

A Stranger I Met

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I love things that inspire me to write, 2 years ago I met a sickly-looking boy in a Psychiatric ward who seemed to fit perfectly into my narrative so I began to write him letters because his eyes reminded me of the earth and his soft voice of a child brimming with life. Yesterday, he wrote me back, he said his depression was periphery and keeps vrooming to get him.

Dear stranger, he wrote,

I am currently sat in a room that is fast becoming lonely and grim. Perhaps it is the sound of my typing that makes it seem dull, or the silent moth encased in a spider's gentle weaving, or maybe it is the curious branch that urgently seeks refuge from the window which, fixated by the dawdling inspection of a rain drop, resolves to holding its breath. Reasonably you may conclude that it is the combination of all these factors driving that obtrusive big black car always lingering about.

Either way, tonight has me thinking about fear. Fear of snakes, dogs, heights. I turned them over endlessly until I realised that although those are pretty solid things to be scared of, they are not what arrests me. They aren't a perennial pull dragging me down from a floating body to one that is nearly drowning. Barely existing. It seems to me that apathy has chained itself to my conscious and like a worm, multiplies hastily until I am a vessel of malware.

Dear stranger, it might seem odd that I'm troubled by what feels like an existential crisis of indifference. But you must understand that this numbness has been troubling me so frequently lately that it has become my central preoccupation. My mind has become interspersed with varying notions of death and finding comfort in a passionless future. I find it so easy to rot in my bed all day long, scrolling through videos that have shattered my attention span. It's like a dopamine rush like no other until my hand starts to cramp and primed thoughts implore me to read a book or take a jog, the problem with these thoughts is that they often get muffled by the switch of my hand and the sound of a 'get ready with me'. I cannot detach myself from a screen and that is my tragedy.

I know now, that He does not 'fit' my narrative, he reflects it.