



## *Marie Eugénie – Intimate Notes N.151*

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My thoughts are a tumultuous sea that weighs on me and wearies me. So much instability, never any rest, a feverish ardor which overpasses the bounds of the possible. Sometimes absorbed in questions that are beyond me and which I would do better not to think of, by the highest questions in the world. I want to know everything, to analyze everything, and venturing into terrifying regions, I go forward daringly, inquiring into all things, pursued by I do not know what anxious need of knowledge and of truth that nothing seems to satisfy. And then, this haughty spirit, the most futile object can absorb it, a few green leaves, a ray of sunshine, what can I say, a vanity, a bit of praise, a look. I have wished to rise like an eagle, and quickly I have fallen into my wretchedness.

And then all my heart's dreams, my need of affection that nothing can satisfy, the communion between souls that is impossible here below, someone who could and would want to enter into this hidden world with you [me], as if that could be found. Then come the anxieties, the disgust, the ennui, the somber sadness that no words can express, which seem to enjoy themselves. I take pleasure in a bitter silence, hide under an envelope of indifference because I know, or so I tell myself, that there is no one who has even a minute to waste in trying to revive my heart. And wanting to come back to reality, I try to let myself go to this joyous fatalism which takes time as it comes, think only of laughing and making others laugh by forgetting the past and scorning the future. Sometimes, I let myself become drunk with this pain, I laugh at everything and even at myself; but an hour later, my heart is heavy and I shed tears of sorrow. Tired of myself, I would like to annihilate this intelligence, make it be quiet, silence it...but God alone can say as Master to the waves of the sea: you will go no further.

I am alone, alone in the world, in a bitter loneliness of soul. And what matter these people who pass close to me, the happy laughter which I join in and which I arouse when I wish by my own crazy gaiety, these friends who love me but do not know me, who shake my hand without stopping to wonder why my heart beats, these big children for whom I am a plaything, shameful usefulness, the only one that is mine. They love me, nevertheless, and I owe them much. I have nothing to reproach them; my heart is indeed ungrateful. But when I am with them, I feel more alone than ever.

A bird, at least, when it suffers has its brothers to revive it with a song, but around me there is no harmony. Who is the young girl who has not a breast on which to lay her head when she weeps?

O you who do not find your heart's demands fulfilled, who are not happy, I envy you; it is because you have something that you desire more. The one who really suffers is the one who no longer complains, because he no longer dares even to ask a little happiness, because he knows that he has nothing more and no right to anything. If I were to die tomorrow, I would be forgotten the day after; no one would come to weep at my tomb. I pray, however, for others but they know nothing of it or what difference does it make to them?

Oh! I ought, knowing how quickly my casket will have passed from their eyes and their thoughts, learn to leave them before the last hour, and fulfill my duty of activity.

To pray is not all; we have to pray in action and if I were to do something worthwhile, God would stoop down towards me, the God of all consolation who promised to raise up and uphold the weary hearts.