

5-1-2001

## Fan of Moon (Part Two)

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### Recommended Citation

Brzhosnevskiy, Julia (2001) "Fan of Moon (Part Two)," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 8 , Article 58.  
Available at: [https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag/vol8/iss1/58](https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol8/iss1/58)

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## Fan of Moon

(Part Two)

*Julia Brzhosnevskiy*

Suddenly, I catch sight of its glimmer reflecting through the glass. It's a cold day. I wish that Jeremy would let me open the windows. (We live in a tall building and he is afraid of heights. Opening the windows means getting closer to the street below.) Oooow! I try to paw at the window like a wolf. I look more like a cat trying to catch a fly. Jeremy chuckles. "You really are crazy, Nancy," he sighs and turns back to his desk.

I am tired. I crawl on the floor towards him and pretend to bite his shoulder, then his neck. "Good night, honey," I call out as I leave the room on my hands and knees. "Stop fooling around!" he mumbles like a dutiful father, already engulfed in his work.

Another month of anticipation. I must wait for at least a month, hoping that the moon will turn the same dark, menacing shade. Then I can howl again. Maybe, I think as I climb into bed, maybe by then he'll understand. Maybe.

Just when I want it to pass by quickly, time restricts itself to precise movements of arrows. Three times I glance hesitantly at the sky, turn back in disappointment and walk away from the window scowling at my husband. He still doesn't understand. He doesn't feel the magic, the mystery, the closeness, the pull, the transformation, the spirit of my orange disk. All his scientific eyes see is the moon that he once, straining to sound poetic, compared to a huge aspirin. It wasn't the "right moon," I explained. But he did not understand.

*(to be continued...)*