

A Question of Time: The Anxiety

Correlation does not equal causation
as any good researcher can tell you.
They are both just things that happen
to happen one after the other
like taking a step
and then another
a slow, steady
march on the sands
click of the hands
of time.

All the things I think about
on my walking meditations
are gone in a flash when I come home
to write them down.

Perhaps that's the point?

I think to myself:

My life will be better when
I get new and more comfortable pants,
my time is my own,
the weather improves and my world is warm again,
I go someplace sunny,
I finally begin writing.

Happiness equals the acceptance of one's position
as any good Buddhist can tell you.
But, what if I am not happy?
What is possible? What is impossible?

Time = money = time
well spent.

My inquiry into
place time space time
language space time language
is ever confused by cross-articulations and purposes—
the limitations of this language in this space and the time
I have to express it all.

But I think in fragments so my thinking is fragmented
torn into pieces or broken into small
ill-shapen shards.
There is no honing or pruning or (what did she call it?) polishing of this memoir;
it is coming out of me like blood
from a fresh wound
a flesh wound
dripping into the sink
winding down
the drain and out into
the world:

Are we there yet?

Heidegger's Being and Time in 41 Words: A Consolation

We are
at once
the story of our Past
Being
told in the Present
Being about
the possibilities of our
Future Being that
are only
because of what is presently
a story of having been
before
always Being
until
we die.