

IT'S ABOUT TIME
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There will probably continue to be some reverberations from my recent intensive at the monastery, so please bear with me. Here is one.

Time is of the essence. Life appears like an exponential curve, when it comes to measuring time. When I was a teenager, time seemed to be so slow that it took forever, and becoming an adult was an almost impossible dream. However, once over thirty I forgot all about the slowness of time and, caught up in the gears of life's prime, things were very busy. Now as I slip into age, time is as fast as it was once slow back when I was a child. Moments merge with days and days turn into months and seasons, almost without a gap. Like two trains running, passing close in the night, as my body begins to slow down, time seems to reach the speed of light and flashes past.

This is not something I understood early on. I assumed that time was a measured constant that all, young and old, experience equally like a clock. It never occurred to me that clocks can run fast and slow depending our state of mind and age. Is this what Einstein was pointing out? Just as some profound experiences have the power to expand time into eternity, so too can time contract infinitely to little or no time at all. In addition to slow motion, there is fast motion, like time-lapse. It just never occurred to me that time is variable, much less what some of the consequences of that variability might be.

In other words, I see now that as I age, not only do I have less time, but even that shorter time is further compressed until it is a seamless flow, with very few gaps or handholds to slow it down. Time slides. It is moving fast. Not only is it harder to stop or slow time down than it once was, but the means to do so are absent. I am more like a passenger in the stream of time, no longer the driver.

I have more leisure time, but less of it, and what time I have is not slow time, but more like time-lapse photography – somehow compressed and moving fast. I guess it is hard to explain. Anyone know what I am talking about? This also might/should interest some of you younger folks.

Time is harder to catch and hang on to now; It is harder to slow it down and expand than it used to be. "Time waits for no man" is an old saying. Well, that is really true as I age. Trust me. And time is so tidy.

I am reminded of the 1968 film "Sweet November" with Sandy Dennis and Anthony Newley. It is a real tear jerker in which Sandy Dennis takes a new lover each month. This is because she is dying from an incurable disease and does not want anyone to see her demise other than as a

one-month snapshot. Time is like that.

As we age, time gradually removes our faculties a bit at a time so that we kind of fade out as we edge toward death. Time has its own painkillers, perhaps to make it easier for us to age. When we are young, it is the crush-out, but when we age it is the fade-out.

I include here one of the logos I created over the years, a hummingbird and a flower and chakra. While I was at KTD I had a number of close encounters with animals and insects. Two hummingbirds came very close, one frozen in midair just above my head. On another day a large (Green Darner) dragonfly flew right in front of me and was poised motionless in front of my face. And at yet another time a large Monarch butterfly circled me and stayed near me for some time. I liked that.

The humming bird has long been a favorite symbol for me and as I get older it grows in significance, this idea of being absolutely still in midair, yet moving so fast that the eye cannot even see the movement, except as a blur. And of course there is the fact that the hummingbird drinks from the deepest nectar. What's not to like? It is hard to escape from the concept that life is one incredible signature, pointing out to us itself.