

How To Tell Time

by Adam Palumbo

Time is an animal, driven by instinct alone. He is no tame thing. You cannot say anything to him to make him love you.

Time is a tide, an inconstant constant. Coming and going as he pleases. It is said the urge toward form leads us closer to God, but he cannot be formed. Time takes no shape, moves according to his own rhythm. It is no rhythm at all, but an entropy dictated to us, ours to decipher.

Argue with him though you may, you will never tell time anything he doesn't already know. He has everything but he pulls still more with him into spaces unknown. Its strange truly, how it all works, how a moment can only come once but gives its slant to everything after. Don't bother fighting it.

You can't smell him or see him but you know he's always there. Always has been. You can feel him and he can feel you. He is already a real thing, even though he is a puff of smoke. He lives in the air and in the trees— pulsing, pushing, killing. You can't forget him, so stop trying to.

Time has no master, except his own momentous weight. Which must keep going.

