, but in the end,  
That's quite alright with me.





# Under The Milky Way

Here I am among the pine trees  
Just a tiny point barely visible

Here I stay before their sharp eyes  
And those shadowy mountains embrace me

In the arms of Mother Nature  
Right back where we all belong

My senses start flowing together again;

I hear the cows' bells not too far  
I see this butterfly inhaling its flower  
I smell the weeds, the wind, the world  
I feel alive for all of these reasons

And when the night covers me  
In its celestial, radiant coat

The milky way smiles of a million teeth  
Illuminating my heart and soul;

I understand this is life and nothing more.

# Talk About Silence

Silence soothes me  
When there is so much noise inside

Silence appeases me  
When the world cries and cries and cries

But there is no such thing as true silence  
When I can still hear your voice humming  
London Calling

This is the only silence I can bear,  
Whether I choose to hear, to listen or dare

Your silence is my favorite song  
And I will keep chanting it

As long as the bird talks  
And as long as the cat walks

As high as the eye goes  
And as deep as the sea flows

As loudly as my mind can be;  
And as silently as my heart will beat.

# The Full Moon Makes Me Blue

I don't know what it is, really  
What about that perfect round  
What about that flawless line,  
That turns my nights inside out

But the full Moon makes me blue

I look up through my cratered eyes  
And everything else turns unreal  
My pupils widen to form its shape  
I'm hypnotized, don't know about you

But the full Moon makes me blue

It seems so close, so lit, so full  
Of everything I aspire to be  
Maybe that is why I long for it  
To come back and make me see  
This is what I am and sure will be;

A stellar point in the galaxy,  
A changing form, a fluid orb  
Of continuous deconstruction  
Yet of constant evolution

I can only be whole for a moment  
Until I'm not, until I am

A safe space within those circles  
I have to trust their natural laws  
I have to let them do what they do;

And let my full Moon feeling blue.



# Webs And Wires

Meters and meters and meters  
Of rugged old wires  
To cable the net of my prayers

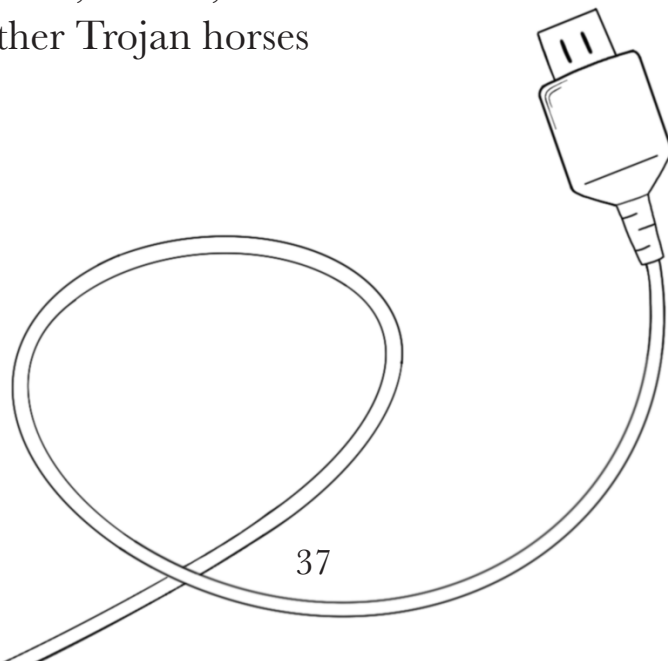
I'll keep them just in case,  
Just in case I need to  
Put them all back together

Meters and meters and meters  
Of cables, USB devices and ends  
Mouses, computers, empty screens

To match the thread of my neurons;  
The intertwined complexities  
Of my own mental web

