

All Natural Feelings of a Morning

by *Luse Hakobyan*

I wake up suddenly, as if cold water has been poured on me. I am covered in sweat. I can't remember what dream I was having.

I look at the clock. It's five.

I definitely can't sleep. Not because my sleep was disturbed. I've been having a strange feeling, which I can't control, but at least I will try to explain.

I am apathetic. I am trying to remember what happened last night. Hmm... I don't remember, but I guess nothing happened. Have you ever been sad for no reason? That's exactly what I feel. Or is it apathy anyway? I can't decide. I can't say for sure. Wow, this problem has always tormented me. I never understand how I feel. Is it fear or just surprise, confusion or excitement, happiness or the deception of the moment? And finally - sadness or suffering? No— more precisely, I know that it is hard, but from what? See, I still can't decide.

Metro: This thought flashed more than clearly in my head. Do you have to take the subway?

Taking the subway is something like meditation, I think. How calm there is in the rumble of that metal giant! It is always punctual, stable, which also inspires calmness. And I mostly just need rest.

I try to feel my shirt. Its cloth should not be too different from the cloth of the placeholder.

This is how I found it. Still wet. But why still? Oh— it was raining yesterday.

I have to walk carefully so I don't wake anyone up. Carefully closing the door, I step out into the hallway full of refreshing air. More precisely, the air is just cold, not refreshing. Without hurrying, I put my foot on every step.

I am leaving: It's dark, but not oppressively dark. It's an embracing, comforting dark. Which way to move? Yes, over there. Do you see if the metro is open at this time? I don't know, but I know for sure it will be open by the time I get there.

Don't I have friends whom I can call even at two in the morning and open my heart to? I don't know: I mean, I have very close friends who are definitely ready to listen and understand me. But am I ready to call? I do not think so: that's beyond me. To begin with, I wouldn't know what to say. I call, say I'm sad, and then? Then that friend will ask why I'm sad. But I don't know the answer.

The ground is still wet, too. I love the rain. Well— now is not the time to think about dear things. I promised to explain my situation to you. Is it that I have problems in life? Not at all. I have a wonderful family and friends. Having said that, I am an average person, statistically speaking, who does not stand out in anything. Without any reason to complain.

But at the moment, it seems to me that everyone is far away. It's like they've put me in a cage where I have to live with all the negativity alone, so that I can get out and continue my happy life. Happy? Well, let him be happy, because, as I mentioned, I have no reason to complain.

Why do I need the subway? I don't know. Maybe I won't go anywhere— I'll just sit in my permanent place and rest. There is still quite a long way to go before reaching the metro.

Of course, the term "big road" is quite a relative and subjective concept, but I don't want to go into detail.

But maybe I need someone. And I wonder if there are friends who are only there to feel your sadness. It seems to me that I won't ever be able to calmly look into the eyes of a person with whom I have shared my sadness.

But even this idea is not so true. As mentioned, I often get bored. People around me probably don't even notice when I'm sulking. But it would be nice to have a friend like that. Maybe, that's what psychologists are for... but I just want a friend. Oh my, a man with so many close friends wants a friend. Maybe I really should go to a psychologist.

It's possible that I'm just imagining that

loneliness is the cause of my depression. Maybe I'm just lazy and that's all there is to it. No, but that can't be it... I should divert my attention to the environment a little. Otherwise, I'll go mad like this.

I'm walking down some very wide street. I could go into detail about which street it is so you can better imagine it (the place will definitely be familiar) but I won't, because then you'll get distracted. I want us to at least focus on me this time. Why did I say "at least this time?" I don't know, I don't know... Just leave it like this.

OK— it's a wide street, there's no one there, a dog is lying on the ground. It is one of those dogs that looks dead at first glance, but which is actually just sleeping. Love dogs— but let's not digress.

Now that I've distracted myself a bit, I can already hear my footsteps. They are actually not that silent, after all. I walk with the normal gait of an ordinary person. Perhaps I don't know what that even means— understand it as you wish. Am I afraid that they will pity me? I have always hated feeling sorry for myself. Am I a miserable little animal, which is it? Let's return to the hypothesis about the friend.

Maybe, I really need someone on whose shoulder I can cry quietly and forget about it.

But I am not satisfied with this sentimental explanation.

It is already dawn. The sky is bright and gray at the same time. The clouds aren't letting the sun spread its rays.

I have a strange feeling. It seems that everything material will be lost. I can't feel my own legs. I fly over the ground. All this is a figment of my imagination. I close my eyes and try to concentrate. I try to find some small voice that can bring me back to reality. The distant rumble of a passing car. I open my eyes. I am, again, in a familiar place, standing with the usual posture of an ordinary person.

I'm in some park— which park is not important. A rattle of keys is heard. It's probably a passer-by, but I won't turn around and check. I'm

not worried— besides, it's pointless.

Have you ever noticed how many meaningless actions we do during the day?

One could make an endless list of these actions. Starting with communication, for example:

sullen in the presence of acquaintances, we pretend to be happy in order not to spoil the mood, even though we do not care what that person feels in the first place. OK— maybe I only speak for myself.

I will probably reach the metro in 15 minutes. I'll walk without any emotion, mechanically, because all my feelings are concentrated. I'll continue to sink.

I have reached the station. I will not bore you with descriptions of material things, it is pointless. That would be another variation of the type of pointless actions I just mentioned. What is this nonsense for? Perhaps I think I leave a bad impression on the reader. I complain all the time. I probably wouldn't have said such things in a "sober" state.

Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, you see me like this right away. I have learned to hide my negative thoughts from others. Society doesn't like sad people.

Perhaps— although, society does not always like happy people. Who needs that society anyway? Okay— let's not go into such primitive topics.

I think I need a shoulder to cry on until I feel rested. That shoulder will wipe away both my tears and my memories. And why a shoulder? Because society says so. Or is it just a shoulder to cry on, nothing more?

Anyway, let it be a palm. If we decide to violate the mandates of society, let's violate them all the way. That palm will be soft or hard, male or female - it's the same for me. I just need a palm.

Of course, all of this sounds very poetic. But does it answer my question? I don't remember what question I asked. Was it "what do I need?" No— "what, exactly, is the cause of my anger?" No— not that one either. You see, I can't even understand what question I want to answer.

Maybe I need someone to explain everything. Yes— yes— that's what I need! Someone who will look into the darkest corners of my soul, walk through those caves, and explain who I am, what I want, what I need...

I am already sitting in my usual place. How nice—the cat is here, too! We sit like two wretches and watch the world move. Watch the senseless actions of the world, rather. The ground is cold, but what about you? The constant hustle and bustle has already begun.

A train passes, and then another. An important question. Why do you need understanding? I'm tired of thinking. I won't even explain.

Although I am alone, this is nothing less than a debate. My mind, body and emotions are in conflict. I don't have the energy anymore to understand which one won.

These reflections gave me nothing of importance, and even less so for you.

Let's continue to live forgetting what I said, continue to live performing meaningless actions, live using the subway as a means of transportation, and finally, live by not being a palm for anyone. Not even a shoulder.

Let's continue to exist.

