

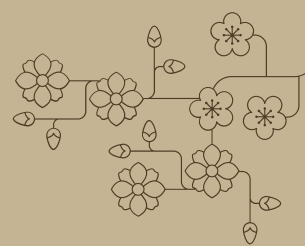
# TIME

SPRING 2022

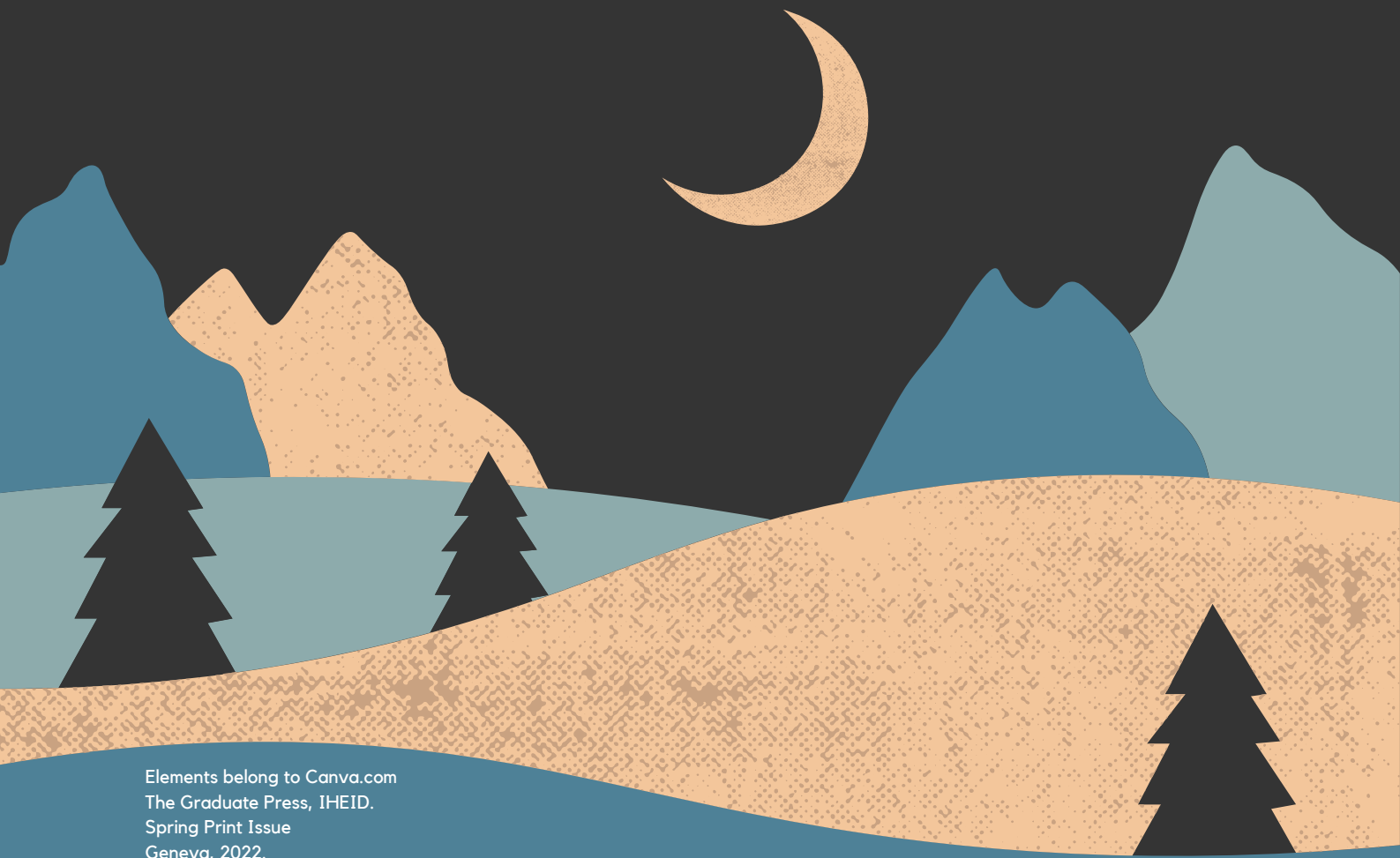


VOLUME VI

THE GRADUATE PRESS



enjoy  
every  
moment.



# LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

How have you been? Have you taken a moment to yourself today? A moment to reflect or simply breathe? We invite you to take such a moment to read until the end of this letter and, if time permits, the end of this issue.

