

Selene and Book
Tuesday, 2017/04/11

Selene's basin in the Sea of Tranquility was home to three cats and a dog. Selene, herself, as she thought of her spacious home, was connected to the city grid. Her closest friend, Book, was five hundred meters west of her. They had each come to the moon as children, and had lived there their entire adult lives. Book had forty five years, and Selene had fifty one years. They were lovers, once, when they were twenty years of age. But when the novelty wore off, they decided to be friends. It was not easy, remaining friends, when others saw how close they were and envied the relationship. They had decided, together, that this was not the worst thing in the world because it showed them something of others. Their own connection was far too valuable to interfere with.

Selene woke and windows opened to flood her bedroom with sunlight filtered for color and content. Unlike a planet with an atmosphere, Earth's moon provided no radiation protection. The automated structure provided lunar inhabitants with luxurious lighting control. Lunar window technology provided shade when the sun was up, and artificial sun when the lunar rotation was dark.

Selene was first greeted by Maria, as always, who ran into the bed when her windows opened. The cat purred as Selene stroked her back. Her tablet blinked with the day's news and messages. She rose from the bed and picked up her bathrobe to make coffee.

The central room was covered with a transparent dome, well over head, and under which grew trees and flowers that filled the room with fresh air. This was the

main hang out for the animals, who had learned how to gesture for their own lighting preferences. That is, the cats saw that the dog, Charlie, could control the lights, and it seemed clear enough that Charlie was content to accomodate them.

Book was an early riser. She rarely slept more than six or eight hours, while Selene rarely slept less than ten or twelve hours. Book enjoyed working, and Selene enjoyed reading. As usual, she had sent Selene copies of whatever had popped up that morning from her friends, and the two of them would discuss it once Selene could get her brain moving again. Book's brain was always moving. It was working while she slept and it was working when she woke. The only time it wasn't working was when she was speaking with someone, and for this gift of conscience she credited Selene.

Book was working on some engineering that applied some physics she had recently worked out when Selene's first message came to her. She burst out laughing when she read Selene's comment. Selene was a potent writer, and could turn a phrase instantaneously. Book so loved her for this that she sometimes wondered what power she possessed over her. Book's response was half the wit and twice the sincerity. It was, effectively, love making. With each other, they could hardly find time in their lives for anyone else. They still lamented their inability to maintain a sexual relationship.

Selene took another sip of coffee while Maria slept under her tablet. The bed was her refuge while she found her way into her day. The big question of each was

whether she was going out, or staying in. The discovery came gradually, and occasionally ensnared Book.

This day was feeling homey. She would spend most of it in bed. A beduin. When she finished her flirtations with Book, she found the next page waiting within reach. It was energetic and vibrant and took her into the lives of people she knew, here on the moon. She had not spoken to them in some time, but was starting to wonder what response the text might evoke. Perhaps another book of her own.

Selene read Harry's book in three days. She was not a fast reader, but spent each day with the care of a writer. It had touched something in her. Life on the moon had evolved into a sense of humanity that escaped the description of its inhabitants. Harry and Pearl had published a work of fact and fiction that defied capture but resonated with truth. It had given her pause, and in her reflection some evolution of awareness. She could only wonder what would come out of it.

Selene's course of life had changed, and in that a conscious moment of course. She reached out to Book and they emerged from a separation of some days to meet in the city and spend time among others, as people do. She spoke to Book of the effort of Harry and Pearl, and read a few pieces to illuminate. Book knew well her sense of it. She was walking through the moment in consciousness. That her effective life partner was named Book, and that she wrote Books, and that Book was included in her Books was sometimes an unbearable coincidence for others. For Selene it lead to a bit of confused humor at points of conceit.

Book's mind was turned to the arts of communication long ago. It was a continuous and vital link to Selene, that she could pursue her interest in physics and engineering and depend on Selene to fulfill her need for a life of art. That art met metaphysics was a well known fact, generally. One's adaptation to art exported one's familiarity with macrometaphysics. And like any other principal dimension of education, improved the quality of life.