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The Myth of Time

Candice Schoenfeld
NSU University School

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The Myth of Time

Candice Schoenfeld

Behold, I show you a mystery
In which we shall not all triumph,
But we shall all be changed.
Yes, I will accept this, for I love to lose myself in a mystery
To pursue reason.
What secrets, what challenges are hidden in this puzzle?
It is nothing but a magic shadow-show
Played in a box whose candle is the sun
Round which we phantom figures come and go.
It is a checkerboard of nights and days
Where Destiny with Me for pieces plays,
Hither and thither moves, mates, and plays
And one by one back in the closet lies.
What shall I seek?
I have entered the search for time lost, for time gone by
Which is forever locked in a forbidden palace
For which only I hold the key.
Yet time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
What is this? A circle! A never-ending, never-ceasing circle!
Even the Nature of Life is a circle of which
The center is everywhere,
The circumference nowhere.
Around every man a fatal circle is traced
Beyond which he cannot pass;
But within the wide verge of that circle he is powerful and free.
And in that circle all that is finished is finished;
The circle of our days is done.
And what illusion and what power

Recalls you, Past, when you have gone?
For history is a pack of lies;
Only reflection may reveal it for the deceiver it is.
While round and round the circle goes,
Completing the charm
So the knot be unknotted
The cross be uncrossed
The crooked be made straight
And the curse be ended.
Strength and cunning are needed to unravel
The interwoven threads of this riddle, this circle.
I must be stronger still, in earth and air
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide;
And in the seat to Fate assigned
Where ask is have
Where seek is find.
So what is this Circle?
It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.