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Diaries on Corona Fears

(25)

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I just felt an incredibly overwhelming sense of purposelessness today. To be brutally honest every part of the day felt like a force pushing in the opposite direction that I had to begrudgingly counter, which took a lot of energy and effort I didn't even have. To say I lack motivation right now is an understatement, I actually am questioning motivation itself. What purpose should one be motivated to do anything right now? I mean, I can say without any exaggeration that it feels like entire orders are collapsing, and that anything we do right now can be reduced to dust in the matter of days, or months at most, depending on how things develop. Reading through economic articles, seeing the social sphere crumble, seeing the magnitude of what's happening, its really hard to focus on a university assignment. No matter how interested I am in *some* of the subjects I'm currently taking, nothing can overshadow what's taking place right now, and mentally, I simply cannot be present.

I spent the day drudging through two homework assignments, eating, had a sad walk at night if I'm honest, and saw some friends quickly but didn't talk as much because I was attempting to focus on the assignment, but honestly, today felt like a culmination of every negative side effect of this pandemic in a way that overtook any possible positives. I don't even feel depressed or sad, I feel purposeless, close to emptiness, everything seems void and the process, from the standpoint I'm currently in, looks incredibly long and arduous, and the fact that there isn't even a definite end date to the madness most certainly isn't helping. Not that I'm naïve enough to believe that there will ever be a single "date" where the madness stops; entropy cannot be reversed, what happened has happened and the days we live post-pandemic will not be the same as before. But I just hope the scale of the madness can gradually start to decrease soon.