



MUSINGS ON MORPHIC TIME

By Wayne Visser

I

Measures of time

In ages past we have mapped the skies
Chartered its cycles
And plotted time against calendar and clock

Today we replace cogs with quartz
And tick-tock with digital pulse
Surrounding ourselves with time fragments

We have tugged and teased the elastic of time
In our stretching towards the stars
Light years beyond our reach

We have sliced and diced the heartbeat of time
In our journeying inside the atom
Vibrating at femto-second pace

We have analysed time in our laboratories
As if by dissecting a butterfly
We can understand its beauty

II

Music of time

Time is a song
With interwoven sounds, rhythms and rhymes
Of harmony and discord

Humanity is deaf to the music of time
Fallen - out of sync and out of tune
With the universal resonance





We have become slaves
To the hour, the quarter, the year
Chained to artificial time

We should be dancing to the beat
Of the moon, the generations, the living Earth
Liberated by nature's time

Instead, we are dying
Poisoned by our selfish short-sightedness
But time will not blink an eye at our passing

III

Masks of time

Time is a cruel slayer
When it destroys our youth, our hopes and dreams
And reclaims our loved ones

Time is a kind benefactor
When it nurtures our wisdom, our pleasures and passions
And fuels evolution in all life

Time is an impassive onlooker
When it observes our species, our civilizations and planet
And sees cycles of birth and death

Time is a master magician
When it conjures with our memories, our desires and destinies
And tricks us into believing

Time is an innocent child
When it plays with the building blocks of the universe
And creates marvels of energy and light





IV

Masters of time

Our greatest power
Lies in the choices we make
About how we spend our time

Time is clay in our hands
For us to mould and manipulate, to shape and sculpt
Into symbols of meaning

Time does not dictate to us
Whether to heal or harm, to love or hate
But time and karma are allies

Time smiles on concerted effort
Frowns on lazy expectations of entitlement
And rewards diligence and perseverance

Our greatest task
Lies in how we are able respond
To the gifts of time

V

Mysteries of time

Scientists and mystics rent the veil
On the temple of absolute time
Revealing a fourth dimension of relativity

Seers and prophets removed the mask
On the face of linear time
Gazing with equal clarity on past, present and future

Astronomers and imagineers opened the portal
On the matrix of time travel possibilities
Journeying through wormholes in space and mind





Yet many secrets remain
Held by time close to her breast
until we are brave enough to call her bluff

Some say that God is eternal
That our destiny lies within a timeless realm
Only time will tell

copyright 2001

