



Moon Press

Night Terrains

on archives + memory + elders

Editor's Note:

Ibrahim Hirsi // WaaberiPhone

WaaberiPhone is an organisation that champions the revival and development of Somali Arts. It has a special focus on oral histories that are easily lost between generations, through collecting poetry, songs, stories and experiences. Many of these oral forms carry indigenous knowledge and ideas that are hugely relevant to our present day. Indeed, poetry was an important tool for Somali intellectuals. From Saahid Qamaans' "Sinaan", a treatise on equality and equity to Axmed Garow Cabdulles' "Deyran iyo Abaabilan" exploring how clannism was a symptom the economic realities of that time, Somali collective intellectual history is held in our poetry.

In poetry, and beyond, there has long been a historical connection between the stars and the idea of change. The movement of the moon and stars in the night sky has been used to explain and predict shifts within people's lives. Whether through astronomical study, astrological readings, storytelling or star gazing people have always looked to the night sky as a guide or explanation for our world and worlds beyond us. Much like the night sky, elders in our communities hold knowledge and wisdom about the world that we need to reckon with.

The idea that the stars, changes in society and elders are connected came from a book I was reading while researching this issue called 'Felegmeer'. The author, Cismaan Abokar, started the book by explaining what 'felegmeer' meant, an uncommon phrase he picked from a Faarax Nuur poem from the early 20th century. Felegmeer brings together two words: Feleg [Constellations/ astrology] + Meer [wander/ movement]. In Somali pastoral culture, an art/science called Cilmi-Feleg [a mix of astrology and astronomy] is used by nomads to read the stars as a way of anticipating different seasons and years. This is how they discern if and when to move their animals to different pastures and if there will be a visible shift in the world – whether seasonally, temporally or otherwise. Abokar explained that in the poem, Faarax Nuur, used the phrase to articulate his feelings of frustration, by saying that until there is a “movement of the constellations”, changes in the night sky, there will never be real material changes in society. This book used “Felegmeer” to refer to real change, to meanrevolution, a revolution of mindset, a revolution of circumstances, a revolution that will lay the foundations for a better future. The kind of revolution that elder Somali pastoralists believed would be signposted by a movement of the constellations. Felegmeer brings together the connections between the night sky and the importance of preserving the oral knowledge of our elders, as a way to pave a path towards a different future. By examining the skies, and the past, we can begin to see patterns throughout generations which we can, and should, disrupt. This is how I arrived at Night Terrains.

Taking inspiration from the concept of 'felegmeer', Moon Press's second issue is a mediation on the past, our elders, memories and the stars as a way to intervene into dominant narratives about society. From stunning astronomical images from Unistellar that remind us of the breadth and beauty of outer space, to tender intergenerational conversations with community elders, objects in personal family archives, and poetry about lost knowledge, Night Terrains places importance on personal archives, family histories, and cultural documentation that without due preservation and respect, can easily disappear – like the stars do as dawn breaks. In making space for thoughts, art and ideas that may not always make their way into formal archives, this zine is a call for change, an act of resistance and a preservation of histories too easily forgotten, but not always lost.

www.waaberiphone.com



Contributors:

Ahmed Adam [Prontolino] -

Ahmed Adam [Prontolino] is an International Business student in Nottingham and aspiring writer/artist. Of Sudanese heritage, Ahmed became fluent in Arabic by being born and raised in the UAE. Ahmed has performed at the Birmingham Rep for a crowd of up to 300 people, in addition to winning the young translator award for efforts in helping international students settle in.

Mikael Techane -

Born in the north and raised in the south of England, Mikael Techane is an Ethiopian–Jamaican filmmaker and photographer based in Bristol. Inspired by the crossroads of identity, environment, heritage and culture, Mikael works to champion the untold stories of those around him. Embodying a holistic approach to conveying the energy of a subject, empowerment and authenticity are driving forces within his process.

Mahamoud Ibrahim “Haji”-

Mahamoud Ibrahim Jama’ “Haji” is a poet, political commentator and cultural critic. The author of “Calaf iyo Cugasho” or “Destiny and Choice” his work explores nationalism[s], colonialism, modernity and the diaspora situation. He has a BSc in Public Policy and an MSc in Development Studies, both from University of London.