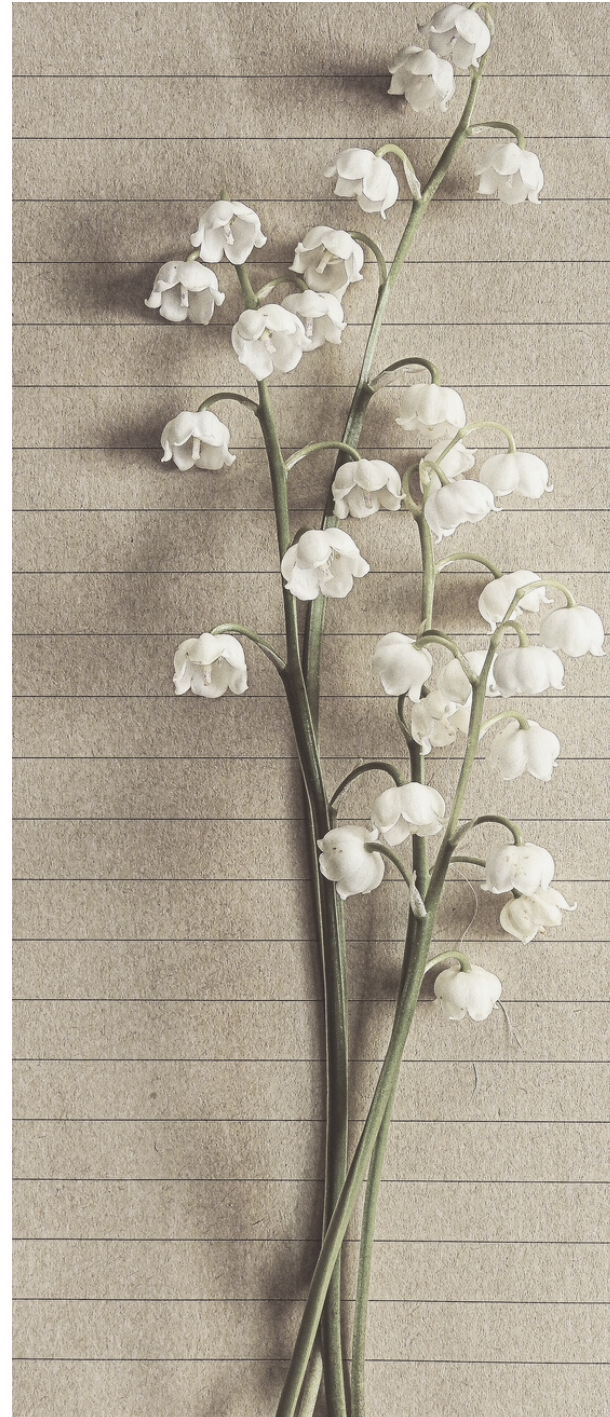
It feels like we never have enough "time." We spend it, lose it, find it, waste it, save it... There is never enough to go around. There aren't enough hours in the day and a plethora of deadlines. And time waits for no one.

Time seemed like an interesting theme to build on previous issues. A lot has happened in the past week(s), month(s), and year(s). We have each grown, met new people, discovered new things, and, perhaps, learned more about ourselves along the way.

For this issue, we invited students to express their interpretations of time through art, poetry, photography, and prose. We thank our wonderful student contributors once again for their submissions.

Without further ado, we are very happy to present the Spring 2022 Print Issue.

Enjoy!





# staff list

Spring 2022

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# THINKING ABOUT TIME...IN RHYME

by Anna Liz Thomas

*Time is linear, that's what they say  
Steadily forward is a rule Time must obey  
Yet we see this does not ring true,  
Time can fly, and stand still too!*

*Time will heal, and Time can tell,  
What, indeed, can't Time do well?  
Time can be stolen, and Time can be kept,  
Time can be lost if one overslept.*

*Against Time, it is possible to race,  
But often I believe, we forget about Space,  
Space is Time's less-considered mate,  
Who gives Time context, a way to relate.*

*Time and Space are a continuum, Einstein  
said,  
I agree, though this scientific theory warps  
my head.  
I think of this somewhat differently,  
Read along a bit and perhaps you'll see!*

*Transporting through time is not just sci-fi,  
A single scent, a taste or a memory can come  
by,  
And make you travel to a different time or  
place,  
But the key is that you're already in a  
different space!*

*Think of spaces where time stands still:  
Your teenage bedroom, that cosy  
windowsill;  
You've outgrown them, moved on and out,  
Time has too, without a doubt.*

