

## THE TIME MACHINE

By Richard Tornello © 2011

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Atoms pulse. Light has velocity. Traffic tickets cost money.

Femtoseconds, a name given to the spaces between  
 pulses, can be calibrated as needed.  
 Planetary rotational activity can be measured,  
 a necessity for living  
 events  
 happen, locally, universally.  
 And within the human  
 calibrated pulses,  
 things can be done, too  
 a degree of precision.

Time, described, writ and played,  
 in wishes, dreams, and books,  
 in videos and on stage,  
 an ingrained/embedded/clinging/clutching illusion  
 the deepest order,  
 a sop,  
 the tooth fairy, Santa Claus, and all the gods.

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To propose:  
 to go forward in time,  
 would be akin to running faster than a bus,  
 plot its path, its mass calculated, and expect, within that very bus,  
 as a god, and would wish it,  
 to view the new and old passengers on board in their activity,  
 declared!  
 I suppose could happen?  
 Likewise, moving to a past-event-space, attempted and undertaken travel  
 and similarly calibrated,  
 yet another bus  
 from another space route, as you entered into the time cone path,  
 would serve you,

space pizza.  
Or,  
empty, an open manhole of a space place.

A solution to this confusion:  
Step outside the universe, faster than its total motion,  
and then?  
As an elevator opens  
alight, and?  
no thing  
or,  
a bigger bus?

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Time machines are brains,  
and  
memories,  
and so ends with the death, and the machine holder's last breath,  
a return to the infinite, timeless, always.

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“As the earth spins, the clock ticks, the calendar flips, and you say no time?  
Blaspheming old man,  
you're insane.”

THE END