

Time Moves Slow

He doesn't know. He doesn't know how much things will change. It's a snapshot. A moment. A focal point of consciousness that will never be returned to. The brain patterns will never be replicated. The axons can never quite duplicate it. But he can take a picture.

Time marches on. It stops for no one. The weak get trampled by its weight. The frail are swept up in its momentum. The old are left behind in its path. Time marches on, it does not look back.

He doesn't really know why people take photos. To look upon and reminisce, perhaps? He guesses he'd forget moments like these if he didn't. It seems like a good idea. He calls his two coworkers over. These guys who have become his friends.

Time rushes by. You must be at the station on schedule because Time will not hesitate to leave you in the dust. It has places to be, and it will not wait for your sentimentalities; and do not stand in its way or you will be crushed. Time rushes by so, so quickly.

He is still young. Barely an adult. They aren't much for photos, but he is enthusiastic and optimistic. So they comply. What face to make? He never knew what to do with his face in pictures. A smile will do. They make faces as well. A smile. A look of surprise. He takes the picture.

Time moves slow. Its waves are not felt until years after they pass. A childhood injury felt in old age. A daily habit built up into a lifestyle. A past grievance turned into a burned bridge. Time moves slow, but it always arrives eventually.

Then things change. The worse year of his life.
A death.

A tragedy. A pain. A battle. A struggle.

A new journey.

A new destination. A new love. A new fear.

A new decision. A new rejection. A new pain.

A new home.

A new loss.

It all changes so quickly. Faster and faster with no chance to catch his breath. Time moves slow, but he still can't capture it.

