

## Time and Time Again

Tenneson Woolf  
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Time and time again  
I wish I could be outside of time.  
I forget how refreshing it is  
to be free of cramming  
accomplishment  
or obligation  
or muting an insecurity  
into five minute increments.

It's impressive to do so, I suppose.  
It's also oppressive.  
When did this moving train that is time  
become runaway?  
Oh yah, I guess I have a little to do with that.

Sometimes, some times,  
I give myself permission  
to be outside of time.  
I know it's a perceptual trick  
but it has tremendous value  
and feels really cool.  
I don't look at the clocks.

I don't look at my phone.  
When I do this,  
outside of time,  
I remember, only then,  
how much I needed it,  
and wonder, again,  
how could I ever have forgotten this.  
Like quiet, spring sun  
warming and relaxing every cell in my face.

I crave challenging myself  
into not just five minutes of this  
and not just a morning,  
but a day, or a week —  
to return to what I know inside of me as  
a different clock (the paradigm is pervasive isn't it)  
and rhythm.

To be fair, my tether to being outside of time,  
often, is to set an alarm.  
I have a commitment at 9:00.

Setting an alarm for 8:45 is important.  
Yet it is very different — this one time alarm,  
and me not tracking when it will ring —  
than checking my watch, phone,  
my computer or microwave oven  
to reassure me of not misusing time.

I am for being on time.  
Definitely.  
Good system.

I am not for having the timeless part of me  
enslaved and confined.  
I am not for this in any of us.  
Chronos, yes respect it.  
Kairos, equally so.  
Practice it.  
And periodically insist upon it.

I don't want my life, our lives, to become  
a production line in which  
the parts keep coming incessantly  
and I fear them overflowing onto the floor  
if I turn away for even a moment  
to feel the sun.

Time and time again  
I yearn to be timeless.  
To take off my clothes and adornments,  
that dress up the cultural pattern  
of speed and efficiency.  
I yearn to return to a more naked state of being  
the watch put aside  
the calendar tucked away  
the forethought and planning suspended  
to instead, hear the sparrow's chirp  
outside my window  
that goes largely unheard because  
I'm so committed to time.

Time and time again,  
I hunger to remember timeless.  
It too, is who I am,  
and who we are.

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