

February 20th 2022

Weekdays are different here, therefore time is different. I am no longer experiencing a weekly tunnel whose end is a couple of days of rest. I do not know what I am supposed to rest from because I am not working and most of my work happens in my head.

I am always tired. Waking up feels like a letdown, not because I don't want to be awake but because I don't want to feel like this when I am awake.

Time is different. Time is divided into my waking life and the arbitrary sum of hours I spend sleeping. My waking time is defined by the moment I wake up to the moment I fall asleep. In this gap – time frame? – I cope with my emotional state which is mainly characterised by depression.

My emotional state is divided into parts. Hopes, dreams, fears, anticipations, feelings, anxiety and panic. My waking time is dedicated to the dealing of these feelings and that creates a bubble between myself and everything else that happens outside of my head and next to my body.

I usually go to sleep defeated and hope that I wake up the next morning with a better idea.

Depression means a different perception of time. One floats around the numbers that map the clock. One is in conflict with the numbers, losing a game that exists only in their imagination.

Consciousness changes. It becomes a notebook that fell on the floor, its pages turning with every puff of wind, eventually coming apart and filling the room in a disorderly way, thus breaking any form of linearity that existed shortly before.