

PONDERING "TIME"

What time is...and whence came its fledging,
Swirling queries keep humans dizzy pondering.
Varying "spacetime" or ceaselessly flowing?
Scientists and scholars too keep wondering.

Won't time be born, live and croak,
Or will it in perpetuity, linger and stay?
Stars that twinkle and dangle in the sky parked,
They and their galaxies are born, live and die.

Some things in nature, for us mere humans,
Questions they are forever, never answered.
To those among us, who are perturbed and fume,
Pondering time is but a folly to be shunned.

Consumed by confusion, blind followers state,
Those who consider space and time as one;
On travelling at speeds, time to them dilates,
As if twisting and bending time can be done.

Time it is to question this notion and clear,
Unproven, nay un-provable questions that linger;
Questions that are answered only with math gear;
To them, this solution, with humility I tender.

Imagination can, across space, flit instantly,
You are everywhere, body and soul, at will.
Time across universe is then same, constant.
But traveling didn't, to time bring standstill.

Imagine now traveling back and forth,
Instantly through universe's vastness.
Would time then stop or in slow -mo, trot?
No, time moves with you, ever ceaseless.

Can time, to a crawl, flow in slower transits,
Like light-speed, the "speed limit" of renown?
No, 'dilation' didn't afflict time, I dare insist;
That fate befell the clocks, feeble and unsound.

The 'thought experiments', such as they are,
Intellectual pursuits they remain above all;
Does it matter to us to prove, or to declare?
As changing time is beyond any body's call.

Pondering time will itself demand,
Much wanted, precious, dwindling time.
Waste-not, be wise how you spend,
Your "pinch of time" wasted is a crime.

