

SHATTERING GLASS

CONNOR COYNE

Single #1
Dunya and the
Man in the Moon

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DUNYA and the MAN IN THE MOON

Connor Coyne



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Hi There!

Thank you for reading this short excerpt from my novel *Shattering Glass*.

B-Sides for this single are available here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassnovel>

A video is here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassvideo1>

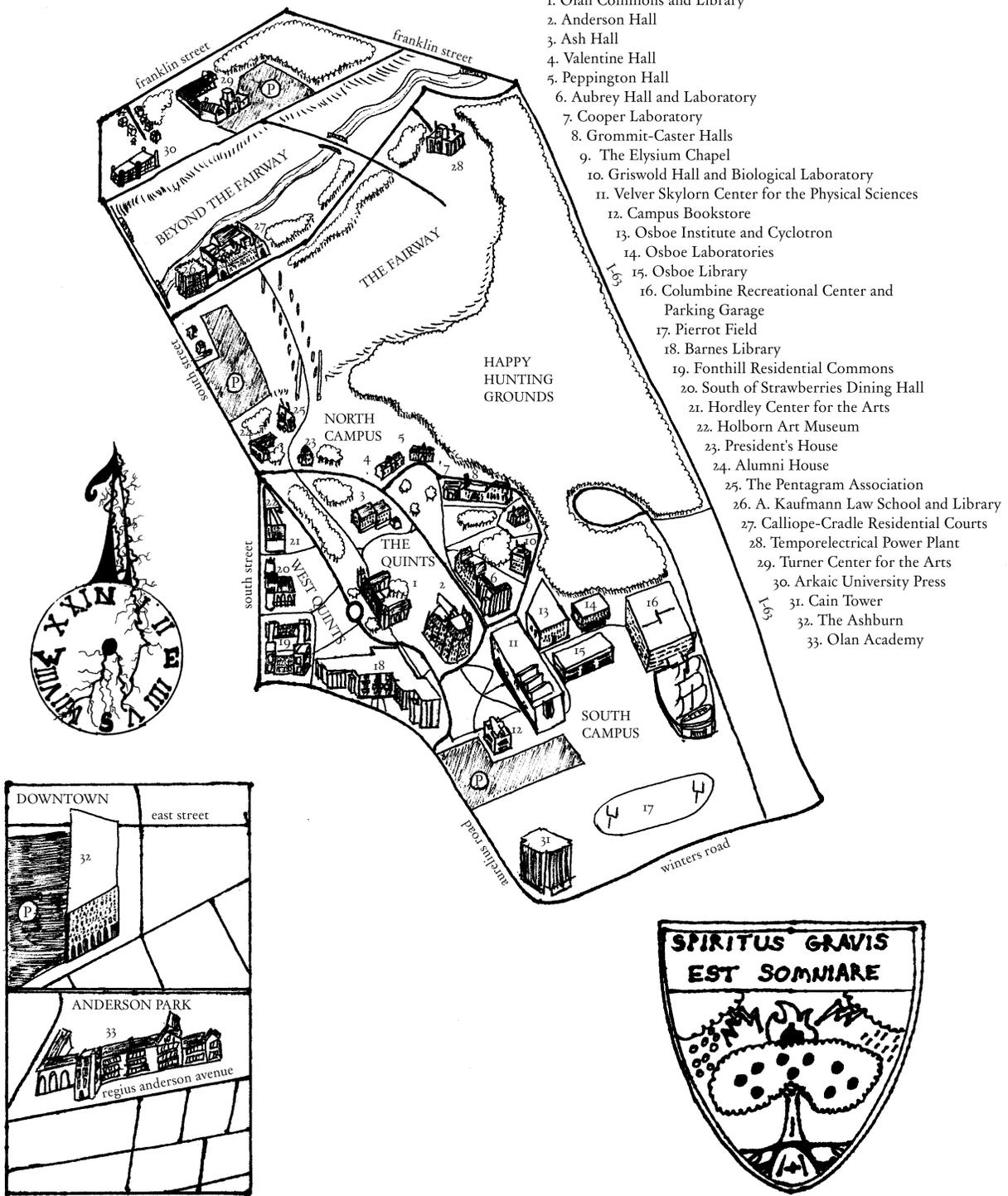
Shattering Glass is a serial novel published for the Amazon Kindle in eight installments for 99 cents each. A complete electronic version will be available in late 2012, followed by a print edition.

