

**A MUSE:
THINGS TO THINK ABOUT**

VOLUME 1



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Time is one construct that gives us bearing on our existence. It helps us keep track of events in an organized manner. It helps us to gauge how long we have to accomplish goals in life. It gives us a sense of the space we will occupy in the universe. One day, there may be a discovery that allows us to manipulate the time variable to our advantage. Who knows, a privileged few may already be privy to this. But for the rest of us, we must make every second count, because the seconds cannot be relived or altered. While you have a little time on your hands, take a moment to explore themes of time in this short work of original poems and sayings.

Enjoy,

C. Ishi Ayetoro

In the **beginning**
There was no **time**
No reason to **pause**,
fast forward,
or **rewind**
Now, we move at hurried **pace**
Caught up in the **human race**
As we seek to **touch** and **taste**
Success before our lives **erase**

Take the **time** to tip the **taylor** that tidies your **attire**?

Time flows in a constant **stream**
Going **forward** it will **bring**
Endless **opportunity**
Follow it with **scrutiny**

Infinity
A **loop** or a **line**?
An endless **stretch**
Or **circle** of time?
A **beginning** without **end**
Or always **existing**?
Like mirror to mirror,
A constant **repeating**

Pick any **day**. A **minute**, or an **hour**. In that **space**, you will have **transformed**. Your being **before** now different from the **after**. Just like that, a **change** has occurred. An **evolution** in process.

There is no other **teacher** as effective as **time**. **Seeds** planted, being well **lit** and **watered**, experience **growth**; the end result, a **tree**, bloomed, blossomed, and bearing **fruit**. If only we knew this at the **start**.

In my **present**, I reach back in my **past**, to my collection of
marble **memories**.

I **marvel** at each one, at the vivid **colors** contained within.

The tiny spheres, show glimpses of my **future**, that takes
shape as colors **morph** and **blend**.

But being a mixed bag, it's no telling which **future** will reveal
itself in the **end**.

I pull a marble out, and put it into **play**, just to see what
adventure it will lend.

With **Time** to **kill**, I took up the **knife**
I **stabbed** him with no **relent**,
Not considering his **immortality**
He **laughed** at me, as I stabbed until my own life was **spent**.
Oh, the **irony**...

Upon reaching a good old **age**, Deven **crossed** over...
And entering another **realm**, she was **approached** by Spirit.

Spirit posed the **question**,

"Are you **satisfied** with the life you have lived?"

Deven answered, "I would be, if I only had more **time**."

Spirit replied, "With 2,524,521,600 **seconds**, you never dared to **dream**? With 701,256 **hours**, you never made **love** to another? With 29,219 **days**, you never **traveled** the world? In 80 **years**, you never fulfilled a heart's **desire**?"

With new perspective, Deven realized her **waste**. She **vowed** to make up for this in her **next life**, but being under the **veil** of **forgetfulness** with each incarnation, she would **lose** this new perspective, and was **doomed** to repeat her waste **indefinitely**.

Wrong **time**
Wrong **space**
Wrong **line**
Wrong **race**
It's fine
In **haste**
I'll find
My **place**
So that
I can
Promptly
Save face

The End.