*But the space remains, this is what I mean,  
The two interact in a way that is often not  
seen.  
All those time related idioms and turns of  
phrase,  
They don't say it out loud, but they're also  
about space.*

*Think again, I ask, of when time seems to  
fly by,  
Those holidays outdoors under the bright  
blue sky.  
Versus your current office grind as it rains  
outside,  
Is it the space you're in, or is it time's tide?*

*Alright, that's it, that's my two cents,  
And I hope it makes just a wee bit of  
sense,  
For all who worry time's getting the better  
of you,  
Think of not just time, but the space you're  
in too!*



# TIME: A LIMERICK

by Anna Liz Thomas

Just who these days has the time?

To work towards a little rhyme

Free verse is in

And I think it a sin

That rhymes are passé, past their prime.





# LOGGING TIME

by Monalee Gibbs

Perennial

Passing

Permanent

The mechanics of time beguile.

Some days we linger, posture, jaunt or  
cling.

Silhouette's stain.

Morbid disdain.

Does the sun, *set* time?

Or, the reverse proceeds?

Forests tell stories.

So does my traverse.

Fossils, footprints. *True* imprints.

I had a life I thought I knew.

Many walked through.

Familiar faces never bid adieu.

Search not for *lost time*

Rather keep in mind how the mechanics  
of measurements, belie the imprecision  
of life.



This photo invites you to consider the connection between nature and humans. Ascribing qualities that mark time to trees endows both parties with a shared co-creation. 'Logging' is the focal point. A play on the word log, this simultaneously refers to the thick trunk of a tree and the recording of an event. (Un)coincidentally, the log is the part of the trees most visible in the photo.

# LE TEMPS QUI PÈSE

by Amédée Hirt



Les moutons paissent.

Les amours braisent  
Les humains baisent  
Et point ne niaisent.

Les poupons naissent,  
Grandissent et s'engraissent  
S'émancipent et croissent.

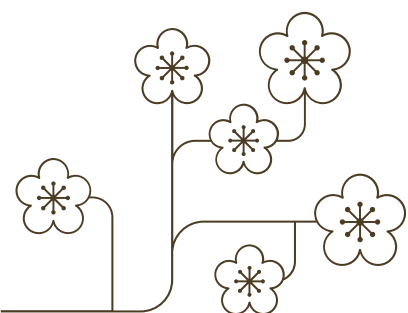
Le temps passe  
Le temps pèse.

Les tympanes baissent  
Les rides naissent  
Les jambes chassent  
Des vieux qui yassent.

Le teint s'encrasse  
Les dents se cassent  
Les ans s'encaissent  
Les morts se classent.

La vie se lasse  
Et l'on trépasse.  
Les chrysanthèmes croissent  
Les corbeaux croassent.

Les moutons paissent.







# MARSHMALLOW /SHĬ/ 史

by Aijing Cao

**Time is a marshmallow.**

**Can we resist the personal instant satisfaction and desire,  
but wait for a large reward for all?**

**Date is a series of numbers.**

**Can we engrave it in the bottom of our hearts,  
but always remember the profound impact that it carries?**

**Time and Date formed our history 史 (/SHĬ/, Chinese Character)  
While,  
Future remains malleable to be shaped.**

Inspiration:

- “Those who would question the present should investigate the past. Those who do not understand what is to come should look at what has gone before. The handling of a multitude of affairs may lead in different directions, but they all reach a common goal. From ancient times to the present it has always been so.”

