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ticking on your wrist

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ticking on your wrist

— Lisa Huston

HAD I LIVED, I would have had all the time in the world, not time in a bottle, nothing that tiny, but *all the time in the world!* What then would be my boundaries? The ozone is deteriorating, so I could ooze freely like all of the hairspray from all of the real estate agents in the world! I would have sneakily drained all the time from the universe! *All the time in the universe!*

Imagine that; having time to spare. I would be the Andrew Carnegie of time, doling out a few pennies from my stash to everyone I deem worthy. Leaving my name scrawled on people's watches. First, I would give half a century to each single mother, so she could take her girls to the beach and sing Cyndi Lauper songs with them. It would make me laugh to give twenty extra years to anthropologists, just to let them see their theories be abused by the end of their lifetimes. Then, seventy-five years, at least, to everyone studying the Bronte sisters in earnest.

Time would be sticking out of the drawers in my desk. Out of the frost-free fridge. Out from under the bed. My home would tick incessantly, as the waves of the sea splash eternally. I would eat time for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and have leftovers

for the animals in the back yard. My pets would have dishes of time in every room. They could drink it out of the toilets too, if they wanted. And they would, because even animals have an innate sense of timing.

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First, I would give half a century to each single mother, so she could take her girls to the beach and sing Cyndi Lauper songs with them.
.....

Timing is everything. Had I lived, I would have known that, too. But I didn't. I was just a million splotches of black on a white screen or paper, tickling your eyes. I was not, but I was in your mind's eye. I was bulging in violet velvet pants in your mind. I was the pimp of time. The overlord. The one who took babies to little graves all marked with identical lambs. You made me. And you will kill me every time you blink. You will put me in a drawer or an icy closet by the back door and hide me. You created me and you will recreate and destroy me a hundred times between now and Easter.