

Talking about life, time and all these fundamental questions in which remains the human turmoil, I discern a major difference: my own conception of time.

To be general, I would say the present does not matter to me.

To be completely honest, the whole concept around a time zone called “present” is foreign to me.

I, as a subject, consider myself as the bridge between past and future. My whole being as well as my metabolism is pushing me to ignore the present-time. My actions, as soon as initiated already belong to the past and yet the consequences belong to the future. I am the articulation of the Future in the Past, the point of metamorphose, its processor.

A study revealed a few weeks ago that our reactions had a delay of a few milliseconds in the way our brain treats all the information. Thus every single impulse one judges spontaneous and as an answer to the present instant, is in reality the fruit of a reaction which already started long ago. In other words, it is an action beyond theory which is achieved solely by practice in the very moment. From there, the consequences will move from future to past, through me as intermediary.

Here I stand, in between past and future. In this posture in which to rest is a decoy; which in truth would mean to stay in the past so to not venture in the existence.

For some, to exist and to live in the present are synonyms but in reality they are big antonyms. To exist, *existere* in Latin means to go out of oneself, to demonstrate oneself; which in other words would include movement and action. In contrary, the stability of the present/actual-time becomes a still image, a frozen time-zone just as much as the past and the future. For this same reason the concept of present falls apart as to exist and the present are incompatible.

To set an example, let’s use the great art of conversation: two subjects discussing will relate to the past as conversation ground, as well as they will relate to the future to express expectations. At the very moment when the conversation happens the so called “present” is inexistent and only “exists” through the meeting of the two “time-converters”. It is impossible for the two subjects to describe the instant as such; it is in process to become past. No one can describe the instant without offering itself to the past. If one mentions the great weather it’s only because the great weather is no longer there or that the subject could benefit from the good weather earlier in the past so to draw up a report regarding the consequences this same factor will have on his day.

And then the question arises: when can one finally rest then? When can one let go and give up any control in this time convert?

There, it seems obvious that the only rest one can get is actually once dead. Death is the rest one is looking for. Here, remains the absurdity of our lives.

Nevertheless, I do not deny the thought of a moment/instant, a certain time-lapse that goes off road. These moments are pieces of eternity, eternity moments, the taste and delight of what it takes to be eternal. Moments in which the concept of time in itself is uninteresting and meaningless. Moments of ultimate power towards the daemons one could have in the burden of time. The length of these moments does not matter; they bring joy, happiness, serenity. They are the counter-poison of the hungriness for life one has. The subject becomes the demiurge of his own existence. These moments of eternity are placing the subject out of the bipolar aspect of time, the subject is unpowered and turns his back to the surrounding forces, may they be spiritual or anthropologic.

But all of it has consequences once the subject goes back on track. Just like a rubber band one would tend, the slap back is far more painful. From happiness and serenity to melancholia and sorrow, the sorrow of existence, the sorrow of going back on this absurd track: the one of existence. The experience is traumatic and leaves traces in the way the delay is paid back to the past. Once the subject is back in time, he will have to catch up on the chronology by enduring the melancholy and nostalgia of the moment: moment which now belongs to the past.

At first this reflection may sound very little optimistic but, in reality, it is the fundament of a positive existentialism. This reflection forces the subject to focus on the future, the things which are going to happen, thing that should happen. With this idea, the subject accepts the past as the base of a sculpture made of clay which is in constant formation. Nothing is preventing the subject from pleasure, everything leads him to pleasure. This thirst for life is the absurd engine of one's blossom. Therefore, the same subject is constrained not to be contented by what he already possessed or acquired but to aim for the eternal dissatisfaction by constant moving.

The accomplishment of oneself is denied and replaced by other perspectives such as the construction of the living subject by the time and experience. These perspectives are generating thirst for life and desires as they imply a restless existence.

The conception of past is, in fact, made of the future that any living beings converts, consumes through its existence. The living being intermediates between the two temporal poles.