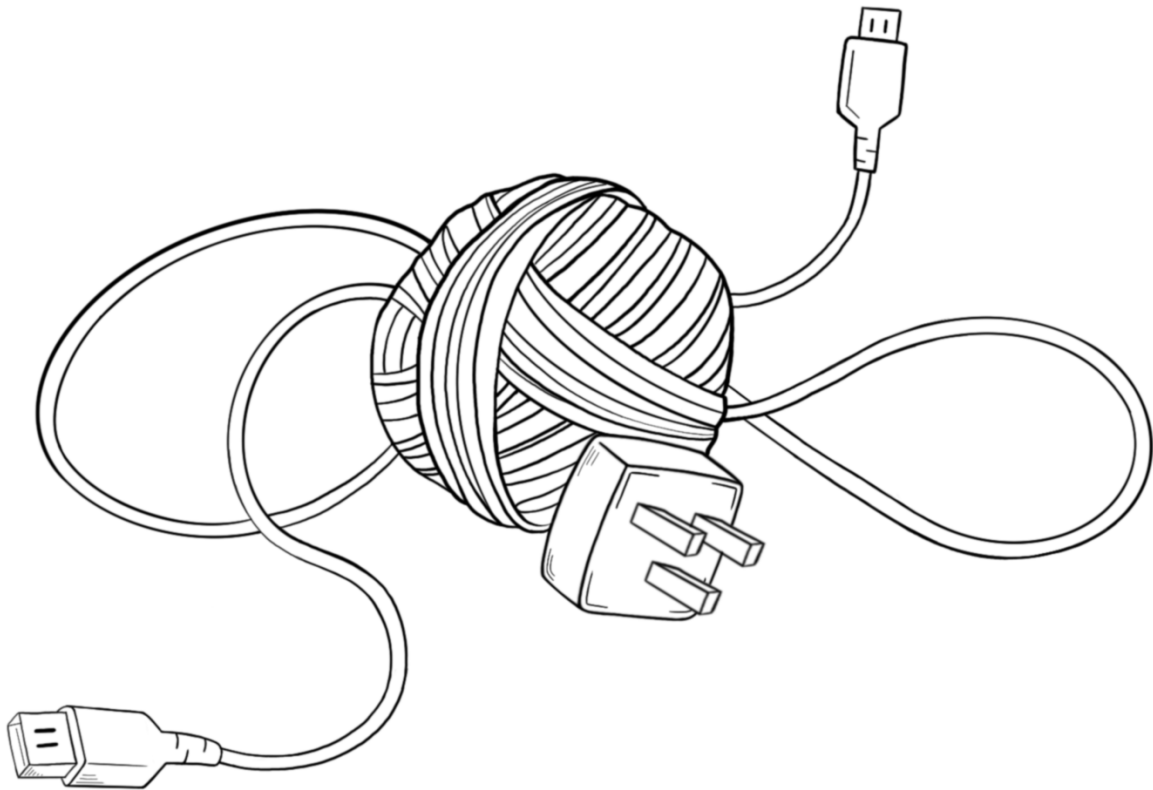
Perhaps if I can fix this thing  
I'll keep them just in case,  
Just in case I need to  
Put my thoughts back together

Meters and meters and meters  
Of rugged old wires  
Battling bugs, crashes, viruses,  
Scammers and other Trojan horses



Perhaps if I can make it alright  
If I can, just for one night  
Know that your heart beats with mine;

I would cut those sacred nets  
And burn those barbed wires  
Just in case,  
Just in case you need to.



# Brave Dreamer

Brave dreamer,  
With the Sun on your shoulder  
And a smile on your face  
But people keep telling you  
By any means,  
You have to stop dreaming

Though you are not that naive  
You lower your hat down,  
And take a turn for the knave  
To let them have the last round

You know, dreams are still hope,  
For the one who wished for some  
And dreams are still goals,  
For the one who cared for some

Sweet friend, don't forget  
How far you've come  
How much you've grown  
How big you've dreamt on

Go on, brave dreamer  
With the Sun on your shoulder  
And a smile on your face  
But please, by any means,

Do not lower the gaze  
Do not stop on caring;  
Take your wish by the hand,  
And just keep on dreaming.

# Ode To A House

Let this be my farewell to you  
Who carries the name of future;

My last way to say thank you  
For those memories, those years

You were one hell of a house,  
One blessed, old, calm, sacred house

The three-eyed wild witness to our lives  
The quiet keeper of our dreams at night

-

I will always be this child running  
Inside the doors of your homely haven

Leaving maybe a thousand times  
Only to find your peace unchanged

Though you did change, as seasons do,  
You grew strong and warm and messy,  
You can probably say the same for me

-

I know the color of your leaves  
And the smell of your autumn

I know the nature of your trees  
Where cats rule their own kingdom



I know how easy it was to love you,  
How soft and secure it was to find you

The solid sunny stones of yours  
Have seen it all,

They have seen love, pain and truth  
They have seen more than a life can tell,  
And I am glad to call you my home.



The End





# **Afterword**

Blue Moon is an ode to the natural phases of life; the circularity that lies within us as human beings, and all around us.

