Is time just a concept created by humans?

Our universe exists in three spatial dimensions, all of which we can see, measure and move freely through. Time is sometimes thought of as being the fourth dimension however it is not something we can see or move freely through (we cannot move backward through time, only forward), it is something that we can only feel. Since the beginning of the universe, the ‘arrow of time’ has begun moving forward, and will continue until the universe reaches its inevitable end.

Einstein taught us that time is relative. That for someone who is closer to a black hole where there is a stronger force of gravity, time will run slower as compared to someone who is on Earth. Of course, this hasn’t been proven yet, but it makes me wonder; what is time? You see, our whole concept of time is defined by how long it takes the Earth to complete a rotation around the Sun; that’s how we get a year. We also measure how long it takes the Sun to move across the sky; a day. We then have hours, minutes and seconds. Our whole lives are based around these random man-made measurements. We spend every week waiting for Friday. Every month waiting for December, often forgetting to actually enjoy and appreciate each moment of our lives, both the good and the bad.

Over the centuries, we’ve become so obsessed with quantifying everything. Race, age, nationality. As a species we’ve defined so many imaginary boxes for ourselves and then we go to war over these imaginary divisions, we must be crazy. I think somewhere along the way we forgot that we aren’t enemies, a lesson that will forever be immortalized in the words of JK Rowling who wrote ‘While we may come from different places and speak in different tongues, our hearts beat as one’. I think the reason we cling to these quantifications is that as a species we are too young, and naïve, to understand the concept of forever; the idea of infinity.

Maybe we can’t understand forever because we’re so used to things ending; relationsips, friendships, jobs, degrees and even life itself. Or maybe it’s because we don’t pay enough attention to the things that are infinite; God, the soul, the universe (to some extent) and love. You see, when love is real, it’s from the soul and since the soul never dies, neither does real love. Over and over again Islam has taught us that Gods love for us is infinite, and when we really love someone maybe it’s at least a fraction of the love that God has for us, and a fraction of infinity is still infinite (mathematicians forgive me for that one).

I still remember the first girl I thought I loved. We cared for each other so much, but we weren’t a good fit and things ended. As people usually do, we promised that we’d love each other forever and that we’d try again. But as time went on, it began to become clear to me (and I think to her as well) that what we felt was real, but it wasn’t love. And that even though we still cared about each other, we weren’t meant to be together. So we both moved on and although we don’t even have each others’ numbers saved anymore, I like to think that she’s happy. And then there’s *her.*

As clichéd as it might sound, the thing about real love is that you don’t go looking for it; it finds you. You don’t meet someone and immediately think ‘Wow I’m really going to fall in love with this person’, you just start to feel it, slowly at first, and then with every cell in your body. It fills you and though it is just an emotion, you can feel it physically. And when you feel it, you just know it’s real, because all the crushes, infatuation and lust you felt before can’t compare.

Skeptics and scientists may tell you that love is just the result of chemical reactions in the brain which can be artificially created in a lab, but I don’t think these people understand that love, real love, stems from the soul, and perhaps these chemical reactions in the brain is just the body’s way of trying to understand and react to what’s going on. Because let’s not forget, our bodies are just a tool, that God gave our souls in order to interact with this physical world He created for us.

We’ve always searched for the meaning of life and I have a theory that it’s love. My theory is that it’s no coincidence that all the infinite things (the ones we know of, at least) are intertwined with one another; love is from the soul, the soul is from God and God had no beginning and will have no end; God is truly infinite. I believe that by taking the time to understand ourselves and everything that makes us who we are (i.e our souls) we will begin to understand love better and in turn we will begin to move closer to God.

“Just give it time” they’ll tell you, “In time you’ll move on”. But I think that because love is infinite, we can’t use this finite measurement of time to reconcile when we think love will end. Because days, weeks, months and even years will pass and I know I’ll still feel the same. Unfortunately, I know how this movie ends for me. Eventually, she will move on and forget about me. Because I’m forgettable; not in the sense that I didn’t hold a significant place in her life or her heart, but in the sense that I made her want to forget me. I’d like to think that I’m not scared of anything but I’d be lying if I said that I’m not terrified that one day I will bump into her and I’ll see my soulmate on someone else’s arm, and all she will see is someone she used to know, someone she *used to* love.

I think the hardest part about losing someone you love is when you know they still love you too but they don’t want to be around anymore. When someone’s love for us fades, we can’t always blame them. Because sometimes, we’re the ones who pushed them away, and we taught them how to not love us anymore, maybe because we were never taught how to love ourselves. I’d like to say that it’s okay, but it’s not, even though it has to be. At the very least, though, I think I have made peace with the fact that one day her once boundless love for me will fade, if it hasn’t already.

Over and over again, I’ve said that love is infinite, so how then can I be so sure that hers for me will fade? It’s not that I think it wasn’t real, because it was, but science teaches us that energy cannot be created or destroyed, only transferred. And I think that’s how it will be for her; all the love she once had for me will be transferred, maybe to someone else, but I hope that instead she loves herself, and finds peace and happiness in her life, no matter where it may take her. Maybe one day I will too.