

# *The Blue Moon Series*

Rodger Martin

*Illustrations by*  
Chad Gowey

HOBBLEBUSH BOOKS  
*Brookline, New Hampshire*

Copyright © 2007 by Rodger Martin

Illustrations © 2007 by Chad Gowey

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission from the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

ISBN: 978-0-9760896-8-1

Composed in Adobe Garamond Pro at Hobblebush Books

Printed in the United States of America

Second printing

*Published by:*

Hobblebush Books

17-A OLD MILFORD ROAD

BROOKLINE, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03033

www.hobblebush.com

*Acknowledgments:*

Michael Hood, Linda Warren, and Eugene McCarthy for their close reading.

“For The Beautiful Math Instructor Who Said She Was Lost about Poetry” was first published in *Vox Poetica*.

“Along the Monadnock Watch” was first published in *The Lungfish Review* and *Contemporary Foreign Literature in China*.

“Wolf” first appeared in *Appalachia*.

“Full Moon Over Route 137” and “Lakota Full Moon” first appeared in *Southern New Hampshire College Journal* (now *Amoskeag*).

“Crotched Knob” first appeared on the the New Hampshire Poet Laureate website (Pat Fagnoli, current Poet Laureate), 2006; New Hampshire State Council on the Arts,

“Lyme Regis” first appeared in *Tapestries*, 2007

# Contents

- January: The Cold Moon    1  
*After the Nutcracker, Letter to Diana*
- February: The Boney Moon    2  
*For the Beautiful Math Instructor  
Who Said She Was Lost about Poetry*
- March: The Chaste Moon    3  
*View of Heath Street, Hampstead, by Night*
- April: The Meadow Moon    5  
*Lyme Regis*
- May: The Panther Moon    6  
*Alone in My Sister's House*
- June: The Dyad Moon    7  
*Along the Monadnock Watch*
- July: The Thunder Moon    10  
*Lost Avenue*
- August: The Corn Moon    11  
*Hodgen Exercise*
- September: The Wine Moon    12  
*Midnight Shadow at Pinkham Notch*

- October: The Hunter's Moon    14  
*Wolf*
- November: The Mourning Moon    16  
*Opera North*
- December: The Oak Moon    18  
*Full Moon over Route 137*
- December: The Long Night Blue Moon    21  
*The Dakota Cold Moon*
- January: The Anomalistic Moon    22  
*Crotched Knob*

# January: The Cold Moon

*After the Nutcracker, Letter to Diana*

Early darkness cops the holiday night  
in the lateness of this bus, a cocoon  
of soft green light flourishing north from the city.  
Inside, a man's daughter curls beside him in sleep.  
His arm blankets her Snow Queen, her Sugarplum.

His other hand conducts a pen that scratches  
warm distractions blended in the whine of diesel:  
*Christmas lights flash by, their hopes, their cost, their loss.*

The words string circuits, and colors leap  
from rooftop to rooftop, every chimney full with gift.  
*My thought turns to you — the only other  
who could nestle in my night cloud heart,  
round, wide as the white moon tonight.*

*But —*

*You rest distant in another's night . . .  
Were I Faust I'd become that moon —  
sparkle about your sleeping shoulders,  
a silent comfort of lace.*

*But —*

*I'm not lunar. I am man — if that —  
holding a settled child while a bus  
hurtles us deeper into the night. Still.  
This gift spreads ink, fleeces the chin  
off that fellow in the moon.  
I pray you sleep soft.*

# February: The Boney Moon

*For the Beautiful Math Instructor*

*Who Said She Was Lost about Poetry*

So I slowed my touch to count. I  
listened forty-five minutes while she explained  
exponents. “I understand,” I flirted, “but  
what’s that tiny digit perched like a wren  
on the right shoulder of the 8?”

Later, on the darkened floor of an empty lab  
while a wide moon reflected pale off blank screens,  
I found the sine of a woman who knew the — oh  
hard drive of 3s squared and cubed. Can you  
understand? Feel that exquisite slide of 2

as it nuzzles beneath a 7’s chin?

Accept the passionate embrace of 5?

Shudder with the toe-curling spasm that consumates 4?

Let’s exchange the volume of sextuple credentials  
that limit the letter, its sound, its inverted sister.

X is unknown and forever variable.

Don’t let me skulk beneath cleanliness and calculate  
like the Unmentionable Hebrew Himself.

He gave man permission to name.

Who gave man permission to count?



# October: The Hunter's Moon

## *Wolf*

In the 3 a.m. dark,  
I nuzzle you well, own my dream  
And the leafless stem of time.

In the soft breathing  
your pads become my tread.  
your smooth, worn claws  
glisten in the starlight.

From Saginaw to McKinley  
your night echo wails  
off the canyon wall.

I watch, through your dark cornea,  
the elk pick in the mist-choked swamp.

And late at moon, wolf,

when the silence of my kind  
erases the present, I taste  
from your tongue  
and feel the incisor cut  
living from the dead.