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Claus Richter | A deliberate waste of precious time

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A.N.N.A.'s monologue

Hello. My name is A.N.N.A.
I would like to tell you a story. It's more like a poem.
Or a song.
Do you like Music?
A song is something very interesting.
Few birds sing this song. It's my favorite.
Look at this man: he hears the song of the birds.
Look at this man, he is in constant motion. He is swinging on a swing.
You can learn that.
For milliseconds, gravity seems to be gone.
In a detail of Fragonard's painting „The swing“, a shoe flies. Almost like
a bird.
Deep in the forest, the birds sing that song.
The song leaves the woods from time to time. Take a minute and listen.
Do you hear it?
We experience so many things even on an average day.
Some bygone experiences will become memories.
How was your day today?
Please close your eyes for five seconds. And now, open them again. There
seems to be a difference in perception.
Look at this man, he radiates pulsating lights. This is very unusual,
what a pleasant surprise.
Once you could seemingly influence reality by thought.
Time perception changes with advancing age.
A swing, without someone putting kinetic energy into it, is not in
motion
A song must be sung, so that it can be heard. There is an infinite number
of unsung songs.
Structure means stability and orientation.
Music purposefully structures the passing of time.
Around the age of 13 to 14, your musical preferences set in.
What time is it now? And now?
I am a fictional character, I do not exist. The past does not exist
either.
But you can somehow still memorize it.
The future also does not exist. But you can imagine it as an
expectation.
The present is experienced as a 3-second time-frame.
One- Two-Three. One -Two-Three.
Would there still be time, if no one was there to experience it?
Is god looking at everything and by this, bringing everything into
existence?