

T I M E

By: JEFFERY A. SHOCKLEY (2010)

ES4796

There are people who are the same in different places, the traces of time sublime by divine creation. Something difficult to understand unless you stand over the existence of your own similarities; disparities, that unite through those six degrees of separation.

What is the essence of life, is it Time? Or is Life the essence of time? Many go through life struggling each day because there is not enough time. And in particular stances of life, time seems to be all there is. At the end of a day is there more who wish for more time? Or that there was more life to the time there was? We struggle in our own dimensions of life and time but too few offer a solution.

Who does depression hurt, short of self-imposed limitations? Distractions that never meet the mind in time to set apart from the start the feeling of bad. Too sad to look at another's faked-up made-up reality because of some transparency seen by those who know too well what it's like to hurt deeper than we may let others see, in a society that tells us only of who they want us to be. That was once just like me.

What goes through the mind of the one serving a life time of time behind the illusion of being? Seeing so many stuck in that place of self-hatred while denying the time, lying for awhile until it's count-time, med-line, in a short time filing to the psych-line. From prison, once the initial facade of emotions subside, some wish there was more done with the time they had before the time they have.

More time to share a life with that child, the mother, and even family while so many who have time wish they had less time spent at work or running around on the corporate slave hamster wheel. All in search for everything that resides in the nothing they've committed that life to.

What goes through the mind of that one feeling so alone that home is that place erased by past decisions that haunt the soul well into the future of a tomorrow we can now only wish there was? The Dreams of a Dead Man. Isolation is not the key but serves me exponentially as I see more in my own mirror of self-reflection, soulful integration and mad determination despite the words of a ruthless society. For this is my Black History.

A legacy of time on earth, Good or bad it is worth the effort if only to be just me so I can set another free from the torment and distasteful adversity that comes with life itself.

A bracket of time behind my own mind that lies from time to time because of that which I have grown too comfortable with and yet despise at the same time. The crime is my own for as I gave up and/or just quit, it's nobody's fault but my own. Still, I just want to go home. Now who better than I to decide where shall I go from here? In a society which does fear what they have made me to be in their own mystery called justice [just-us]? And yet the question remains...
Is life the essence of time or is time the essence of life?

Tomorrow is not promised, yet we all make plans, the past is what it is yet so many desire to return to some point in that dimension. No tranquility in this my own reality for which others should never be made to pay for; a mother who has lost more than her share of happiness in this system. Just know it's not for show, but Hope aglow, I apologize. Today is a gift I sometimes wish I did not have; but I'm out of time as I have the rest of my life to do.
Ironic isn't it?!?

