

My How Time Has Flewn

by *Dennis Payton Knight*

How did it get so late so soon?
It's night before it's afternoon.
December is here before it's June.
My goodness how the time has flewn.
How did it get so late so soon?

– *Dr. Seuss*

I went to Dr. Seuss to get my mind into the groove of writing about time, and “How Did It Get So Late So Soon?” makes my point, that time is a gift. After width, height and depth, it is the fourth dimension, and the only one that is a continuum. The first three make up space to occupy, but it is time we spend.

Theodore Seuss Geisel wrote the poem only a year before he died, so take from it what you will, but it says to me that time is the essence of life. It can be carefully planned or gloriously wasted. And as is my wont, it is the glorious waste of time that pleases me most.

Remember how Jack Benny would pause at a punchline, lift his eyebrows, and allow the waste of seconds of his time, and ours, to create laughter?

A dancer makes marvelous use of the dimensions of space and time to create nothing of use but exhaustion and a smile. How glorious is that? And it is the same time so gloriously wasted that allows the drummer to create the beat that creates the dance.

Time wasted in the anterooms of the brain may be the very definition of procrastination, but it is the making of an essayist, just as it is the making of the poet and songwriter.

Time and rhyme, rhyme and time. Without them working together, Dr. Seuss's poem could have never flewn, and Ogden Nash could have never found this perfect little verse,

Candy is dandy,
But liquor is quicker.

– *Ogden Nash*

And finally, I'll gloriously waste some more time of my own, to wit:

The march of time,
is it friend or foe?
Of course, it is,
If you make it so.