

The Hands of Time

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THE HANDS OF TIME

Before the utterance that tamed reality into existence, there was a void. A deep, endless onyx lying motionless on vast shores of madness. As storms of chaos raged in the eternity of darkness, a Word was spoken like a strike of lightning. As the seas of siege settled, the hands of time began to wave.

“Tick, tock, tick, tock” were the first sounds of song creation echoed back to its Creator, in praise. Five hundred and eighteen thousand and four hundred measures rang before the first breaths of man began to fill its spectrum. As the reflection of frequencies began to dance upon the ears of man, a smooth whisper began its crescendo. The praise that once was, erred to pride, and song fell to silence when suddenly the hands of time shuddered.

In an instant, the shared love of time, space and matter festered into orgy. Mastery diluted into mess and measures of dance deviated into measurements of desolation. At this insemination of sin, the face of time was forever marred by the return of this ancient evil that thrustured itself into humanity and back into the void from whence it came.

The sound that once was praise diminished into the sinister, signature sound of loss. *“Tick, tock, tick, tock”* became the audible calling card of history’s most mindless killer. Centuries passed as time began to collect its victims. One by one, its allegiance ventured further outside its initial bounds

until the seas of siege were released on earth from the fountains of the deep. Souls gathered in despair under the drowning swells and their spirits departed from time as their breath left their physical forms. When the storm ended, a bow of promise glowed through the steam of rain as the time of judgement passed into memory, but its order remained unchanged.

The collection of souls accumulated were but a consequence of the sophistication laced in the threads of creation. Time cannot take what lies outside of its ruthless possession, but eventually, time takes all. Within its order, theres an appointment; A process beyond its own, and as the seas of siege were once tamed, so time will be. The moment of which this miracle should manifest lies outside of its grasp, known only to the Creator.

All created orders face limitations and to this, time is not immune. In its order, the twelve tenets of time were given, and they are as follows:

*It cannot end until its time
When it ends, it cannot cry
Though it can mend, it cannot lie
It cannot think, or wonder why
It cannot be, not like a mind
It cannot save, just pass you by
It cannot see, but this is best
It is not good, it lacks the sense
It is not free, for it is spent
It cannot buy, for it is debt
It cannot repeat, but it will stretch
It cannot rewind, only forget*

Only once has time ever strayed from the pastures of its cyclical nature, at the command of the Great Shepherd who created them. At his appointment, time was reborn at one and moved at his command until His death and resurrection at thirty-three. Now, the twelve tenets of time remain its

shackles until the day it is rewritten or destroyed. No creation can alter these tenets without the hand of the one who wrote them and no creation can stop it.

From then, seconds have descended upon man like flurries on a white winters day, but they dissipate as they settle upon our snare, lost in the exact moment we attempt to capture them. The precipitation of our pasts evaporate into vapor as clouds of anticipation form into future and begin to fall. The present is but a fog that comes and goes with the rush of wind from every movement of sound or matter.

Generations upon generations have tried to separate the spoken orders from their confined quarters. Rituals and blood sacrifices from leaders and laymen alike desecrate the ground in which we walk in attempt to alter the deep magic of song that laid the foundations of the earth and its waters below. The metronome of smooth whispers rises and falls with the singing sons and daughters of fallen ones, infiltrating the masses with words of honey and sounds of cinnamon. The sweet and savory introduction turns to ashes in our mouths as we burn with lusts of the flesh in verse. Curses ooze from our lips like the boiling sap of trees consumed by fire and flood, while sour scents and sounds of gurgling pops spill from the blood-soaked briar of our deep rooted sins.

“Tick, tock, tick, tock” continues to seep into every imagination of the thoughts of our hearts as we learn the dance of time well spent. The sons and daughters become fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers until generations of victims become the sole perpetrators. The theatrics of old become traditions of latter days. The threats of yesterday become the conduct of tomorrow, until we champion villains as heroes. This is the test of time that none shall pass until time itself comes to pass.