By Guanzi · Xingshi

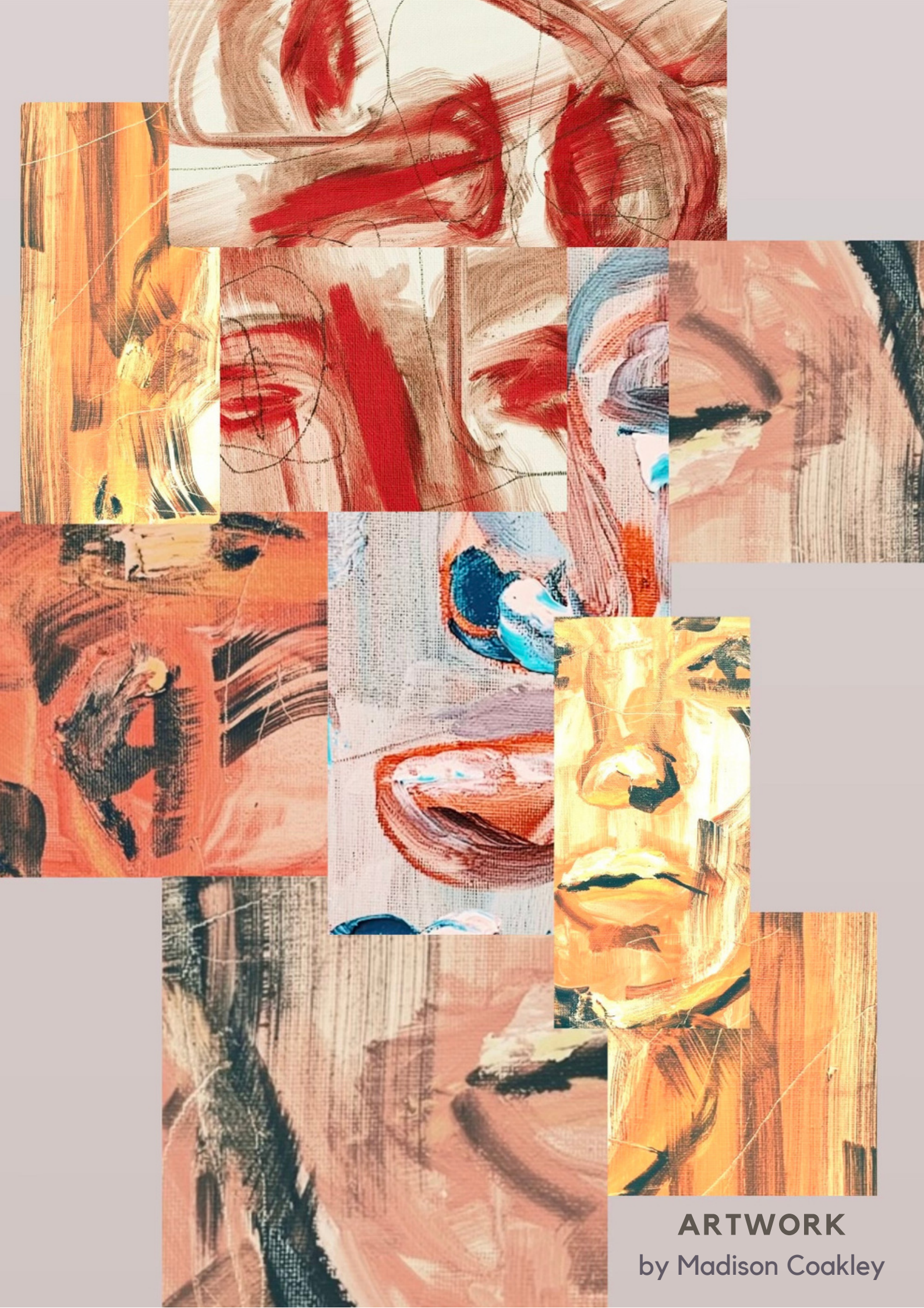
疑今者，察之古；不知來者，視之往。萬事之生也，異趣而同歸，古今一也。  
《管子·形勢》

- Marshmallow Theory
- Dove's feather









**ARTWORK**  
by Madison Coakley



# FLEETING MOMENTS

by Aishwarya Narayanan

*Time flies*

As a whole lifetime passes  
In the blink of an eye

*Time flies*

As we fight against the tide  
Swept by the current

*Time flies*

As the moon and the stars  
March across the inky night sky

*Time flies*

As the sweet song of the birds  
Breaks the deafening silence

*Time flies*

As the falling petals of the sakura  
Dot the crimson hues of sunset

*Time flies*

As the white expanse of snow  
Gives way to the flowers

*Time flies*

As the thrill of adventure  
Fades into comfort

*Time flies*

As the once great unknown  
Begins to feel like home

*Time flies*

As old wounds heal  
Into invisible scars

*Time flies*

As the frenzied beating of the heart  
Settles into a steady rhythm

*Time flies*

As the memory of ages past  
Is reduced to history

*Time flies*

As tomorrow becomes today  
To soon be left behind

*Time flies*

As the hands of the clock  
Wrestle in an endless race

*Time flies*

As it sweeps along these moments  
To never return

*Time flies*

As it stands all-conquering  
Towering in its infinity

*Forever...*



# I'M THE MASTER OF TIME

by Dario De Quarti

I'm a football referee. On the pitch, I'm the master of time. I have absolute control over time from the very first to the last second. I decide when the game begins, when to start time. I can add time. I can stop time for a while if I'd like to. I can even cancel the game so that time will never start.

