Lockdown Anxiety Diaries. Episode 4

It’s strange how when we wake up we feel so rejuvenated. And all that energy and enthusiasm can go down the drain in like a fraction of a second. I woke up feeling better than the night before, although my legs were hurting too bad. It might be all the climbing up and down four flight of stairs yesterday, all the running around getting to me, or it might be I am not sleeping well these days. My sleep has become very disturbing. Any light noise and I am the first one up. I like to sit in my balcony and relax a bit, look at the morning sky and try to find hope. My ex used to tell me too much of positivity is harmful. I never understood what that meant. I still don’t. I mean being positive is a good thing right. Then again, he was a very negative person. He would find fault in a perfectly cooked meal. He could somehow only see the negatives in any situation. And me, I liked to look for the positive. I like to look for hope. I like to see the world in a little bit of a crimson light because that is how I survive. I kept telling him that multiple times trying to explain how I work, how my mind works and he kept telling me how wrong I was. Constantly. Incessantly. Until one day I got fed up of it and left. It wasn’t worth it to be in so much of a negative company. And it was affecting my anxiety and making it worse. Good riddance that’s what I say even today. I am a very optimistic person but also a little bit unforgiving when it comes to relationships. Once I move on, I move on. There are no ifs and buts about it. It is a simple case of black and white. I have never had any grey colors in my life. Nor I am fond of those.

I made my tea and while sipping it slowly, I have a habit of thinking ahead about my day. What I am going to do and how am I going to get it all done. I am not a list person. I do things as I go along. But with time I have learned that making list is a good habit. It reminds you how to keep track of things that you otherwise might forget. So I have started forming a list habit, but to be honest on most days it feels more like a hassle than a necessity.

There are so many dogs in my street. They keep barking like day and night. I wonder how much more do they have to say to each other. I like cats, dogs, all animals but out of my home. I am not a fan of keeping them inside the house. Once I tried that with a rabbit and felt maybe it was happier in the green grass than sitting on my couch in the living room. So I gave her back.

I have these trail of thoughts while having tea. They range from ex’s to animals to weather to the world and what’s happening in it etc. A varied range. My brain jumps from like one thought to another and it is quite amusing at times when I laugh out loud to myself. It’s funny because I keep thinking how the fuck, pardon my language, but how does the brain think of so many different things in like a few seconds and sometimes none of the thoughts are useful. I feel like telling her to atleast think of something useful rather than repeating history every morning.

Finally the tea is done with, and I can get on with some real work now. I had to go to people’s houses today and get a collection for the needy people. All my ideas from yesterday are still in my head but I felt so tired from all the running around that I didn’t want to get out of my home today. I sat down with some reading. Picking up Rumi felt like he was waiting for my company. It was the other way round actually. I needed some company to keep myself sane. My mind kept wandering to places and none of them felt comforting right now.

Should I shower? Will that make me better ? I dialed a friend and started talking about things with her so as to divert my mind. Now she is too much into politics and all. Somehow we ended up having a political debate and that just made my anxiety worse. I made an excuse and put the phone down. Back to Rumi I said to myself. I know the triggers, I know how they work and if I don’t break that mental chain, it becomes worse and makes me feel worse too. I need to distract myself to something pleasant. Something that will cheer me up. I started reading Rumi. The poetry, the sufi life and the approach all were very soothing. Slowly I found myself better again. It was late afternoon by the time I started getting hungry.

Time for lunch.