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Time
Robert Perchan

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TIME

Why belabor the past? It has worked hard enough, you say. And I agree. Especially the Egyptians, who got ground down until there was nothing left but sand and about 80 million curators wandering around on it looking for Canopic jars. You get a postcard from the Sphinx with only a paw-print on the message side. Too weary to write "I smell bad" or "I don't think this nose job is going to work." And the rest of history busted its balls, too, digging itself so far deep down you need foundation money to call it up long distance and say you're giving it the rest of Eternity off. The past is just too tired to care. Which is why the present is better. You can walk right up to the present and say Boo! and things really start to jump. I taught this trick to Miss Kim and she caught on fast. She said Boo! to our cactus and it made breakfast. She said Boo! to my coccyx and I was up for days, mutating. By the time I got back from the future and had seen what that was all about, I was an unchanged man. I mean the future really works, and hard. Of course, it is full of coccyx-less robots who get nervous if they have to take lunchbreaks. They see the sushi vending machines slaving away for small change and tell themselves they can't really be hungry. The factories of the future are humming, but they don't know any words. I think I'll just stay back here with Miss Kim and play.