Mia Maxwell -

London born and based Mia Maxwell is a fashion stylist, zine maker, and teacher. They founded creative platform and publishers FEM (@femzinelondon / FEM Press), currently teach at Ravensbourne University, and work as a freelance stylist and artist. Their work deals with issues of gender, class, disability and identity and self. They are concerned with carving safe and creative space for marginalised people, documenting and capturing our own histories and archiving our ideas, and building worlds offline.

Yahye Mohamud -

Yahye Mohamud is a London-based academic interested in Somali culture, history, and arts. Though trained in the sciences, he is now focused primarily on Somali Studies.

Ashrah Suudy -

Ashrah Suudy, is a freelance photographer, creative, and student studying Media, Journalism, and Culture at Cardiff University.

Jena Samura -

Jena Samura [she/none] is a Black queer Femme. She works as a political educator, writer and journalist. Currently, Jena mainly focuses on love and relationships under capitalism and on the effects of racism on mental health in their work. Aside from that she is interested in yoga as a healing tool and in political theater.

Sharmaarke Ali Adan -

Sharmaarke Ali Adan was born in 1996 in Gouda, Netherlands, Sharmaarke Ali Adan had passion for photography from a very young age. He pursued formal education, first at the age of 17 at Barking & Dagenham College; where he completed his diploma. He went on to graduate with a degree in Photography at University of East London. During his early days he worked with the likes of Samuel Ross at A-Cold-Wall, shot editorial for Terra Firma Magazine and most recently SS19 Collection for Bianca Saunders that was featured exclusively in the New York Times. Sharmaarke has also shot with Little Dragon & Petite Noir. In 2020 Sharmaarke was also featured at Replica magazine Issue 8 in 2020 and 2021 Sharmaarke Adan has been featured for Twin Magazine issue 24.

Ibrahim Hirsi -

Ibrahim Hirsi is a student, writer and peer researcher for the Centre for Mental Health. A digital Somali cultural archivist and independent researcher, his writings explore changes in Somali culture from colonialism until now. His work has appeared in PBLJ and he has worked as a consultant on Asmaa Jama’s interactive short film “Before We Disappear”.



Campbell king -

Campbell is a musician and writer from the East Midlands. They make work about love, the body and home.

Hibaq Osman -

Hibaq Osman is a London based Somali artist whose main focus is poetry. Hibaq was first published in 2015 by Out-Spoken Press with her debut pamphlet 'A Silence You Can Carry'. In 2017 and 2019 she released two online pamphlets in PDF form, 'the heart is a smashed bulb' and 'CARVINGS'. Her first full poetry collection 'where the memory was' was published by Jacaranda Books as a part of their #Twentyin2020 initiative. She is a proud member of OCTAVIA POETRY COLLECTIVE. Outside of her writing Hibaq is interested in communal care, sharing funny tweets and working across disciplines.

Hamza Ahmed -

Hamza or "rev" works across clothing, photography and design. *"Just tryna make a way wallahi."*

Susanna Galbraith -

Susanna Galbraith is from Belfast. Her poems have appeared in Anthropocene, Banshee, Cyphers, The Tangerine, York Literary Review, The Lonely Crowd, The Pickled Body, The Penny Dreadful and others. She won the Red Line Poetry Competition 2021 and is an editor of Abridged. @susannaalice

Unistellar -

Unistellar is the start-up behind the eVscope 2 and the eVscope eQuinox, the most powerful and simple-to-operate digital telescopes that bring the wonders of the universe to life in seconds - even in urban settings. Thanks to a partnership with the SETI Institute, these game-changing consumer telescopes allow users to become citizen scientists and contribute to cutting-edge research on exoplanet transits, asteroid occultations, comets, and much more. The Unistellar eVscope 2 received a CES 2022 Innovation Award in the Digital Imaging category. More than 5,000 digital telescopes are now operating in Europe, Japan, and North America, participating in an unprecedented observing experience. Dr Franck Marchis, senior planetary astronomer at the Carl Sagan Center of the SETI institute and co-founder of Unistellar, is on the board for Tour de Moon.

