

My Theory

The other day
I was having a cigarette
on my back porch

and I was watching
a tree branch
with tiny pink flowers on it
sway along with the breeze

and I was daydreaming
about time travel

what time I'd want to go to
who I'd want to me, etc.

and the realization hit me
that if we were to achieve time travel
it would prove
that time existed on
one continuous,
simultaneous
time line

and everything
in the past, present, and future
was happening
at that very moment in time

I was rather intrigued
by this theory
which of course
wasn't mine completely

only my realization

and while watching those flowers
tango on the branch
I was so deep in thought
that I let the filter of my cigarette
burn my fingers

and then I began
thinking about this poem
working it out
in my head

and if it
would even matter
100 years into the future

I suppose
I wanted to raise more questions
than I could answer