

APRIL 2021

## TIME



Time is money, one says, but I think the one who has time, has more likely no money, and the ones who have never time, have money.

Apparently one wants to teach us now the meaning of time, having time in abundance to the point of annoyance.

It flies, the time, we have to do nothing about it, we don't have to kill time.

Time has passed, relentlessly. A lesson to learn.

For some it is time lost. Ones own fault.

The past is a measure for time. One can look back to it but not bring it back anymore.

One can talk about it almost endlessly but one cannot grasp it anymore.

The present, the moment, the now, is the only real time we have.

The moment. Pleasant or not, it is all that counts.

The future. A time of uncertainty, insecurity, of dreams, of hope...

Young people have it still ahead of them, at least that's what one believes. The old one knows that there is not much time left. Time suddenly appears precious, one would like to hold it back, to slow it down...

The sand keeps trickling. It is not possible to turn around the hourglass, and yet it is a beautiful and reassuring sight to watch the sand flowing lightly and quietly into the lower glass.