

**FROM ANONYMOUS TO
ANONYMOUS**

A collage of broken notes

A NOVEL

OLUWADAMILOLA MOTUNRAYO

To everyone and anyone who finds a line to anchor in my words.

Maybe it was never the lack of will
Or the presence of pain
Maybe it was always just fear

-@_F.A.T.A

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TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF

Can you experience rebirth without first being plunged in the abyss of death? In the aftermath of my death dear friend I can say I've found more than a beginning.
I wish I could say there was also a beginning to my end but alas like some things in life, we just cannot see the vines when they spring. As I have been dealt no start, I'll keep to my now.
Today was no different from yesterday but I met him, the conversation not unusual, yet.....

Hello pretty

I'm the guy you met at the store today

How are you doing

I'm good
Hope you got home okay
I saw you and thought you were so beautiful

Had to ask for your number
I'm glad you gave it to me

So....
Tell me about yourself

Tell me anything and everything

Hey

Oh

Hi

Fine, fine.
How are you also?

Yes, I did
Oh
Thank you

Lol
You were quite earnest

There is nothing much to say....

☹

I could tell you I love to read, love long walks and jazz,
I could tell you I can never truly pick a favorite anything
But I could also tell you about...

SELF DIAGNOSIS

I suffer from anxiety, depression and I've known myself to be suicidal often
I google and deep dive into ways I can painlessly un-exist myself at least once a month
My physical body has been at war with me since I was five
I've battled the leagues and the combined forces of arthritis and rheumatism,
I'm no where near thirty but my bones feel sixty and my knees are pushing seventy
I am fore-fronting an unending war with PCOS and the sprinkling debilitating fear of many more illness
from my religious google
I am craven! conflict cripples me, I tend to show less of me to the world so much so that I've lost myself
I have no clue what totality of me is me and what percentage is a front
But recently my inner turmoil and fear are manifesting as physical pain
A pain so encompassing I curl up in a fetal position and wail
Every thought hurts, mining into the darkest recesses of my heart.
Every movement makes my tummy sink further down my uterus (it really should not be there)
This silence only cuts at me
Do you know I googled it? not the most reliable source but I found a name
Physiological pain
LOL

Somehow I'm sure I definitely didn't ask for that!

Taking for the hills yet?

No!

You should!!!
There is no beauty to be found here
Only gore

I'm stupidly reminded of that corny saying
Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder
☹

Definitely corny, still!
I'm shocked

You and me both

More?

Yes please!

I can't help but wonder which of the fates is at play here

Morbid curiosity? [?]

that's the one
☹☹
I'm sure

TRAUMA

If my head was a library of all my thoughts and experiences there is this section I've not cataloged for years but its atmospheric pressure suppresses the whole building from time to time.

I still cannot open that door not even for you stranger but I'll give you the facts that I have pooled over the years of observing the girl in this closed room

A huge chunk of memories from 1-15 are mostly repressed (tell me! Is this normal? You would have thought I'll ask google)

Her emotional growth is majorly attributed to books

There are layers to that room I'm praying to never glimpse

She is a pile of broken characters feigning as a whole

18-23 was basically her reeling from the after effects of her repressed realities

She wants to escape the room but who outruns themselves?

If it is pity

Save it

(Ooh I've been dying to use that line on someone ☺)

What can I say?

I guess providence chose you stranger

So I won't ask again and just lay it bare

Wine loosens the tongue

and my unsleeping eyes have loosened my soul tonight

A YEAR BEFORE HARMING

I've often wondered

Time! Time! and time

Again! Again! and again

fast

Or slow

Drip! Drip! Drop!!

Or a trickling out?

The mathematics of the force I'll need

The depth I'll have to reach for

Where?

Will I scar?

Will my mind find reprieve?

and my pain release?

Through the slit I want to carve in my skin

Like a sculptor digging away for beauty

How long before I take it too far?

THE STRUGGLE

I cannot say when and how the beast moved in
But it didn't take so long for me to realize
Something manic, wild and hungry has moved in
She fed on all my broken lines and drew herself bigger, wider and longer
So big my shuddering frame wants to escape me and rave
I remember the early days
Days I lived forgetting her existence
Days that quickly to hours and now
Her hunger is all I seem to remember
I'll tell you, I'm fighting a losing battle
I've tried to burn her out but she came back ugly and fiery
I've dug my nails trying to dig past this skin but she now sits in my heart, laboring every breath
Chanting in my head
Echoing and reverberating in my blood
She doesn't shout though
I do
When the whispers of this devil tells me to give it up and let her out
Like I caged her when I'm the one trapped because I know as she knows that her only way out is my end
The gates of her freedom is my wrist and the only key a long slash till all of her is out there
Why in there though I wonder these days
But this is not all I ponder on
How did it get so big?

TIME AND TIME AND TIME, AGAIN!

When you think of self-harming, it feels like such a distant concept as a Nigerian

Why would anyone inflict pain on themselves

Sounds crazy! Such a white thing to do you might scoff as you say

Then it happens! You do it but it doesn't feel that way

Self-harm is not the what you'll call what you just did

It was just finding reprieve! Just a way of coalescing all those pent up jittering emotions into a mass
your brain can focus on

Self-harm? You ask no one

Maybe, but it really couldn't be

And surely one time has turned to three times, you tell yourself it's just an escape, a way for the brain to
focus on the pain and not this rage and loathing sweltering within you

Self-harm you know it is now but at least it's not suicide yet you are searching for more ways to hurt
because the noise is only getting louder

Oh

This is some crazy deep shit

Lol

Truth be told I want to run past the hills now

You're honestly giving cray cray

Oh

I know

I know better than you the extent of this madness
so I tried to buy time with my words

How?

