

IT'S NOT MY SUNDAY

Description

Maybe I'm too tough on my schedules. Involving reading, writing, teaching and too rigid at budgeting my time not allowing any room for my state of mind to worry but somewhere in the corner of my mind wavering thoughts keep disturbing.

Today, being Sunday I have planned to spend the crisp early hours, after the regular thirty minutes of meditation and body warming, to allow for writing. The plan was to complete the first 500 words target and then proceed to go digging for information for the next article. The typing didn't go as planned, the flow of words aren't appearing as fast as they are sprouting in my thoughts. Somehow, the words, syntax, and meaning I have wished to convey were not in resonance.

Dissatisfied, with no headway in initiating any fresh ideas, tired of being glued to the monitor for more than an hour and a half, I decided to stretch around down the hallway for a gulp of fresh air and a glimpse of morning sunshine.

Casually, as I attempted to rise on my feet and midway of my act, a mild dizziness swept over my eyes and felt a faint thread of pain running down my feet arresting taking my next few steps. Quickly, I slumped into chair disoriented, trying to collect my thoughts and body and not knowing what had happened. I tried to inhale deeply to steady myself holding the edge of the table before me, for few seconds in between I found my eyes floating in dark black clouds and my feet giving away to the lightness of my body, and I stayed in this surreal sensation for few moments. And then I remembered that this reeling thing had occurred twice during the last couple of months; time to consult a doctor; a caution beeped in my mind.

The aftermath; the next few hours or so were much more a tiresome passage of the day than I usually plan my Sunday's to be economically and productively. After recovering from the brief blackout, it went on like it was my body's turn to become stiff as a starched cloth. Followed by the persistent numbness in the head that has started early in the morning it found its way flowing around, causing each body part refusing to function their entitled steps. I was not let off till late evening. Did anything go wrong; are these bodily tremors symptomatic of any illness inside me sending its ominous early signals?

A thousand questions reeled in my mind stirring a hint of fear of an unknown condition; maybe a dreaded disease creeping in my body. The dizziness I felt in the morning might be its first symptom of its onset. The scary prospect unsettled me for the rest of the day, and only a strong reassurance from my doctor friend, I felt, might put me back on my treadmill of day's work.

The next day, I found myself facing the doctor trying to relate my mental impasse to him almost fighting back my choking voice. Such was my tension of about any possible complication whirring around inside. The doctor friend, upon closely dissecting, testing and eliminating any likelihood of vague symptoms and after 24hours waiting, certified that all my imaginary symptoms and suspicions were

baseless. Perhaps, fear and insecurity have a way and madness with which they abuse our rational conduct diffusing a sense of vulnerability and a notion of helplessness. For three days across I was a through victim of this gloomy assault.

Rescued from the bout of quirky doubts, today, my reading corner looks cozy and promising to fire me, the day beyond the room seemed bright and blue and stimulated giving me enough clues that my mind is clear and clarified. Restoring the hope in me to carry out my little daily dreams â?? to read and write.

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Category

1. Uncategorized

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