

Where does the past live? (Time is a landscape)



When I think of time, I think of a three dimensional everchanging fabric. I think of a river that flows as one body, stitched by its own entangled dance with matter. The past will forever exist as does the future, held by the bed of the river. I think of how time changes paces depending on location, like a current, and how it bends and warps like water. And how a moment in time is ephemeral, a collision that ends, but whose particles never perish. Where does the past live???? It doesn't live in the house it once did, the family moved away. The daughter is now a mother, she has a daughter and a home of her own. The particles of time are never dying, only leaving the homes they've outgrown.