Mahamed Osman -

Mahamed Osman is an International Politics student at Brunel University. Spending his most formative years in Egypt and Kenya he is fascinated in the myriad of ways people adapt and try to survive in hostile situations. He plans to write more about his experiences in both these countries but also Somalia where he recently came back from, his first time visiting.

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#TourdeMoon

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Ahmed Adam

[Prontolinho]

Rap: Untitled



I sit on the train and stare out the window
The fields remind me of simpler times.
Sometimes,
I wonder, I ponder, on my elders trip through life
my elders state of mind.
They had it tough
segregation, racism, discrimination, they had it rough.
Despite that, they gave us everything, advice, on life, they
did it with joy and love.



They had it tough, carrying the pain of revolutions,
withstood the numerous allusions, of corrupt government
figures, lived in a time where any problem was dealt with
by the pull of a trigger, our elders.



They weld us into who we are. Tradition and heritage, their
knowledge, imperative. They helped us to
settle in this western land; they came, without a plan,
risked it all for a chance, our elders.



Held us, in their embraces, kept on brave faces
Despite oppression, obsession Is what they bred in me.
Obsession about our history, obsession about
our heritage. Feelings of Pride and Joy, joy they never
revelled in.

Or experienced to their heart's content, and as they look
at the moon, In its scintillating stillness, it's
brilliant white, reminding me of time with my grandad,
conversations we had on the terrific tiles of our
home, when life was just right.

We have to know our past in order to survive and adapt,
and as I go through life, and encounter new
environments and cultures I'm finding that, you can't just
take on and embrace; you have to, go back
and retrace your history. Have a firm grasp of your
tradition.

Tradition isn't a subject you can read on or and Pride isn't
a trait that can be instilled, those are things
that are harnessed and built, the way their acquired is by
spending time with our elders, taking in
origin stories, your ancestors' glory. on those terrific
tiles, and despite the fact you weren't there, you
have a feeling of connection to their aura, you smile in
certainty, and your head would tilt

Now I'm back on the train, my vivid thoughts, rendered. As
I enter, I can conclude no one is
undervalued and under-appreciated as much as our elders



Sister James

Conversation with Sister James (a Jamaican elder very close to my heart). Part of the “Windrush generation” who arrived here in the 60’s alongside my grandparents (on my mother’s side) and settled in Birmingham. Sister James is the closest person I have left to a grandparent and whenever I’m visiting family I go across the road to where she lives to sit and catch up. This was the resulting conversation and photos I recorded the last time I visited.

Key: – Sister James
– Me

“It was all just... We were born here, this is all we knew.”

“True.”

“Yeah, we never knew... I feel like the culture I was raised in was British. I feel like I never knew my Caribbean roots. Sometimes I feel alienated because I see other people who grew up in Jamaica, or other friends who knew their grandparents and they talk about Jamaica and going back, they talk about the culture, and with me I think...”

“Yuh jus baan here. Yuh dad parents died as well?”

“Yeah, maybe twenty/thirty years before I was born. My Dad always says I look like his Mum but I never seen her, I never knew her. It’s sad, it’s definitely something I always wished for when I was younger. I wish my mum knew more about her roots or she coulda shared more.”

“But shi baan here as well, yuh mum baan here as well so y’know. Yuh grandad an mum, wi all come from di West Indies. Wi weren’t baan here but wi were here a lang time, a lang time.”

“All dis nice video what yuh dun there an yuh mobile phone an yuh whateva, wi didn’t ave dat. Wi didn’t ave nuthin like dat. Uh-uh wi didn’t know nothin like dat. Sum of us didn’t even ave a clock tuh luk at! Only wen di sun going down, 12 o’clock wen wi stand in our shadow, yeah that’s it. But it’s nice tuh know yuh doing dis, very nice tuh know becah tuh mi yuh doing well, yuh doing very well.”

“I just wanna be able to make stuff to help people, to help my family. At the end of the day when I look at my mum now, with the eyes I have and the knowledge I have I think, wow she gave me the world.”

“Yes! Very cleva mon, they’re very cleva – shi travelled like wata [laughs].

I sey weh yuh goin now, oh shi goin somewhere. Shi guh Spain, shi guh America, my goodness I don’t know weh shi hasn’t gaan. Shi didn’t ave none of yuh yet but even afta yuh were baan shi was travelling, wasn’t she?”

