



Paper Mill Press

Time

Rebecca McCarthy

When I sit still, Time chases me,
Breathing hot, sticky condensation onto the back of my neck, raising my flushed skin,
Grasping at my clothing and reaching for my organs with short stubs of fingers,
Hissing that “all will die. All will end.”
“I will die. My life will end.”
In my eternal attempt to escape,
Life seems fleeting.
How can I live all the lives there are to live, with Time propelling me to where it thinks I should go?
A panicking Time forces me into the simplest choices, the safest life.
With such short time, Time tells me there is no space for mistakes or for living outside of The Box.

But now,
Now I move! I walk, run, skip, jump, dance! All of my own accord, my own free will.
As I walk in my own path at my own pace, time is left behind.
Time can only follow if I pay Its existence heed and listen to Its curt, fearful warnings.
Here.
Here, time stretches out like the Endless ocean’s ripples reflected by the Endless sky.
The Past, Present, and Future curl and nestle into each other like a toddler to its loving parent in the early hours of the mildewed sunrise.
Time exists around me, leaving me to exist as an eternal part of the Earth.
By escaping Time, by leaving Time lost behind me,
I have allowed myself to become infinite.

Untitle
Maria M

