

Infinite Desire

The temporal consistency of a past which empties out into a present whose eyes are gazing towards a future enables us to rest assured. The promise of times continuum, the organized order of progress gives us the capability of embarking on our daily routine without the rumbling threat of disorder.

In the order of ordered time, where newness, the promise of the future, is reduced to a remembering of a past that has left it's trace, where the new is nothing but a re-presentation of the old, we regress into banality. The 'perfect' and 'total' process of time reduces the other to the same, the future to the past and the yearning desire we all have for the 'Event', for the redemptive time of pure future is crushed. *"Time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future, and time future contained in time past. If all time is eternally present, all time is unredeemable."*

We are told that the messianic redemption, the end result of a seemingly infinite process of time can only, will only take place when we have given up on a possible redeemer. The Event will only take place during a state on non-focus, un-intentionality. It will take place as an interruption, a shattering of the past-present-future dialectic. It is a time beyond time, the path that diverts from the path towards a new, distant, impossibly possible place. As Kafka said, *the messiah will come the day after the last day...*