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# GARY LEE ENTSMINGER

## *The Fool on the Hill*

*Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future  
And time future contained in time past* – T. S. Eliot

Or put another way, each of us carries our perspective of time within us, an intellectual structure within which we compare objects and events. Our talking, thinking, and writing depend upon our understanding of time.

Or from the perspective of a physicist, Einstein's theory of relativity shows that two spatially separated events presumed to be simultaneous do not occur at the same time (in *absolute time*), but depend on the observer's frame of reference (*relative time*). We cannot know an object completely unless we know it in time as well as space.

Our writers in this issue explore time from their own unique perspectives. Barbara Schmitz's "Why I Became a Vegetarian" looks back on another time, the 1970s, when the world was threatening (the Cold War, the Vietnam War) and promising (the human rights and environmental movements)—hope or despair determined by one's perspective of events occurring at about the same time.

Jay Friedenbergs's pastels of the "New Mexico Canyon Country" capture in warm, universal color an era of ancient Pueblo life—a time of hope despite the challenges of living in an almost unbearably dry and harsh environment. Stan Honda's time lapse photographs of the spring 2014 lunar eclipse show us in discrete strokes time passing. Lisa Sandlin writes of a "Steward of Time."

Jean Zipp's "Haunted" addresses the mysteries of growing older (in one's own time), as does Luci Shaw's recent book of non-fiction, *Adventure of Ascent* (reviewed here by Diane Moore). Michael Miller's "The Next Room" and Deborah Bacharach's "The Math Professor" recall life-changing moments that occurred in a past time. W. P. Osborn's "Carolina" brings us back to our present era, "Take time to prepare an application."

Gabriella Belfiglio and Britny Doane spin time into variations of fantasy (out of time). Müesser Yeniay says more directly, "I am inside a tale"; while "Old Bach" the great composer in my poem comes round the church and finds himself in an unknown time.