

## What is Time

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What is time?

A Clock,

A minute or second-hand's click,

The tic-toc visual and audible...

Jerking round and round, or

A thought weighing, balancing, measuring of  
movement, or lack thereof, sailing through space and time...

A millstone in life.

Time passes, whatever it be.

We remember the Last,

Remember the past,

Look forward to the future that doesn't exist.

Suspended animation—non-motion—stopped in time.

Is Time the representation of hodgepodge names describing

Today, tomorrow, yesterday, day-before or after, the other-day, or day after tomorrow?

Is Time a fortnight or a moment, an instant memory of Now,

A dream, or wishful thought to be?

Is Time a season, or

scale to measured years, by decades, generations, centuries, eons past;

or broken into immeasurable milliseconds, or in-fathomable nanoseconds?

Is Time a lifespan, or accomplishments thereof, therefore or whereas?

How great must that deed be to merit worthiness as time immortal...

or anytime whatsoever?

Must a life's efforts be remembered past others who once lived and no one knows,?

Or somehow smear the universe, galaxies-galore, solar systems, or infinite worlds

Where others may live, yet care not at all, with shoulder-less shrugs and toothless yawns In  
mouthless faces, eons before our dawn?

Life...Time...are they apart or together? Do they meet by chance, destiny, fate, or design? or

Infect each other by their very existence? Is it enough for a life to exist in solitaire on  
mind's Island of ignorance or want—could such influence the abyss by reminiscing of  
good-times alone...or cause the cosmos to pause or ponder?

Does Life allow awareness to exist, adrift on the void with all things, in a vessel without

Definition, awareness, soulless, will cease to be—a timeless imploding black hole of  
destruction?