“When I think about it, I remember being eight years old and she took us to Morocco in Africa and do you know how we travelled? We took a four-day coach ride across Europe into North Africa.”

“What...”

“And she took us up the Atlas Mountains and we stayed up there for a few days, then we stayed in the capital city Marrakesh and now I’m older I just think back _ how many black eight-year-old kids got to go see North Africa on a coach ride?”

“Ah tell you! Not much, not much... but y’know ah jus thank God for yuh all really, jus thank the Lord for yuh all. Mama done very well, done very well – all three of yuh, done very well.”

“Coming from di West Indies, my dear son, is something else, is something else. Yuh haven’t got nothing here, yuh don’t know anyone here wi jus come. But wi jus carry on. Last one died about... oh God, bout ten years ago but wi jus carry on.”

“I’m happy that you’re still here.”

“Mmhmm.”

It’s your heart I think.”

“Yes.”

“You have a young heart, your spirit. I think the body ages but the spirit –“

“Yes! The spirit is there.”

“I think it’s how you live your life, I had this conversation yesterday. I said to Uncle Noel, how’re you 50 and you’re lookin’ so good!“

“Praise God!“

“And he said all you need to do, no stress just eat good, live good.”

“Ave ah propah food.”

“See, when I thought about that I said to myself man I think I’m on the right track. I think it’s the same as you. There are some people that as they get older, they get stressed, they get sad, they age mentally – I think your soul never ages unless you let it. And I see you, I feel like I could be chatting to someone who’s my age cuz it’s your spirit.”

“81...”

“Phwaorr and you don’t even look it either!“

“Ah was 80 last year, August. So dis August gon ah was 81. The Lord keeping me, the Lord keeping me.”

“We’re gonna make some movies together, whilst your still young.”

“[Laughs] While I’m still here, my goodness.”

“You’ve got some energy left in you I think.”

“Ah think so, ah think so – as long as di brain working that’s all right.”

“Exactly, I think the same thing.”

“Di body not as strong cah first time ah would jus pick up mi trolley and mi bag and gon shopping. I would run upstairs, run downstairs. Now mi crawl up and mi crawl down [Laughs]! Take mi minutes to get down but I’m still going by di grace of God, yes I’m still going.”

“You’re doing good, as long as my mind is still sharp like yours.”

“Yes.”

“I see Uncle Noel and I think when I’m 50 I wanna be like him, and when I’m 80 I wanna be like you too.”

“That’s gud thinking, that’s gud thinking.”

“I’m thankful. I’m thankful to have you. I feel like if you weren’t here, I wouldn’t know any of my Caribbean elders.”



Mikael Techane

“Haji”

Haddaan dhaqanka soor iyo
Sixin iyo labeen iyo
Loo kaydin sooyaal
Saldhig weel ah loo tolin
Amaan sadarro muuqdiyo
Buug sumad leh lagu dhigin
Inuu suulo waa’u halis

Taariikhda sooca ah
Wixii sula la soo maray
Haddaan seeto lagu xidhin
Oo aan silsiladiyo
Suugaan cuddoon iyo
Siinleyda maansada
Lagu meerin sees adag
Suldaaro waa’u halis

Afkan sawraceenna ah
Sinjigiyo abkeenna ah
Sumaddeena khaaska ah
Ee sooca badhax la’ ah
Haddaan sheeko lagu sabin
Oon qalinka lagu sugin
Suus iyo xar waa’u halis.

If the culture of hospitality
Of serving ghee and yoghurt
Is not preserved as history
Not weaved the base of a basket
Not written in glistening verses
And books stamped as the exceptional
It will be in danger of being wiped out

Those important moments in history
That we have passed
If not restrained with a camel’s tether
If not fenced and enclosed
with chains of poems
And weighty literature and
In the alliterative S’ of poetry .
It is in danger of becoming a milkess camel

This Language that is our ancestor’s
Our origin and father
Our unique symbol
Our undiluted distinction
If not conveyed within placating folktales
And transcribed by the pen
It is in danger of weevils
And wood-boring worms

**Mahamoud
Ibrahim**



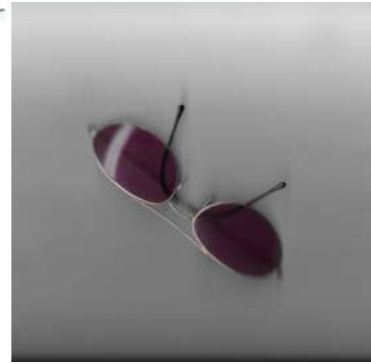


Nanny Mae - she died in 97, the year I was born



Mums dress.

