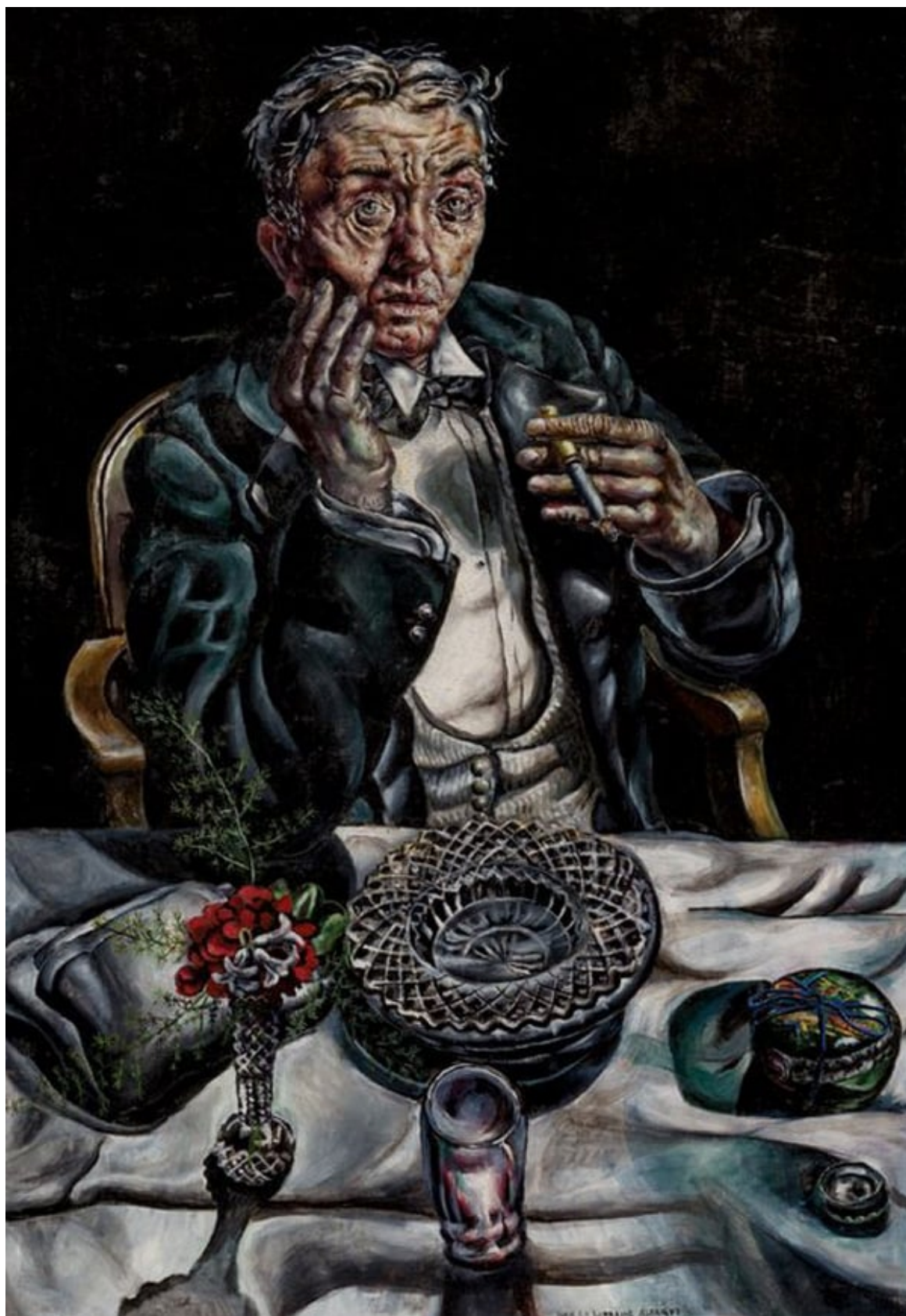


Dreadful Mornings

by [Søren Sørensen](#) (September 2024)



Self-Portrait (Ivan Albright, 1934)

It's morning again.

I feel the dim light scattered in the room with my eyes still closed.

My brain is waking up to face the terror,
to encounter the reality,
to deal with the twirl of terrifying thoughts...

I wish it was night, a never-ending night.

I would then submerge in a deep slumber,
hide in the bushes, or behind the rocks,
squeeze in my sleeping bag and fasten it tight,
run from the unbearable weight of actuality,
from the creepy spiderlike creature advancing toward me to procure my life,

turn off my conscience,

return to the realm of my whimsical dreams,

the times when life was so cozy, so calm,

when biggest worries were a lost keychain, a rejected poem, a departed train.

The biggest miseries of yesterday's life would seem like an invigorating breeze.

Now I'm in a boat that seems to be a flake lost in a rough sea.

I'm unwillingly drifting in empty space encircled with an ominous halo.

My train is nearing a final station...

Still there is a chance, even though a slim, an improbable chance.

Maybe God will be merciful to me.

God?

Someone who never appreciated God suddenly is referring to God's authority,

asking for almighty God's benevolence, hoping to be spared by

a miracle...

I know some people survive the disease while others do not.

Yes, it's a slim chance, it's all in God's hands.

But if God saved all, then God's existence would be meaningless,

and if God saved me, then he would instead take someone else's life,

so my survival would be corrupted, I'd be culpable for someone's misery.

What should I wish then?

I feel gone astray in a deep forest, a lifeless wilderness.

Fear of death is worse than real death!

I get up, get dressed,

put on my best look and walk down the street.

I smile to people, some smile back to me—

nobody knows what's hidden inside.

Now my soul is like a swirling typhoon,

next moment it transforms into a desert,

a hollow phantom with bleeding insides.

Still, I am trying to remain focused, to make sense of it.

There should be some kind of justification.

How did I come to this tribulation,

this nonsensical desolate ordeal?

Oh, I think I know, I see the meaning of my destiny.

Yes, it's payback time—

I pay for the sins I have committed.

I have never been a perfect human,

played a decent man while being a cad,

have betrayed my friends, been insensitive,

have sought gain at the expense of other's pain...

Oh, how comforting are these memories!

So, I keep digging, digging deep and far,

opening the dark pages of my life.

The spiderlike creature is now my friend.

We dig together and we find bad things, disgusting misdeeds,

shameful acts that you'd never imagine.
The worst of my deeds are the most consoling,
like a sip of water under scorching sun.
They bring ease, relief, gratification.
I feel so relaxed.
What I am facing is so meaningful, so agreeable.
Life's repudiation seems just and fair after all my sins.

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Søren Sørensen is a full-time physics professor and an occasional poet with a mind of a scientist and a heart of an artist. He uses the pen name Søren Sørensen because his philosophy is like that of Søren Kierkegaard, the Danish poet and philosopher, and the founder of existentialism (and his real first name sounds like his).

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