

Amy is facetimeing a friend. She is quarantined. She cannot progress on any projects for school or work. And she has been locked in her room redecorating and reorganizing.

Amy: I'm fine... I uh... I color coded my socks. I moved the dresser... I... I am miserable. 9 times out of 10 I would rather do a project I'm dreading than nothing. It sounds crazy but you just plow through a giant to-do list and you've saved the worst for last and you finish it and look upon it with pride because you KNEW it would be hell to get through. And you did it.

I like to imagine that after Michelangelo finished the sistine chapel he lay there, on a platform rigged stories high to get him to the ceiling, They didn't have sturdy metal ladders back then, Or at least I don't think they did.

But he looked up at the masterpiece he created. On his back, resting his arms, breathing in that it was finished. Even Sisyphus gets to take a moment to breathe in the work he has done that day.

That breath... The inhalation of all the sweat and shit you put into this task...

The exhalation of relief that for a moment all is done...

As it should be... It is all in its place...

But soon the stone is rolling again or you're searching for that next project. That new dredging task to give you purpose. But isn't it just enough to be alive. To breathe and be proud of the work you have done...

The work so often constitutes the rest, but a life lived, a body kept alive, a mind that remains present is work enough. Why do I convince myself I have to earn it?

So yeah.. It's only day one.