

Some posts from my blog <https://starcatcherrus.tumblr.com>

27/04/2020

About the end of the week

With a decrease in the seemingly social burden, I became tired more than ever from any contacts with people. To be honest, it does not seem to me that this is due to what is happening, but it will be convenient to find the reason in it. Even simple meetings with friends, which became less frequent, more frequent phone calls, conversations in messages - all this somehow gained more weight than before. And now, after a couple of switching of the communication line, I feel somewhat exhausted.

On Saturday it seems that there is still a whole Sunday ahead. On Sunday the day flies by unnoticed and from the state of thoughts about yet another day off I find myself in the sensation of Monday coming. The past week was not particularly simple, but it seems that I mentally mixed it with the previous one and I got a chaotic sense of time when something accumulates inside every day and you can't get rid of it like you can't really rest.

I am glad that this Sunday ends with sunset at the river shore, when passersby around also leisurely see off the day, return home and walk with dogs. Clouds of blots in a sky fading at twilight creep apart and seem to dissolve in the water column around. Still, it's sometimes convenient to think that one ends and something else begins, endow such boundaries with a meaning, like tonight, so that a new week starts tomorrow, turning over the previous one.