Here we are, once again approaching Full Moon. It shines in my bedroom window in the middle of the night and the yard outside is lit up as with a giant night light. And what are the characteristics of this particular Full Moon?

Of course there are many, so I will just pick what I feel in my opinion is the key or main theme for this Full Moon, and that is what I will call here “ennui.”

The dictionary defines ennui as “listlessness and dissatisfaction arising from a lack of occupation or excitement.” We might call it boredom or perhaps more correctly, a lack of interest and even languor. For me the best word might be “surfeit” or simple “enough.” We are for the moment at least full up.

I feel somehow listless and lack the inner need or drive to do much of anything. You might think I could just take a break and rest up a bit from my hungers and whatever drives me, but like many of us, the lack of drive itself is a cause for worry.

And it won’t go away tomorrow either, but may take as much as a week or more to clear, so, as I tell myself (usually to no avail), just relax and enjoy it. The old hungers are certain to return.

Believe it or not, right now we are more-or-less in a state of stasis or balance, and not so much driven here and there by inner wants and perceived needs. I tell myself that I should be happy to have a rest, but I am so used to being in perpetual movement that this kind of stasis or calm is unsettling to me. I would rather be busy, rather be driven by all the craziness that usually keeps me dancing like fat in the frying pan.

I have lived long enough to know that this too shall pass and I will soon be darting around like a dragonfly again. This is a moment of calm, a brief eddy in the swirl of my life. Why can’t I enjoy it?