

In this world, there are two times.

There is **mechanical** time
The first is unyielding, rigid, predetermined, massive
The first is as and metallic as a Pendulum of iron that swings back and forth.



and there is **body** time.
The second makes up its mind as it goes along.
The second wiggles and like a blue fish in a bay.

The squirms
The second

exist

Many are convinced that mechanical time does not exist.
Such people eat when they are hungry.

they know that time moves through their lives, but only as often as they wish to give timepieces as gifts.

then there are those who
they **eat** think
love between eight and ten at night.
their lunch at noon and their supper at six.

of their moods & desires.



they arrive at their appointments on time, precisely by the clock.
the body is a thing to be ordered, not obeyed.

Each time is true, but the truths are **not** the *same*.

They do not keep clocks in their houses. Instead, they listen to their hearts.
Talking the night air along the river are, one sees evidence for two worlds in one.
Where two times meet, desperation.
Where two times go their separate ways, contentment. For, miraculously, a barrister, a nurse, a baker can make a world in either time, but not in both times.