I'm the master of time, and because of that, people are always so mad at me. When they lose, they want more time. When they win, there's always too much time. But my time has to run independently of what they want. I'm the powerful master of time, and they're all jealous of that. What they don't understand is that, even though I'm the master of time, I don't control anything. The very own use of time - meaning how players act, when they'd foul, when they'd waste time and when they'd accelerate the game - is totally out of my control. I give them the impression to fully control time, but I actually only control the watch. Players decide how they want to use time, and the less I interfere with their choices, the better the game. And yet, everyone always complains of how I control time. They don't realize that their very own use of time, whether I should add time or not, very much depends on their actions.

Time is the only thing we're all equals on: no one can shorten a day, accelerate an hour or stop a minute. Time is, at a first glance, our most communist good. Everyone is given days of 24 hours, weeks of 7 days, years of 365.25 days. Of course, some will live longer than others - but since no one really knows their precise time endowment, we should all have a similar approach to how we use time. In other words, we should all be equal on time and, most importantly, never feel as if others had a better time than us.

However, we're often victims of time. When we want to see a good friend, we have no time. When we should work, time is so slow. When we're with a person we love, we want to stop time. We're never fully satisfied by how time flows and we would like to complain to the referee of our lives that makes time relentlessly continue, second by second.

Our whole lives are built around this status of time victims.

Someone decided I should start my life by studying for twenty-five years or so. In particular, I should wake up at 7 and be at school at 8. Someone decided it was normal to eat at 12. Someone also said that after 5, school is over and I can have fun, or maybe do some homework.

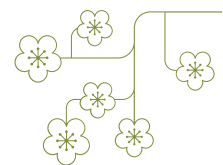
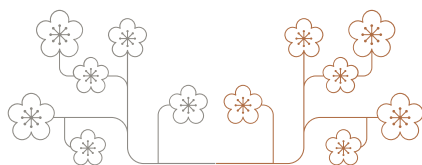
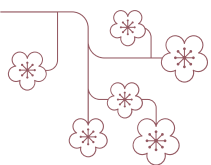
Someone else decided that, after these twenty-five years or so, I should work from 9 to 6 to earn money. Someone stated that two days per week are free - but still paid -, and that a few weeks a year could be fully dedicated to leave, but the rest has to be for work.

Someone stated that after a certain amount of time, I could retire. Someone decided that this time should only come when I'm not of the age of enjoying life fully anymore and when I'm most likely to need health assistance.

In the end, we all have time, but we also don't. Time is our most communist and yet most stolen good: every day, second by second, our time is taken by someone. How we use our time is none of our control. From the moment we're born, our whole lives are only a run against the clock to survive the passing of time. If we don't use time productively enough, we might not be given the resources to gain more time. We're all playing a time game but we could not decide the rules. And there's no real winner.

With a final blow of the whistle, I decide that time ends now. I am foreseeing some losers running to me to ask for more time, whereas winners have already destroyed my ears way earlier asking to stop time. But I'm the master of time on this field, the one and only, and for some reason I decide that time stops now. As usual, the players are time victims. They decided for the whole game on how to use time, and yet they are never happy with the master of time. Wake up! Time started but I'm only the referee. You are the players: how you want to use the ball is the responsibility of your own feet, your own legs. Players, start to play football the way you want and you'll only have better time, free time, and a win for the team.







# IT GETS EASIER: FOUR SHORT STORIES

by Yung-Hsuan Wu

## 1:29 AM

The truth is, sometimes, he just doesn't know what to do with himself.

1:29 AM seems to be a specific time of day when he often finds himself awake. He'd pick up a book he initially resolved to finish within three weeks, flip to page 186, lay it on its back, pick up the phone, light the screen to see nothing but a big 1:30 mocking at him, pick up the book again, this time flipping to page 185 since he forgets what happened to Elio.

Is he pensive? Maybe. Is he drowsy? A little. What is he thinking about? At this point in time, he's desperately grasping onto anything to shut that host heating up in his brain, to prevent that cursor from gliding to the next tab, to halt that automatic update from downloading and decelerating Wi-Fi, to—

At this point in time, he's begging for anything to stop himself from thinking, from processing the fact that he could not fathom what to do with himself.