Mums sunglasses - 90s Raybans. There's pics of her in these, she's singing in a band and has short hair



Mums coat
I think her mum got this for her for her 18th.



she gave me this tie and said - don't worry it's women's.



Mums belt

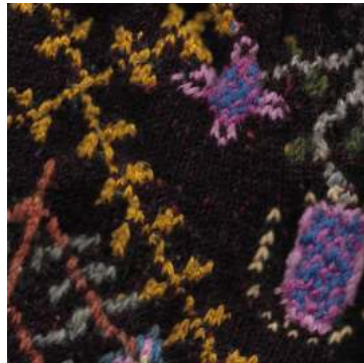
Grandma lived in Streatham. she ~~raised~~ raised ~~granma~~ granma in Battersea. They both left London eventually. I never knew them to live there. Kent and Ipswich they ended up.

Mums dress - must be 90s, maybe 00's.

She made this for a wedding she had to go to. She left the hem. The other day when she was round for my 24th birthday, she saw it in my studio. She touched the hem and said she did that on purpose coz she liked the way the fabric went.

Nanny Mae, she had one eye and tits down to her hips. That's what mum tells me. I don't remember her, got her blankets all over the house tho. Paris (the dog) sleeps with ~~her~~

Grandma's tie - a gorgeous, glamorous woman. a true style icon.



I have loads of these. she's a class knitter.



Grandma's shoes. she wore these to a wedding.



I lost this on a night out in Newcross one. I got it back a year or two later.

Mia Maxwell

things in my studio.
from four generations
of women in my family.
mum,
grandma, granma,
great nan, great grandma.

Who Remembers?

I have family who remember
The memory of the halcyon days
Of pale blue beaches, of Bar Fiat and Nationalé
Disco nights at Al-Aruba, swigging tall glasses of Coca Cola
The sizzling sounds of jazz, melting away the airless summer nights
But they also remember
Still bodies on Lido, and blood in the streets
A blown-out Al-Aruba, fun turned to fleeing
The other cacophony of gunfire, shelling and wailing

They don't want to remember

So who remembers?

I have a younger self that remembers
The memory of a lost Somalia
Lost to time, and to memory itself
Zigzags, my posse, slipping through tight, mazy alleys
Playing and playing, no start, middle, or ending
The faces are hard to see, yet happy smiles are splashed on
But I can't quite figure out
If this was my Somalia, or some other place
A beautiful Somalia lost, or just a child's dream
If it was so beautiful, why did we flee too?

I can't remember

So who remembers?

I have a friend who remembers
The memory of other memories
Who helps us all remember
The beach as pale again, Al-Aruba filled in with revellers
The disco's music ringing loud, the sound of '76 remastered
My posse may be lost, but I re-feel the squeeze in the alley
We are also helped to forget
The stillness, the blood, the blowing out,
the fleeing, the munitions, the wailing

