

Some posts from my blog <https://starcatcherrus.tumblr.com>

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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?