

Time As a Linear Device  
by Colby Fox

Oh, yes. I could have been here on time.  
But consider how active the mind becomes  
When one has lost his keys, lost his car, lost his place in everything  
That makes him just like everybody else.

Think of the vast capabilities his mind assumes  
In those times of abstract thought.  
How he must rearrange his mental patterns from the routine  
To sort out the more complex agendas  
Of the next five, ten, fifteen minutes in which  
He hopes to find that one solid article  
Which will get him where he needs to be  
When he needs to be there.

Couldn't a mind in such a state be put to better use?  
Were he to look upon a messy living room  
Where his keys might be,  
He could find an infinite number of ways to reposition the sofa  
So that it creates a more harmonious  
Living space for everyone in the house.

Could he not come up with just the right thing to say  
To that beautiful waitress who works the outside patio tables  
At the place a few blocks away? Yes, her.  
The one with the clogs and the Lisa Loeb horn-rimmed glasses  
Who smiles at him each afternoon on his way home.

If he perused the library all morning, could he not find those particular books,  
Which would contain just the right words on just the right pages,  
That would instill in him the knowledge, and the faculties for carrying out  
A new discipline that, after a time, could bring about the end of war, and hunger  
And disease, and would produce a means for the survival of the planet?

I realize that in terms of time as a linear device, I am late,  
And we could discuss the reasons for this all day.  
But it's Friday, and I'm here now, and I brought sandwiches.