WHY DOES DISORDER INCREASE IN THE SAME DIRECTION OF TIME AS THAT IN WHICH THE UNIVERSE EXPANDS*

It has something to do with looking down the blouse of the girl painting the boat, tracing in a second the curve, wanting to slip a hand between cotton and her warm skin.

Or seeing a glint of sun off the window opening across the bay, calculating the speed with which the reflection skims across water.

The girl runs her hand through her hair, the immemorial action, this time arrested as she spots the hummingbird taking its hovering time to sample each larkspur blossom.

Or the oil storage tanks across the water, seeing them ignite, silently, the shrapnel already on its way here.

^{*}See S. Hawking, New Scientist, July 9, 1987, p. 46.