Because the archive remembers

Yahye Mohamud





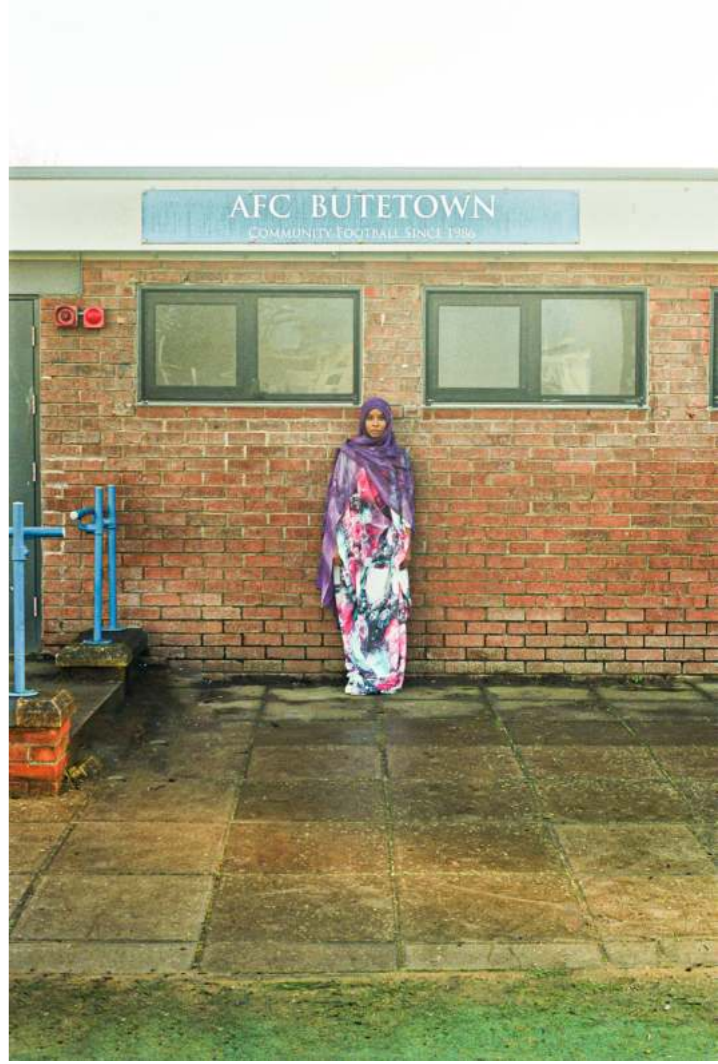
East In Colour By Ashrah Suudy



'East In Colour' is a photographic series which focusses on the Somali garment the 'Dirac' which is a long, loose-fitting dress that is worn on special occasions such as Weddings and Eid. The Dirac is widely recognised for its assortment of colours and patterns and contributes to the colourful celebration of my Somali heritage. The juxtaposition of the colourful garments against the grey skies of Butetown, Cathays, and Grange-town visualises how my Somali culture plays a powerful role in my identity, whilst being born and raised in Cardiff, Wales. The initiative in creating this series was through how misrepresented, overlooked, or completely absent my community was painted in the media. Routinely, Black and Muslim communities are seen through a narrow lens, whereas, In 'East in Colour' it was simply a celebration of my roots and images which Black Muslim girls and women were able to see themselves reflected in.

My personal work such as 'East in Colour' or projects I choose to be involved in is driven around creating art where my community can see themselves reflected in them. As well as building a space in which the authentic creative expressions of my community are completely built on.





We Collide

Jena Samura

We Collide

I wanna know
I wanna know what is hidden
what is hidden
behind layers of blur
what is hidden
beneath the soil
the soil that we planted on
we planted our seeds
to bury their deeds
over and over again
to resist domination
I wanna reveal
I wanna reveal the modes
the modes
of operation
of segregation
of deprivation
our tool: imitation
used as a means to survival

I wanna dig
I wanna dig deeper
deeper into our past
a past that holds our future
digging deeper
examining every sheet
every sheet that leads
to understanding
to understanding our histories
our histories that hold our futures
I wanna know
I wanna know what was lost
what was lost
lost in translation
making it hard to keep up with the con-
versation lost not only by muting our
voice
but by muting our soul
the soul that they tried to control
I wanna uncover
I wanna uncover where the potential lies
where the potential lies for liberation to
converge
from separation
to heal
from violation
where the potential lies for validation for
affection for joy
so that instead of we collide
we can reunite



See My Dunya



Captured guerrilla style by London photographer, the See My Dunya imagery juxtaposes the everyday and mundane - a man standing on his doorstep, young boys playing football after attending mosque, a shopkeeper tending to her goods - with hyper-stylised fashion-referencing portraits of the community's young creatives. In doing so, it questions the viewer's perception of Somalis, and invites Somalis to see how the next generation are drawing from their heritage.