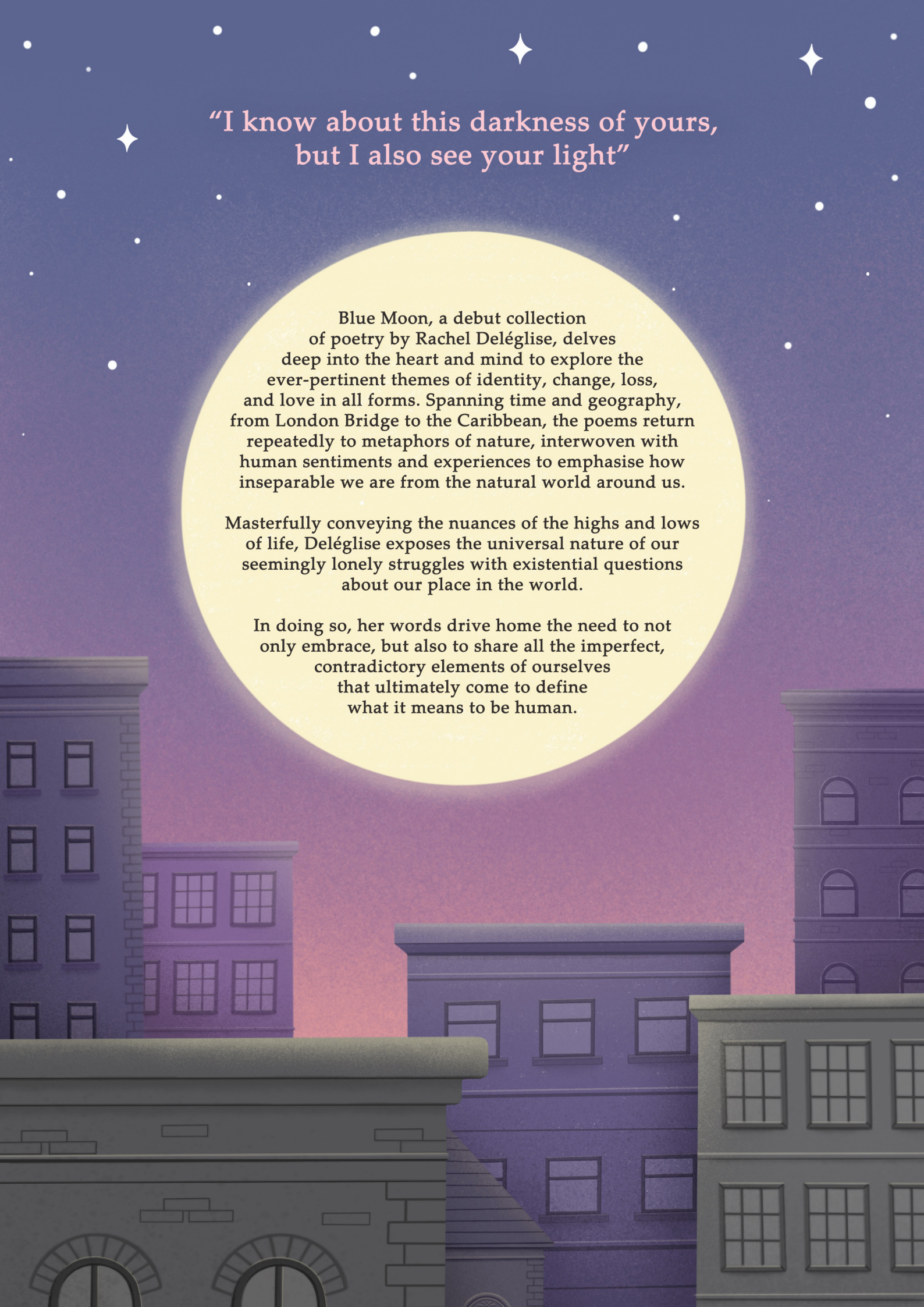
We may feel empty, full, incomplete, or about to burst. We may experience our very personal share of emotions, however changing they might be, but their universality is what links us all together, at the end of the day.

Time flies, seasons come and go, people pass away and others are born. Things change. We change. We keep moving. This marks the beauty and the elusive nature of this organized chaos we live in.

We are all part of the same Blue Moon, so let's sing along our own Ballad Under the Sun.

Rachel Deléglise





“I know about this darkness of yours,  
but I also see your light”

Blue Moon, a debut collection of poetry by Rachel Deléglise, delves deep into the heart and mind to explore the ever-pertinent themes of identity, change, loss, and love in all forms. Spanning time and geography, from London Bridge to the Caribbean, the poems return repeatedly to metaphors of nature, interwoven with human sentiments and experiences to emphasise how inseparable we are from the natural world around us.

Masterfully conveying the nuances of the highs and lows of life, Deléglise exposes the universal nature of our seemingly lonely struggles with existential questions about our place in the world.

In doing so, her words drive home the need to not only embrace, but also to share all the imperfect, contradictory elements of ourselves that ultimately come to define what it means to be human.