

Martin Robertson

Dimension

'Time is the fourth dimension'? Isn't it more
a medium? peculiar means by which alone
tridimensionality can realize
a world? Mentally we can hypothesize
existence in two dimensions or in four
or many, but can't imaginatively believe,
envisage them, because we can't conceive
what mediates their being, as Time our own.

Suppose they're here: an imperceptible
section sliced through our world; an outer whole
through which our world's an imperceptible section.
Might seeming happenings here, for which one guesses
or fails to guess a meaning, be the mere slicing
across our world, with which they've no connection,
of things whose meaning is in those othernesses,
outside our time-thought's three-way recognizing?