

Pressure

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There is... what is... how do you calculate that... There **must** be a solution... Ahhh...

Such pressure.

No coherent thought. Not at 3am. I hear the mathematics, but cannot respond. I want to get rid of this pressure in my head, but yet it remains. I should try to get some sleep.

I don't know where this pull originates, but I constantly feel the need to think towards that one goal, the only thing that matters.

I make another attempt at thinking. But I am too tired to do anything anymore. There is next to the call, the pull, the melody of mathematics also my pride carrying me into such late nights. And I almost always yield to this pair.

Sleep