Time moves swiftly forward along its continuum, as societies decay under its heavy hand. Whisperers hidden in the shadow of secrets, orchestrate plots that grow ever ill. Like stray dogs backed into black and white corners, their desperation breeds a violence beyond measure while their

bloodlines rise to authority. From pawns to kings and queens, they swear oaths of public service and fealty, while coiled behind closed doors, they spill the blood of innocents for degrees of enlightenment. Rooks, bishops and knights are their secret descendants implanted into positions of power, seeking to control the narrative of time to the detriment of the pawns. Whispers turn to words, words into stories, stories into news, news into history, history into textbooks, textbooks into facts, and facts into reality. When the whispers become the reality, our ability to question the order will vanish before our eyes. We will be blind as time is blind.

There is but one goal for such a plot; *To kill the Creator.*

The mortal enemy to the servants of time is the Creator, alone. It is theorized that removing Him from the equation allows the order to fall and time to be free. On the surface, its alluring and beautiful as the unknown often is, but to release time from its shackles is to awaken the leviathan from the seas of siege and establish a reign of chaos without end.

It is of innocent mind to force fit the modern theories of origin into the gaps of the ancient texts, but foolishness it is, nonetheless. Nothing can form from the foundations of nothing and only chaos can flow from springs of chaos. Time well-spent exercising confusion is time well-wasted. Innocent as they may be, the beholders of knives are bound to cut eventually. These servants of time have learned to recruit volunteers by the thousands who are succumbed to the mindless bliss of ignorance. Many hold weapons of mass destruction without ever recognizing the destruction bubbling in their wake.

Time is but the writings of a scribe to the Creator of all. He possesses the account in-full as we are moving through it like characters in a story still being told. If time is the architect, how is it that time designs and creates? If time is the author, how is it that time moves us with emotion and morality? If time is the originator, how is it that time develops purpose and love without end? It appears that time

is merely a tool of measurement, not authorship or refinery. Only the Creator of all appoints the time for all things.

Though, the universe may be ever expanding, and the globe may be spinning, one thing for sure is that time is still passing as wonder fluctuates. Many orders of the Creator have been brought into question, but why not time?

Life, gender, marriage, space and even matter are other orders ordained by the ancient writings of the sea splitter by work of the Spirit. All, in the modern age, questioned or deemed unjust. *"Tick, tock, tick, tock"* remains the fear-mongering mantra of the unquestioned order. The fear that time is running out, and our resources are running dry. Fear that the unmet needs and selfish desires of others will lead to our demise. Fear that time will prevent us from doing the things that will bring us joy and ultimately, purpose, but time will not provide peace for such pressures.

There is only peace in divine purpose, but this peace is not earned, nor found. This peace is gifted. It already exists in the possession of another and time is not its true beholder. Peace is not only the antidote of fear, but the opposite. Though the Spirit possesses such gifts, most do not wish to accept it. Instead they loathe it, and for praise, they offer pride. Time passed, and day after day they drifted further from the truth until they worshipped their own imaginations. Strangling their conscience into submission of their own will, they numbed themselves to shades of blue. Then in haste they bashed in their own skulls until the rushing reds of warm blood covered their bodies like pagan alters of old. Then gasping through the streams of crimson over their cerulean bruises, they stood in royal shades of purple as sacraments to themselves. *"Tick, tock, tick, tock"*, they groan *"Tick, tock, tick, tock"*, they moan. *"Tick, tock, tick, tock"*, they hide *"Tick, tock, tick, tock"*, they die by the hands of time.

It is the hands of time that hold us, counting every second and waiting on every word. If we struggle and scream, the grip tightens and resistance builds until we are uncomfortably aware of its presence. If we let time have its way and lie docile, the grip eases into a dangerous delectation. For in all things, a balance must be found. But if time itself is not conscious, who holds the reins when it veers off path? Who holds the chain when its cleared to seek its wrath? If no Creator forces its hand, then what lies awake on the other end?