## WAVES

"Can you stop it? Can you stop the waves from hitting the shores, thrashing themselves upon the rocks repeatedly and yet again, trying to climb the dike that holds back the unstoppable force of devastation that aims to do no good but overflow the only sanctuary I have built for you, for your image, for your cadenced syllables, for your chuckles when someone stammers out a mediocre joke, for your gentle lean against my shoulder when exhaustion inundates your head and mind, for the exuberant ecstasy that radiates around your figure as the beats pulsate through the air, or for that time you muttered a wrongfully placed phrase at the end of a rightful flush of vulnerable exchanges under your breath, for that I could not take it anymore, regardless of how tall I stack up pieces of driftwood, how complete I seal the crevices with sea-soaked sands, and how sturdy I lock the cabin with wind-abraded metal chains, you manage to break through and tear it down every time, and I am not easily breakable, not prehistoric of you.

So can you stop it? Because for the love of God, the tsunami that comes for my sound judgment will not respect the boundary between land and sea, the principle of non-interference between the head and the mind, or the wobbly wooden shack I built for you that is trembling under the ruthless ocean breeze."

He froze in front of the screen, fingers hanging atop his keyboard. Flooding his vision was waves of waves of waves of waves of wav—

## IT GETS EASIER

"It gets easier. It gets easier every day."

The glisten hit him at the right angle: slightly above the corner of his eye, but gently at the denser center of his eyebrow. It conveniently created the cinematic effect of "waking up to the sunlight" often depicted in Hollywood movies, unconsciously basking in a golden shower of beams, and consciously bringing himself up from the right side of the bed, looking out of the window or from whichever direction the sun was gorgeously smiling at him.

It was a sign of renewal, the recuperation of a healing wound, and the rejuvenation of his cells as if he was born into this world today and he got to experience all the wonders all over again. He got a clean slate, he could do anything he wanted; life was never more lenient; he could almost feel liberty at the tip of his fingers, the refreshing green-grass essence coming in his next breath, the reserved, unintended, and innocent grin of his former lover printed before his eyes—OH fuck.

Fuck.

They ain't talking anymore. That's what a Hollywood morning does to a person. You'd think that the day after the "happily ever after" is the curtain call. A magical moment that turns everything fine. One day, we'd wake up feeling "that's all I've ever wanted" for life. But what about the next day? What about the next day after the Hollywood ending?

"It gets easier every day. But you gotta do it every day, and that's the hard part."





# TAKE THEM WITH YOU IN YOUR WALLET

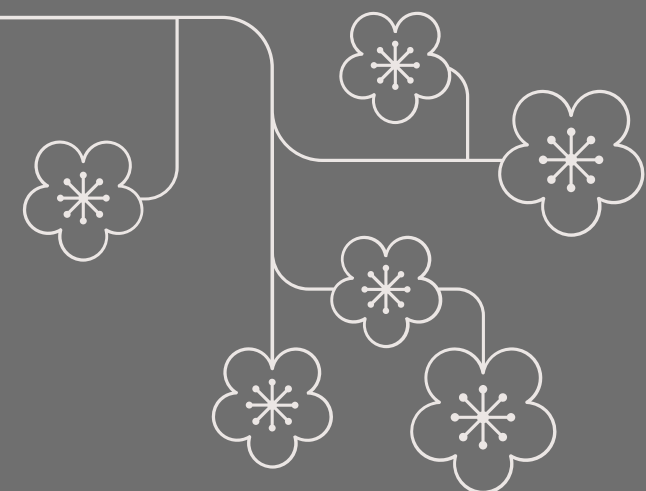
He doesn't even know why he takes the Polaroids in his wallet.

They are debris of the past, relics of what used to be sparks between the two of them. He hates them, anything that reminds him that what's in history isn't static. Anything that stirs the heartstrings and makes a sound. He hates them.

Yet, the Polaroids are still in his pocket wherever he goes. The lucky condom one keeps in their wallet. The receipt of the gift you bought for a significant other. The heinous song saved in one's Spotify because it resembles a certain frame of time. It is atrocious not to throw them out but abominable to ditch the proof that you have had them in your grip once. There was a time that they were documentaries of your universe, keepsakes that told your history. What hubris would you have to live with to destroy them? How oblivious must you have been to let them deteriorate in a cold, dark dustbin where thousands of people dispose of their unrecognizable moments? Where plastic beads kill the tortoises?

Hence, the Polaroids are still in his pocket, in his wallet, an instrument that he flicks open to survive each day. He hates them, but they are there, forever there.





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please recycle me! :)

The  
Graduate  
Press

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Send in your submission at [gisa.thegraduate@graduateinstitute.ch](mailto:gisa.thegraduate@graduateinstitute.ch)