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Tick. Tock.

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Tick. Tock.

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. I am the crumbling rocks. I am the old and the ancient. I am the things that get lost. I move smoothly yet slowly. I am the Now and the Later. I am Time."

Cover Page Footnote

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TICK. TOCK.

prose by
JOSUE CORNIER

Tick.

Tock.

Tick.

Tock.

I am the crumbling rocks. I am the old and the ancient. I am the things that get lost. I move smoothly yet slowly. I am the Now and the Later.

I am Time.

You foolish mortals may think you have caught me within your clocks and schedules. Alas, you never truly understood Time. Time is always moving, everlasting, and uncontrollable.

I can see what you're thinking, mortal. You think I'm merely playing with your mind. Toying with you as if you were my prey. If only your mind were less simple, you'd understand.

I do more than play with your mind. I have little interest in controlling individual minds. My control is THE ultimate type of control. You don't even realize it. It's a situation you, yourself, have created.

My control is Time.

What you fail to see, my foolish friend is that Time cannot be explained. It was never meant to be. All your useless terms, your minutes, your hours, your days, they do not exist for me. They do not exist for Time. They are meaningless except to foolish mortals like you.

Yes, it is easy to blame Time. But was Time ever to blame? Was it not you foolish mortals that insisted on creating order within Time? You simple-minded fools thought you could order the chaos that is Time. You thought you could catch what was never meant to be caught.

And there you were, amidst your clocks and schedules and minutes and hours. Did you really think you could control Time? Did you really think you understood Time and were safe from its many tricks? My poor, misguided friend. It has only ever been an illusion. Now Time controls you. Only because you sought to fix what was never broken. Because you sought to create order when there was

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never any chaos. Because you felt you needed to bend things to conform to your pathetic lives. Because you felt the need to control things that could never be controlled.

Time does not stop and is everlasting. It will not be controlled.

As the room spins around you, only Hectoria's eyes remain visible like glittering gems.

When the room stops spinning, she is still in front of you and she grins as she begins speaking once more. . . .

I am Time.

I am the crumbling rocks. I am the old and the ancient. I am the thing that gets lost. I move smoothly yet slowly.

I am the Now and Later.

Tick.

Tock.

Tick.

Tock.



KINGDOM COME

Destinee Paynter