

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.

24/04/2020

### **About new conditions**

Talking about my feelings the other day, I realized an amusing thing that I am now experiencing a state of moving to another city. It happens that you exchange one millionaire city for another and in many ways they are so similar to each other, but still in some ways different. Nearby there is not that large number of friends and acquaintances, but with those who are now here you haven't talked for several years and the conversations are somehow embarrassing. You know that everyone else hasn't gone anywhere, but as if they stayed in that the distance a little let them out. It is as if the route to work and back home has become the main one, because I have not yet explored all the locations, somehow not in my mood, later I will go surf the streets. And in all this there is a feeling of another city in the native city in conditions of self-isolation.

Nothing has actually changed from a thorough one, but it seems that everything has changed. Either it was thrown back in time, or pushed forward, giving a chance to accomplish what was postponed for so long, to limit the unnecessary, to understand where yours and where not. New conditions bring new meanings and I can't say in any way that this is harmful.

I also go to work and walk home, buy groceries, listen to music, watch something and read more, I limited communication with many people and it turned out to be a test rather than a measure, although

I understand that if the conditions go to nothing, everything would be came back home. But for now, it's time to become aware of yourself, to accept, to listen and to look more carefully inside. Time to evaluate your surroundings, those who were near then, and those who stayed. Time for new conditions. And the feeling as if i really changed the city and did not notice how. But here too - just a matter of habit.

06/04/2020

### **About changes after**

Everyone is talking about the changes that await us in the near future, in ourselves and in the world around us. Will it be? I think everyone will decide for himself how he will change and how his world will change.

It would be great to become more conscious, treat each other with great respect, keep our distance, but at the same time remove the masks - the very ones behind which we hide every day. It would be nice to look around in ours four walls, in its courtyard, in its streets, in its city and in its world. To cast an attentive look and hold on to it without departing from ours words.

We will recover, revive what we missed, what we had to let go, and that what happened to let us go. The world will be somewhat divided into before and after; not explicitly, but will draw a dotted line and each of us will also take up the chalk and draw a line by themself. Before. And after. What we saw around, in the news, among friends, in ourselves. Will we be better or will it just push us away? Would it be better? What will change? And whether it will change at all.

05/04/2020

### **About time at home**

Catching a pleasant evening wind during a short run between houses is one of the most pleasant events of the day. A cinematic song in the headphones adds atmosphere and it seems like I am in a completely different city, or maybe I still remain in my, but the sensations are amplified at times. Twilight, a guitar melody, a warm wind, the lights of lanterns, quiet neighbourhood like a small one-story city in which I grew up and which always attracts back to me anytime I had to catch a wave of nostalgia.

Probably, these days are finally teaching us to really look at ourselves, to observe our actions and attitude to what is happening face to face and through telephone networks or posts in social networks. We finally stayed at home - as we probably planned more than once; I'll get a chance to spend the day without going anywhere, I'll finish everything, check the notes, write a page in the diary. And here is the very chance, and not even one, and, of course, emotionally difficult in many ways, but nevertheless we are creatures of circumstances to a greater extent and are able to adapt better than chameleons. And if you need it now, then why not - then we will remember how interesting and difficult time it was, but for now we need to be patient, reasonable and turn it around in our direction.

So returning from a short walk or not leaving the four walls at all for another day, remember when you really spent days at home like now. I cannot for myself; this has not happened for a long time and now I

am glad to use this time for everything that was put off and hid on shelves. And in turn, I hope that you are healthy, everything is in order and you are not too much tired stay home these days.

02/04/2020

### **About "five a.m. in the middle of summer"**

Silent streets whisper to me to stop. I walk forward along an empty sidewalk along a park covered with restrictive stretch marks, rare cars sweep past, sometimes leaving the road completely empty when traffic is interrupted by traffic lights behind me. The city is in the phase of chronic "five a.m. in the middle of summer", when it is already light, but there is still no one until sunset.

Somebody asked me to keep my distance when I go for morning coffee, out of habit trying to go to the checkout, and take a step back. Now my movement around the city is regulated by a certificate folded twice in my pocket. We are like in a utopia that we had read about a few years ago. Now, we ourselves seemed to have go out from the pages of those books that we had time to forget about, perhaps. Now we walk one at a time. Around it is empty and quiet. And even the air itself can be dangerous.

At some point, we stopped asking each other about plans for Friday or the weekend; in any case, they fit in four walls, familiar to each of us. A sense of cohesion helps to stay at home, that not only you, but everyone around you is trying to abide by the rules, trying to somehow encourage others and find something to do. With this awareness, the F.O.M.O comes to naught, it has almost disappeared, we are all in the same conditions and there is nothing to lose, nothing distracts us from spending another evening at home and not thinking that we could have ended it up somewhere else. Now everyone is at home. Try to stay. So I return home a deserted road, feeling in my pocket my certificate of the right to move around the city, but still speeding up the pace. So what's up with plans for Friday and the weekend?

31/03/2020

### **About streets soldiers**

Will we write everything off for a protracted April Fool's joke tomorrow? Will not work. Yes I know. The city is noticeably empty, empty streets, quiet roads, one or two people with masks walking around with children or dogs, the majority try to keep their distance, the rest either do not understand, or do not know at all - for sure, there are some that are out of the news, outside of the mass hype and the measures taken, who, maybe, just started to notice some changes around.

Days without news are no longer relevant. Something is constantly changing, corresponded, updated and regulated. The news feed has become more vibrant and relevant to each of us than ever before. It's not somewhere else, it's already here.

No matter how you try to suppress anxiety and any thoughts, they still break through not very strong armor and occupy the mind. To keep them within borders, to cordon off territory, to declare quarantine: disperse - to be a panic.

On the way home, looking at my feet in the midst of the games of the sun with shadows, I saw red little soldiers (firebugs) waking up, they poured onto the asphalt and did not notice at all that passers-by were treading on their brothers - they would be careful, no one would take revenge in front of them with a broom, so as not to step on anyone. I walked the entire length of the road, stepping into free sections; soldiers are a direct reference to childhood, as every spring they woke up in fresh shoots of grass, ran on asphalt, flickered with their black dots and lines on the backs. March ends, tomorrow is April. And, it seems, with his arrival, everything will only begin.

And some photos:

















