

Clock

By Jeffery Greb

My face looks at yours as my hands sweep in their perfect motion. From my lofty station, I see your expression of disappointment time and again whenever you read the position of my hands. Wherefore this displeasure?

When you look at me and my hands lag from where you think they should be, it upsets you. When you look at me and my hands are farther along the dial than you think they should be, it upsets you. I am simply a chronicler of time; I do not create it. I demarcate its inexorable passage; I do not influence it. I know you understand these things, but you blame time for its existence and me for reporting its flow.

If I could voice these thoughts to you, I would ask you to stop your apparent obsession with time's march. I would ask you to live in the present moment. I would ask you to be happy in the three dimensions in which you move so comfortably and stop fixating on the fourth. I would ask you, if not from your existence, from whence does your happiness come?

But I can't ask you these things, nor can I turn away from your dissatisfaction. Only you can do that.