

Watching Time Run On Without Me

I don't want to walk in my own footsteps anymore.

A fog I could never see before has lifted, and now I see where these footsteps lead: nowhere.

I know now—as disturbing as is all such insight—that along this line through my life...the future is the past, and I've already been to both of these places.

Even so, I can sense, distinctly—as if all around me—that I am caught in the rush of time to come. It almost feels like a riptide: inexorable, pulling and pushing on me at the same time, so much so that it takes all of my effort, all of my attention, just to hold my ground.

And yet, for a moment or two...I am.

I am...no longer half a man whose half a life is laid out for him along pre-calculated lines of time.

I am here, no longer being carried off...to there.

Perhaps I will linger here for a while, holding my ground, and—as best I can—watch time run on without me.

— Guy Finley