

Covid brain

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I've many things for which to be glad today but my state of mind is not one of them.

When I say state of mind, I'm not referring to my mood or point of view. I should actually say 'status' of mind. Today, I find it highly coincidental that 'status' and 'stupor' are so close together in my thesaurus. Because stupor is quite the appropriate descriptor for my condition for minutes or hours at a time today and for each of the days since I contracted Covid.

The course of the disease in my case has been much gentler than was the case for my favorite uncle who died alone in quarantine early in the pandemic or for my work friend Jonathan who lost six family members. And certainly much milder than was the case for my high school buddy (and one of my personal heroes) Tom who emerged from a lengthy ICU stay and recovery to work his way back to competing in triathlons.

I was lucky that my symptoms were mostly flu-like – really, really impressive flu, but survivable - and that they mostly lasted a couple of weeks. But this Covid-brain thing is troubling since it randomly deprives me of short-term memory, vocabulary and basic life direction. And the ability to do much in the workshop because clouded brain and shaky hands are not a good combination around sharp tools and spinning blades.

I'm going to edit and post this before the onset of my next twilight period makes writing and editing the impossible dream but I'd just like to ask you to be careful. Take the shots, wear the mask and distance as much as you can. You can tell someone that you love them from six feet. Please be careful.