

H.G. Wells Re-imagines Time Travel

When I left my study, an unlit cigar
lay on my desk near the manuscript
I was editing, a tome sure to bring
the critics down on my head.
After pouring myself a glass
of sherry, I returned; the cigar
now rested in a crystal ashtray,
its smoldering tip red as Mars.
Had I traveled through the wormhole
to moments into my future?
And if so, to what consequence?

I am an old man, who regards
The Time Machine as a puerile
work of pseudo-science
and a too-youthful imagination.
Morlocks and Eloi indeed.
Unworthy antagonists.
So...I do not recall lighting
this excellent Havana, but
a single puff tells me it belongs
in this dimension.
Perhaps I am suffering
from dementia, as I approach
the ultimate door to another world.

I hear footsteps in the kitchen.
“Who’s there?” I call out,
expecting no one.
Rebecca appears in the doorway,
bearing a tray with five glasses
and a decanter of sherry.
“It’s been years since
I’ve seen you, hasn’t it?”
“Not so many, Bertie.
Moura and Constance and
Martha have all come as well.”
I laugh. A legion of my lovers
have arrived. Descended?
Near twilight on a late autumn day.
Dare I mention the Tangent universe?
Albert would be appalled.
Ah, no matter. I shall enjoy
these final moments.

H.G. Wells Re-imagines Time Travel

When I left my study, an unlit cigar
lay on my desk near the manuscript
I was editing, a tome sure to bring
the critics down on my head.
After pouring myself a glass
of sherry, I returned; the cigar
now rested in a crystal ashtray,
its smoldering tip red as Mars.
Had I traveled through the wormhole
to moments into my future?
And if so, to what consequence?

I am an old man, who regards
The Time Machine as a puerile
work of pseudo-science
and a too-youthful imagination.
Morlocks and Eloi indeed.
Unworthy antagonists.
So... I do not recall lighting
this excellent Havana, but
a single puff tells me it belongs
in this dimension.
Perhaps I am suffering
from dementia, as I approach
the ultimate door to another world.

I hear footsteps in the kitchen.
“Who’s there?” I call out,
expecting no one.
Rebecca appears in the doorway,
bearing a tray with five glasses
and a decanter of sherry.
“It’s been years since
I’ve seen you, hasn’t it?”
“Not so many, Bertie.
Moura and Constance and
Martha have all come as well.”
I laugh. A legion of my lovers
have arrived. Descended?
Near twilight on a late autumn day.
Dare I mention the Tangent Universe?
Albert would be appalled.
Ah, no matter. I shall enjoy
these final moments.