Sharmaarke Ali Adan

On Children Stories, Clan and Nation Building

For Yaxye

The plectrum hits the kaban and out comes the ghosts
Dust turns red like prophecy, vibrates on string, livens
the rockish air

"We once had an everything that was a nothing, but
now we just have nothing", that's the vertebrae of our
lullabies
memories drag us, drunkenly, to the precipice

Yaxyoow, begin with how we were so vacant we tried
to eat
that constellation, become bloated on satellites and
grass yet were left with nothing in our hands but a
stony tail

I think of Hypocrisy and her softness, the lengths she
went to defend family
How vindictive! there wasn't a single lineage left un-
sullied

They hung him in the night sky, left him naked with a
sword in his hand
that is a punishment that deters, sing to us softly of
punishments that deter

Tomorrow, whilst thunder, lighting and whips culminate
into an avenging fate
we will sit discussing nation building and its resounding
soundtrack, far away from the waves

And what about the man who beat his mother, Yaxye,
sing to
them about how he was castrated, branded how they
turned transgressor into goat and clay

Every man is his sultan, yet there are only a handful of
warlords?
We are away from the competitions for the moon so at
least let there be a tangible change

Recite to them, brother, about the Lion who knew his
strength, and the
subjects who had to choose between wasting away
and being beaten to death

we split ourselves till there was nothing but gristle
my poor she camel, she is nothing but gristle

Let us compose, about how we live off of renouncing
how we
have packed up Samaale, are travelling to renounce the
renouncers.

Ibrahim Hirsi



Steel Boys

When you hear the noise of the Corby Town boys
We'll be coming down the road

We are the Steelmen
The super steelmen
We're only happy
When skies are grey
We're always stealing
Or else we're dealing
We're guna take your hubcaps away

I'm made of steel
I breathe it in
And sip it down
Steel is a beginning
An ending, a town
Steel is a house
A park
A home
Steel is knowing that you ain't alone

Steel is food on plates
And warm in bellies
And water in tanks
And leccy and teles

It's black hills
And white vans
Steel is every time i fall down
And don't shatter
Steel is when you drown it don't matter

My grampa told me that the Steelman statue in the town centre was him
I remember feeling like it was me too
It's everyone who made the steel
And it's all the things the steel made

My other grampa got sacked from the works for drinking
I remember feeling like that was me too
It's me when i'm sinking
it's getting drunk to stop me thinking

They are me and I am them
Not born boy but born steelmen

I remember my Granny saying she'd fuck anyone up for her kids
I remember every single kind thing my mum did
I remember every funny thing my uncle said
I remember football with dad
I remember nan's shed

I remember all the shit they went through

Scotch pie, Irn Bru, come on Corby give us two

Campbell King



First and Last Calls to Salah

Hibaq Osman

Seated with knees on chins
we collectively count the memories
on the creases of fingers,
keeping to odd numbers / the end of prayer

Everybody's story begins
with ayeeyo reciting into our ears
the first sound we heard, the first concept of home
soft oil to ease our entry

Remembrance is a blood vessel cut open
splattering on daily life,
we will forget all we knew
just to be forced to reconcile

We were bad kids once
pulled by earlobe, tree bark to the knuckle
nights we snuck out and
the darkness we let in

Hear her voice still:
"let my babies run"
"let them know the world"
"nafta ha ku xiiqin"

This is what we found
when she was gone:
a life of touching, the power of palms,
spirits shifting to make room

So we, in groups of threes
sing every quote of hers
as if to remember together,
is to remember better





**Fish for the moon
in the water**

Hamza Ahmed



Heard about the guy who fell off a skyscraper? On his way down past each floor, he kept saying to reassure himself: So far so good... so far so good... so far so good. How you fall doesn't matter. It's how you land!



