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Time Essay

Time is a complicated concept that puts me in a state of confusion. Some days seem longer than others, some years pass faster and one's feeling of time is extremely subjective and almost impossible to describe. For me the past is like a film that plays on repeat in front of my eyes. It is easily accessible through the memory. The present can be defined as the beautiful now and the future seems to be a colorful vision that only exists in my mind. In this essay I will try to explain my perception of time.

In my own subjective experience the past is not measured by a number of days and months, but rather small moments that have been engraved in my brain. What is saddening is the fact that the older I become the more past I lose. That is the paradox of it all. Although I gather more knowledge and accumulate more memories, as I grow many of past memories, once so vivid, fade away.

One example of this would be my memory of the surroundings of the cabin in the mountains, where I spent most of my holidays as a kid. Next to the cabin was a forest where I would go to pick mushrooms and blackberries. Mushroom hunting was one of my favorite things to do. Accompanied by my grandmother or my father I spent hours and hours wandering through the forest. The older I became the less time I was spending in the cabin.

As a seven- year-old I was able to navigate the area without any problems. I knew every tree and every stone. I remembered the path from the cabin to the glade. Now, as a nineteen-year-old I can barely remember the way to the forest.

According to Decay Theory memories fade due to passage of time. I stopped wandering through the woods when I was ten or eleven, since then the traces of my memory of the forest faded away. Although it seems that the brain's capacity to store memories is in some sense infinite, some

the information is displaced or simply lost. At this moment in time my memory of the forest exists only in a form of vague images.

In today's world the beauty of a present moment can be easily overlooked. Fast pace of life makes it almost impossible to stay in "the now". Making a conscious decision to stand still, not to rush, and allowing oneself to just be seems like a luxury to me.

I'm often haunted by the feeling that the present is slipping through my fingers. This again causes a paradox. Future is unknown to us, but because we are so future-oriented it feels more tangible than the present. Preoccupied with thinking about the future one can lose the present moment. I'm not saying that we should ignore the future and past, but rather make a conscious decision to enjoy what is there.

The urge to make the most of the present time is very strong: to set aside everything and just focus on what is in front of my eyes. However it is not that easy.

Continuity of time is sometimes distorted by blank spaces in my mind, lost memories. It seems to me that both present and future are perceived through the prism of our past experiences.

To conclude, during our lifetime we create a non linear narrative about past present and future. Sometimes they are mixed in our minds, time becomes just a subjective experience of reality. Often we try to separate them to make sense of the world and to create a clearer distinction between what is there and what is not.

