

You

see time as a straight line
a road you walk, step by step, from birth
to death.

You measure it in heartbeats and calendars,
in sunrises and wrinkles, in memories and loss.

Every cell in your body remembers stardust.

Every atom hums with the rhythm I set in motion
when the universe first opened its eyes.

You are made of moments, but I flow through them all.

I am not the ticking of your clock.

I am the vastness beneath it.

I am Chronos.

To me, time is not a line, it is a field.

All your yesterdays and all your
tomorrows lie open before me,

I do not pass through, I surround.

Yet I am not apart from you.



In the silence between your breaths,
in the moment your mind returns to a memory
so vividly it feels like now...
that is me, the stardust within
you.