I wrote my existence everywhere, anywhere all the time

I wrote to exist in each passing day

I bled weighted words to keep my feet on what should have been solid ground

Here's how that went

TRYING NOT TO DIE

All day I'm trying not to die

Breathe! Breathe!

All I want these days is to breathe without a reminder

For my breaths to ease me

A WEEK BEFORE I DIED

I'm so lost and simply so sad

For the first time there is no silver lining

THE DAY I DIED

I've never be one for beginnings, endings have always been my thing,
I was fifteen when I realized I had no recollection of the start
I woke up that year to a body running on a speedily depleting reserve
So I clung to the closest rope I could reach
An assured end I could look to
Sunsets, full moons and stormy days came sweeping at the vast emptiness in my body
Still I clung till my fingers were stumps
And with the sure passage of years I paid my dues in soul wrecking sobs, blood, self loathe and
ingenious ways of pain
Then came twenty-three, I fell.
Tumbling from mountains of I'm tired, hold on, stay, and you're loved
I sank into the ocean of depressing tears

Death surely is letting go yet I held on to my pain
So tell me stranger?
Did I truly die?

PAINS

LOUDING VOICE

I have a loud voice
My big voice has tricked me
I foolishly believed
Its size equaled mine

I must have heard wrong
Mistook the noise for my voice
Because I screamed today
Hoping my ears would ring
Expecting the earth to quiver

But only my lungs moved
As the air left me
In a silent sigh

I am not a victim
I might have been once but no more
I am the monster in more stories than one

I am a fugitive of the past
A slave of the present
A critic of the future

I'm not doing so well
I feel terrible from inside out

GHOST

I was standing
Then I thought
I want to be invisible
To disappear
To have never been
But I looked down at my feet
And laughed out loudly
They bore my body solidly in this ground

LEARNING

When I learned to write
I learned everything
And nothing
I did not know how much
The tip of a pen will set me free
How the alphabets I read and learnt
Will flesh out my pain and joy
On every scrap of paper ill later find
I had no idea
There was a price for every word spoken and or written
Because when I learnt to write
I learnt everything
Except the certain truth of what it costs

JAGGED LINES

If I am honest, I'll say I was wrong, I knew it before she asked, I indeed let her down
I wonder why those words rolled back down my throat in a loud swallow to give way to the ones that I
said
Was it less truthful? was I less genuine?
My eyes and breath followed the words out of her mouth "why did you do that?"
five words confronting my disease
Why did I?
It never registered that I did something, I wonder if something other than more pain registers with a
broken person
Hurt people they say hurt people
I'll say hurt people don't see people, I opened my eyes to tell her and the lines fell away
Each piece falling brought its own storm
I want to apologize but I can't
I did not care
I did not give a fuck about them
You know, try!!! I scream silently
Try dealing with a decade and half of depression
Try dealing with a decade and half of anxiety
Try living when you don't want to
try breathing when it feels exhausting to do
Try being the one who causes your body the most pain
Try making pain the only anchor in your storm and as big as incomprehensible as this sounds
Try walking through them alone because you cannot see past the present second
With all these house guests come their siblings try being an over thinker,
Try experiencing and figuring out panic attacks
Try being the one who hates yourself the most
And I do not mean the trendy version of body dysmorphia
But the absolute abject hatred towards everything you are
Try being an obsessive asshole
If and when you walk my path
I'll figure out why I could never give two shit about anyone else in my darkness and if and when you
can't walk my steps unburden me of your expectation

Still here?
I'm surprised you stayed till now

I stayed when I should have left

Can't do that anymore?

Now I'm intrigued

Lol

don't be
Intrigued I mean
There should be nothing exciting about viewing shit

I already am

What of love?

loved

loved

loved

No

Why?

Definitely
who knows loss without having

I was

So I

Did I mention I was born on a Monday?

I have this un-founded believe
that if only I was born on a Wednesday
My life would have been softer

Not many share that sentiment
Wednesday's child is full of woe and all that

Fucking Monday!!!

HELLO FAREWELL

To the me born on a Wednesday
You need not tell my Monday's doom of the sky
We know she was clear and gorgeous
The clouds sure painted a merry image
The sun that tortures with constant humidity relented and new birds sang songs unheard
To you that kept the curiosity and joy
You need not relate your life without woes
Not hold back unbridled smiles, proclaim it louder!
Nor hide clear skin bereft of frown lines, carry the joy!
Nor question the tone that carries your name, it's love
You who sought, found and dazzled every Wednesday and all the days before and after
Untouched by the monsters that plagued Monday's child
To the Wednesday child whose steps never stumbled
and her speed never sputtered
Dazzling the monsters of Monday
Sailing the stress of Tuesdays
Riding the uncertainties of Thursdays
Charming the fears of Fridays
Unbothered as a Saturday
Pushing back limits of expectations like Sunday
To the me who I know saw beauty in life, owned it to tame it
Never look for the girl that chose MONDAY

sleep?

Wait!!?

Let me tell you my name at least

The breaking dawn finally found me

you

Dear

I have no room for anyone else
I'm only holding on to the parts of me
that rose again to love me

AUTHORS NOTE

My name is Oluwadamilola, on one of those many nights that sorrow sits on your skin and falls through your heart, this book was inspired, in a matter of minutes I knew what I wanted to write but it took me months to find the words to get here. The words in here encapsulate a season of my life I hope I am past and emotions that still and I pray will always be there.

To exist in the perfect moment is a miracle
To be aware of a miracle is a testimony

The end of this book is one of the many perfect moments I hope to see.