

Both of my friends mentioned *time* as a major element in their relationships, as in all relationships. Relationships are determined by time; time spent together, time spent apart, and all that time that shapes what we become, through events. Time is an ally; it is also The Enemy. And it is inescapable.



I went to a reunion, in May, of the Class of '87 at my school in KS, to see the people I probably would have graduated with, had I remained in KS instead of transferring. I was familiar with most everyone, though the majority, I had little to no contact with for over 12 years. It was a good time - a lot of people did remember me & time was spent in catching up with what had happened to us. It was slightly disappointing also, in that there was very little reason to probably ever meet again, outside of another reunion. Not for anything that we did or didn't do; time had just moved on and we were on our paths, which didn't intersect as much as they used to. I wonder about the friends I made while out in CA, how long will it take before time washes over us and makes us strangers again.

I did get involved again, with someone who had been a bright spot in my life beforehand and who still is. We're still separated by *distance* (a running constant - I don't think I could ever have a relationship with someone who actually lived in the same state that I do), and by other factors. I don't know yet if it'll follow the cycle of the short-term, or if time will actually allow us to be together for awhile. I know that I do treasure the moments that we do meet and are in contact, which make me forget, just for awhile, that the time that we spend together is short -- and maybe, that is basically the nature of relationships - to strike some sort of bond, however small and for whatever length of time, that make us forget that we are ephemeral.



I can't say exactly why I chose - and most everything I've done has been of my own choosing - this avenue. I can say that I have done and am doing the things that I intended and wanted to do, without having the wife or companion, the kids, the house with all the appliances and neighbors to keep up with really doesn't matter, because I never wanted them in the first place. I am curious, from time to time, of what things could be like, but it's just curiosity. For all of our tightly held beliefs and our obsessive need for independence, we are a profoundly lonely species... we have a rule for everything in my encounter, yet we can chuck it all for an instant - then remain in denial about breaking the rule; those who demand constant loyalty often turn out to be the most undeserving of any loyalty at all, be it a lover, a spouse or a business; we constantly look for trust, but find it hard to fully trust. I don't know... At best, everything is of our own devices, good and bad (& excluding the random element that keeps things interesting.) And everything is ephemeral - that is amply illustrated by the anecdotes above.