

Sore limbs certes this morning. Don't know if it is from lack of exertion in past few days or the grim weather outside, not that bad really but a bit damp and therefore perhaps taxing on my pre-arthritic limbs. Joints, members. The sea as a border which has to be defended. Caught in the ought. This logic of imaginary necessity is what has kept me in various self-derived chains for years now. Something is always being proved, or I am showing myself equal to some task or some vision of myself. It is like geometry! Do not feel as energetic this morning as I have felt over the past few days. I stayed up sort of late, and did not linger in bed as long as I have been. I am not worried about it, am just trying to figure out the factors at play. I would like to keep the state of some of visionary detachment but it may not be as easy as it has been. I should however receive the basic ~~XXXXXX~~ message -- there is no standard to which is better than what I am doing, there is no goal to which I am progressing which is any different from the actual visible momentum of life and ceaseless judging of myself refounds coercive orders in my own heart. These appear to me like facets of the same truth, an attempt to escape from a neurotensibility that commands me to attempt to be and do things I am not and cannot moreover should not, in an attempt to be worth loving. Better still to love, work, and have done with fear. I may have occasion to reread what I have written in the past few days, to remind me of what I have thought and felt. But, not be mastered by compulsion and ought, to wait for natural desire to rise in me, to go according to program sequences or dreads disguised as duties. This is the task in my day to day life and it must be ongoing, it will not always be as easy for me to tell fish from flesh. I suspect I must also be feeling a bit off on account of the coffee I drank yesterday, the stimulant/crash effect of which I am noticing more and more. Better I think to let my energy level be what it is and not attempt to prop myself up on caffeine or anything else. Walking out of the house this morning I felt a bit scorched as though I was hungover & realized it must have been the coffee. Well, that's fine, another culprit eliminated. If I can be used to being somewhat sleepy and sluggish, then there is no problem... it's not like I specially require alertness. And the artificial attention I get with coffee is pretty anxiety ridden, and leads quite soon to a sluggishness or mental fatigue which keeps me from doing very much useful. So, better off to keep to my own energy level which is much more stable without the stimulants. I never would have thought I would come to care about things like this but I have spent enough of my life unhappy and in a bad mood and I am willing to investigate what I do to contribute to the moods I rail against. I feel in some ways over the past few days I have had the chance to rewire some bad connections in my mind. But the process is ongoing and requires continuous attention on my part. However this sort of attention is the only way I will be able to find a natural rhythm again.