

Whenever Time Allows

by

Sam Aurelius Milam III
c/o 4984 Peach Mountain Drive
Gainesville, Georgia 30507

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Once, after long preparation, I decided to take a trip. It was quite an unusual trip, consisting of many individual journeys. It began with little except a few stray hopes, born of solitude. Eventually though, it led me through mazes of internal complexity that few would imagine possible, especially in one so simple as myself. Nevertheless, I went to see an old and dear friend, dead these many long years since last we met. There he sat. It was as if he had expected me, had been waiting forever for me, as if I had never left. Oh, the times we had! We relived all our past and all the past that never was. When we were done, it was as if no time had passed at all. Indeed, I think that none did. What did we really do? What did we really accomplish? Only a select few will ever be able to answer such a question. Fewer still would dare ask. I'm not among the few. Such questions are beyond me. I enjoy the simpler things, the small things. I like to sit and consider them. They are, after all, the stuff of which life is made. They give it real zest, real gusto. They make it real. Without them, where would we be? But that, again, is a question I dare not ask. Nevertheless, I can't help but wonder if others ask with equal concern after the things that puzzle me. Ah, well, so much for contemplation. I've much to do and I'd better get about it. Otherwise, someone else might do it for me, and then where would I be? Ah, the questions! Always, the questions!

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