**between
two stars
a caterpillar
eats time
like an apple.**

**Susanna
Galbraith**

it is only hunger, impatient
for what comes after hunger,
for what hunger is hiding.
it would eat the moon for history,
iron hint bitten to chalky
honesty, to months, days,
seconds, dust, light.

desire's wet bonecrack
snaps and cools the quiet.
evening's spun your mother up
in gold. she is asleep and slowly
falling. a glass-half-full tipped
between her fingers doesn't
quite spill what it holds.

held in borrowed light,
a shoulder, elbow, thigh are still –
the attics of body where grief's
bone-conjunctions are carried
full-term, the hinge of heartbeat,
as mussel-socket mothering pearl,
creaking in the vacuum.

you will forget yourself
by eyelid, but you will wake-
up backpacking the puddled
black ballooning behind your skull.
you'll never see it, but you know
the eyes are in the shadows as
loss glows a white fever.

your mother's moon head
slots into the forgotten, too like
a coin slipped from your finger-
tips down the throat of a drain.
chewing is always a dark act –
hope crushed damp in a pocket,
lost shells blindly fumbled

again, and then again.
you will forget yourself, blink,
you're colder than you remember,
a name written where your neck
branches the marble of your mind
that you can't read – you feel it.
the sound of a clock

somewhere behind you
a city's sky mauve as organs –
so chewable. the moon is buried
in your jaw long before you are born
beneath the wounded ritual of flesh
its first bite will rise through, all
the first quarter of your life

a startled baby tooth
nipped into night is not hunger
but a symptom of hunger. the moon is
a photograph, is only where the light
spilled, stopped like snow. a page flakes
from the bureau, taps the floor,
an emptied rustle, chrysalis

Unistellar is the start-up behind the eVscope 2 and the eVscope eQuinox, the most powerful and simple-to-operate digital telescopes that bring the wonders of the universe to life in seconds - even in urban settings. Thanks to a partnership with the SETI Institute, these game-changing consumer telescopes allow users to become citizen scientists and contribute to cutting-edge research on exoplanet transits, asteroid occultations, comets, and much more.

The Unistellar eVscope 2 received a CES 2022 Innovation Award in the Digital Imaging category. More than 5,000 digital telescopes are now operating in Europe, Japan, and North America, participating in an unprecedented observing experience. These stunning images were kindly shared with Moon Press from Unistellar's eVscope.

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Growing up I was fascinated by my mother's stories of her childhood , the stories she joyfully told of her hometown , neighbours , friends and loved ones . These words that my mother assembled in her stories aren't rehearsed or read from a script , its taken from Mogadishu's bright dawn skies , its colourful courtyards buzzing with sounds of dough being kneaded rhythmically and the grandmothers calling their children to eat . My mother left the city of Mogadishu regretfully , tormented and distressed by the feeling that she was saying goodbye to her loved ones forever , most importantly her grandparents with whom she had found wisdom , courage and comfort. It was the stories of her grandparents , and her nostalgia of Mogadishu that would chide her from falling into despair and relive the happiness of her youth and assuaging the anxieties and sorrow caused by leaving her loved ones . I have always wondered if I would be able to forge links with the same people she loved and cherished, the city which birthed her imaginations and the elderly whose wisdom and love she sought and their comfort and calmness she craved. Here I was 19 years later in the streets of Mogadishu, treading into my mother's childhood, walking through her neighbourhood .I found myself sat in my grandparents courtyard , listening intently to every word my grandmother uttered . My grandparents presence offered a sense of calmness , their delicate touch made me feel welcomed and loved , throughout the night they sang my mothers praises under great clouds of incense. They laughed , smiled and even through recalling turbulent times a grim smile could be found on my grandmothers face , she recited poetry with love that propels one to reflect .

I listened as she recalled my mothers first steps , the days she spent with her at the market , I listened as they recalled the day she left the city and her elders behind. My grandmother's stories , like my mother's , forces you to contemplate on your life . I realised my mother and grandparents shared the same commiserations but they chose to remember and cherish the memories that would relieve their sorrows . It's hard to replicate feelings I've experienced in Mogadishu, the city and my grandparents are a gift that invites reciprocal love. I await the return to Mogadishu , to my grandparents courtyard , to the bright dawn skies , to rekindle feelings I've desperately tried to replicate

Mahamed Osman



Moon Press calls us to reimagine our relationship to the moon. How does imagining the Moon as a new world give us space to consider culture, the environment, publishing, art, community, and politics in different ways?

Moon Press is an intervention into publishing, creating space for underrepresented writers, thinkers, and artists to speak to a larger audience and draw connections between the environment, humans, and outer space. As a printed and online publication, Moon Press releases issues every month in line with each full moon.

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We are looking for artists, writers, and guest editors for paid opportunities to make Moon Press content.

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