Michael Cerrato — English 10000

TIME

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You know, when you are flying in an airplane and the clouds below form a heavenly hideaway below sky so blue it hurts your eyes to look at it, an English paper is the farthest thing from your mind. Relaxing in my seat seems like channel surfing through test patterns, so I sit back and peer out the window: the frozen look of an Alaskan adventure where life above ground consists of ice and snow is an easy assumption, or icebergs floating in a sea of blue sky. Time can be like two cars traveling fifty-five miles per hour side by side for endless miles while you’re behind them, but what about my English paper? A unicorn just passed by, it was obviously headed for Greek mythology. Really, it makes all the sense in the world to get some work done on that paper, but it needs time.

Where do you see yourself in five years time? That’s easy, you want to be the person that thinks up all the catchy slogans. Did you ever wonder if they had to answer any of those “How do you feel about that?” type of questions? I see you have had time on your hands also. But given a second chance before you need it, what would your life be? For all the time you have spent contemplating on how much better your life could be is not like the penguin who slips onto his backside down the ice and into the water. A flower dwells during the winter deciding its spring and summer dress, patiently plotting each step till a certain pink or fiery red will turn a glance into a stare. The stare given to the television can be cured, it can even be welcome. When does now begin? It’s beginning for me, I’m already sounding like the guy with the catchy slogans.

Never say to an English teacher “This is my best work, I won’t have to change a thing”. What kind of oxygen flow was I receiving to my brain that day? Ah yes the English paper returns, like one breath follows another—time well spent. Each time I think, a wonderful thing happens, other thoughts follow. A thought without an action is unarmed. Not nearly five years and another catchy slogan, time’s weight is lessening.

Coming down from the clouds I see a lady searching for a cabbie’s attention, the person next to me informs me that is the Statue of Liberty; I give the imagination credit for running wild but that English paper is sitting in front of me, blank. Time, it can be elapsed two ways. It is either what you see looking through the binoculars or everything else around it
also. What has your time come to? Are you funnelled straight ahead to whatever the television brings you or planning a future bloom? When does planned daydreaming replace an empty look? Creative planning replace recreational thinking? And finally, when does thought give birth to a life? So while riding the train of life don't lose track of giving yourself a reason to live, something to look forward to. Waving goodbye to the lady, I hope she gets her cab. I realize with a short ride, though, my English paper will fly.