

12:55



It Was 12:55 On Thursday, 2nd August 2018.

I know this because my computer told me.

Top right corner of the screen. Neat little numbers. No drama. No ceremony. Just the time and date sitting there, pretending to be useful.

Then I wrote the sentence. And 12:55 had gone. Replaced by 12:56. Or was it 12:57?

That is the thing about time. It never waits to see if you appreciate it, or even notice it.

By the time you do, it has already packed up and left.

Wil says, "If you're looking at the clock, you've already missed what matters."

He's right.

A second is not much. An inhale or an exhale. A blink. A word. A look across a room. The pause before someone says what they really mean.

But seconds are all we have.

This word I am writing is already moving into the past. The next one is waiting somewhere in the future. I am in the middle, trying to keep up, pretending I have a better grip on things than I really do.

Most of us live like time is something we can manage.

We block it out in diaries. We divide it into meetings. We waste it in traffic. We give it to screens. We promise it to people. We spend it on worries that never arrive and arguments that should have never taken place.

Then we say we do not have enough of it.

Perhaps that's not true.

Perhaps the problem isn't time.

Perhaps the problem is attention.

At 12:55, my only job was to be there. Properly there. Not half there. Not checking something else. Not thinking about the next thing. Just present enough to notice the moment before it disappeared.

Sounds easy?

It is not.

Presence takes practice. It means listening when a friend goes quiet. It means noticing the light softening at the edge of the day. It means allowing silence to have some weight. It means not rushing to fill every gap.

Time and attention are the true currencies we have.

We cannot save them in a drawer.

We cannot rewind them.

We cannot ask for a refund.

We choose where to spend them, and once they are gone, they are gone.

My screen now says 1:17.

That moment is passing too.

Wil says, "Spend time and attention wisely. They are the only resources that cannot be replaced."

Tony Bennett

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