Monday, 3/4/2024

## I - DISTURBANCE

You don’t feel okay. You haven’t felt okay in a while. At the suggestion of a co-worker, you decided to see a therapist.

The therapist suggested visiting a psychiatrist for an evaluation, and gives you a recommendation that’s on your health plan. You make an appointment for five weeks from now, hoping that seeing the psychiatrist can help.

Boredom, irritability, and anxiety have become persistent in your life. You recently got back together with your ex, Haley. She’s been supportive and understanding of your recent mood swings, and commends you for seeing a therapist. Lately she’s been spending more nights at your apartment, trying to comfort and support you.

It’s about 8:30, and the two of you have just finished dinner. As you settle into the couch to watch TV, Haley prepares for work. You hear her humming in the distance as she applies makeup. You find it annoying and endearing at the same time. It seems remarkable at times that she can be so energetic all day.

“Try to take it easy, okay?” she says as she departs for work.

“Yeah,” you respond softly.

**Tuesday, 3/5/2024**

## II – MONOCHROME

It’s 7:30 AM. You stare down at your cereal bowl. It’s the same meal you’ve eaten for breakfast nearly every day for years, but today you don’t feel like eating.

You put on one of your button-up shirts. Looking in the mirror, you realize that you probably should have ironed it, but don’t really care.

You work as a financial analyst, and a recent increase in marketplace activity has meant more hours, and more stress at your job. Your boss, [[Inga]] has always amazed you with her work ethic. If not for her camaraderie, you would have given up long ago.

You finish up your morning routine and head to work.

You stare blankly at an open spreadsheet document. You find it somewhat difficult to concentrate on your work. You have been feeling anxious lately. Your breathing has been sharp and inconsistent, and everything seems somewhat surreal. You ignore your anxiety and continue working.

It's 11:15 AM, and you've been working diligently for a few hours. You head to the break room to fill up your coffee mug. You encounter your co-worker, [[Linus]]. You engage in small talk for a few minutes. Eventually, he expresses concern.

"Have you been feeling alright man? You seem a little spaced out lately."

You [[Tell him you're fine]]

Confiding in your friend Linus, you tell him that you have felt irritable, disconnected, and anxious lately. You tell him in confidence about your recent appointment with the psychologist, and your intent to get a psychiatric evaluation.

Linus offers his support.

"It's understandable that you've been stressed. Especially if [[Inga]] has been in one of her moods again lately."

You finish up your discussion with Linus and head back to your desk. You notice a missed call from your friend [[Eric]] and think to yourself "it's probably not important, I'll talk to him some other time."

After working for a few more hours you decide it's time to [[call it a day]]

You sit in bed and watch Netflix. You would normally see your girlfriend [[Haley]] tonight, but she's bartending and is quite busy. You feel indifferent about this.

You continue watching a TV show until you begin to experience an unusual onset of frustration.

“This show is stupid,” you say to yourself, turning off the television. It’s only 9:30 but you don’t feel much like staying up. You head to bed, lying wakefully for an hour or two until you eventually drift into sleep.

**Friday, 3/8/2014**

### III – STOLEN MUSE

Your workweek has been taxing, but you managed to make it to Friday somehow. Your phone buzzes. It’s Haley.

“Fridayyyyy!!!!! :) :)” the text reads.

You feel anxious. Haley works until closing time at the bar on Fridays. Usually you join her towards the end of the night, have a few drinks, and leave together. She will be expecting you, but you don’t feel like going.

Telling her that you don’t want to go doesn’t seem like an option. You feel the sting of guilt tapping incisively in your gut.

After a long, slow day of work, it’s finally 6:00. There’s not a soul left in the office. You should probably leave.

You grab your courier bag, head out to your car, and get in. As you sit in the driver’s seat, you encounter the same weekly dilemma: Haley doesn’t start work until 10:00.

“What the hell am I supposed to do for four hours?” you think to yourself.

Several minutes pass as you sit quietly in the driver’s seat. Eventually you decide to go home, fully aware of the fact that you will probably do nothing productive or meaningful for the next few hours.

It’s 11:45. As you pull into the parking lot of the bar, you feel heightened anxiety. It feels like someone is gripping your throat, pushing against it with every beat of your heat.

You take a few deep breaths, and then head in to find Haley. Swarmed with customers, it takes her several moments to notice you. When she does, she beams you a smile while pouring a drink.

There are no seats at the bar. The music is too loud, and quite shitty, in your opinion. You don’t know anyone here.

“God damn it, why am I here?” you wonder. The thought of having to wait several more weeks to see the psychiatrist is starting to feel unbearable.

You used to feel excited and alive every Friday when you would come to see Haley. Seeing her small and dexterous hands pouring drinks and filling pints used to impress you. You used to see her as a stunning, otherworldly spectacle of a woman. Now she seems common, familiar. It’s as if someone reached into your heart, and stole your desires.

One of Haley’s co-workers taps you on the shoulder. You turn around and he says something inaudible, smiling, as he hands you a pint.

You sit quietly at the less active bar and sip your pint. Your cynical thoughts are getting the best of you.

“Why does anybody drink this piss water?” you wonder.

Eventually, the bar closes and Haley approaches you cheerfully.

“Sorry I couldn’t talk much. It was really busy tonight!”

“No problem,” you say complacently.

As you walk towards your car together, you feel once again burdened by your lack of desire. As she interlaces her soft fingers with yours, you feel empty, and guilty that you don’t see her the way you used to.

**Saturday, 3/9/2014**