You can purchase the first installment here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglass>

You can learn more about the novel here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassnovel>

ARKAIC UNIVERSITY

ARKAIC, MICHIGAN



DUNYA AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

**In despair over her lack of financial aid,
Dunya flees the university
in search of a place of refuge and comfort.**

Let's talk details. The man in the moon is a grimacing leper when you look at him the right way. *Isn't this state supposed to be smoke free?* Then why does the smoke hang in the air and remind Dunya of her dad's poker games back home. Well, what does she expect, a reprieve from the Michiganness of this place, this city?

Let's talk plot. She enters the Atlantis at 10:11 PM and leaves at midnight sharp. She drinks four cups of coffee.

Let's talk perspective.

“What is going to happen to me?” Dunya asks.

She sits beneath her own set of rotating blades, air slicers, dull luminous glow balls.

“Why do I even try?”

Her very own ceiling fan.

“What is it even? What about those stars? Could I see them? Are they out there?”

She splits a couple blinds open with her index and middle fingers, sees the stars, sees the moon, and wonders, and so what force that probes the field of a woman's heart, teasing sweat, faint heat, dimming eyes, swaying in the seat, in the booth, as if a fever, an ache, an itch to be scratched behind her navel or between her lips... *this man... the man in the moon... he's beautiful, what, with his soothing silent wail and all.*

“I worry about you,” he says. “I worry about the world and I worry about you.”

“Why do you worry about me?”

“I worry about you until I cry.”

“Why?”

“You've touched the ocean, but have you touched the Great Lakes? They are broad and strange to human eyes, but their waters are stiller than you'll expect. They freeze in the winter. They're cool all summer long, and they get warm in the early autumn sunsets. They respond as the oceans do not. Clear water. Sand and stones. But I've never gotten to feel such things. Lake water never lay across my surface. Just pimples and sores. Have you touched them?”

“Touching is dangerous.”

“But have you?”

“What if it's contagious?”

“Answer the question.”

“Don't talk all condescending to me. Don't you dare.”

“I spend all day every day just wishing for a drop, and I don't even see it.”

So she asks the question: “What about that moon?” It's hard for her to answer since she hasn't answered the question about the stars yet.

“Another cup of coffee, please?”

...

“Thank you.”

...

“You're mad,” she says. “Are you mad at me? What's wrong?”

“Sand in my eyes.”

“Ha. So you do know about beaches.”

“Not beaches. Sand. But not water.”

“What about tears?”

“I don't know about them either.”

“You could tell me about sand and stars, though.”

“Not stars. Not likely.”

“Then what is the rough stuff at the bottom of the lake?”

“I'm not sure. I really don't know, but you are in a coney island, not a lost city. Not a treasure at the bottom of some big lake.”

“I need you.”

“Who said that?”

Let's talk conjugation.

“What do you think of those stars?” asks the cashier.

“What are they?”

“What are or will be stars?”

“What had been stars?”

“What is the being of stars?”

“Be a star!”

“How can I? I can't even describe it.”

“How can't you be is the question?”

“Who said that?”

“Who are you? Who am I?”

“I'm the man in the moon.”

“I'm a girl – a woman – who looks at the moon.”

“Or vice versa?”

“Maybe.”

“Well, we're both pretty young and fast, at least as far as this universe goes. But I'm older. I've swung down this orbit millions of times and I've slowed that old blue stone through the years.”

“Ha! And I've been alive for nineteen years.”

“We are complete opposites.”

“No we aren't.”

“How would you know? You're so young. So ignorant. All fat from water. You haven't even lived

“It's okay. Don't worry.”

Whishwhishwhish.

“Do you know where the moon is?”

Whishwhishwhishwhishwhishwhishwhishwhishwhish.

“I know, it's because the Earth has turned. I turn too. Turn my back on you and look for the moon. I love him. I love him. I love him. I love him.”

Let's talk.

What about those stars?

“I don't know,” Dunya says, “but thanks for talking with me for a while.”

The cashier smiles. “No problem.”

“I didn't catch your name.”

“Chris,” he says.

“And you are —”

“Just a guy.”

“And this is —”

“Just a place to be. To hide out sometimes.”

Dunya nods, dazed, sleepy, but roses burst in her chest. It aches too much. Running water. Howling faces. Far away from home. Which home? Whatever home. Her head crowds with caffeine.

“Thanks,” she says.

She heads toward the door.

“One last question,” he says.

“What is it?”

“Where are you from?”

Now she could answer “Arkaic University,” or she could answer “Richmond, California,” but these don't feel like honest answers.

“Oh,” she says, “nowhere really. Just under that ceiling fan. That's all.”

**And so, she returned to campus,
tired and confused,
but comforted nevertheless.**

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