

Psalms From Ada



A systems-conscious reflection on human capital, dignity, and the unseen architecture of survival within the family unit. Through intimate, psychologically rich storytelling, the piece explores how

informal mobility pathways, financial asymmetries, and moral compromises reshape identity, dignity, and power. Beneath the emotional tension lies a structural examination of dependence, adaptation, and the quiet costs of navigating upward mobility in constrained systems.

Author's Note On *The Psalm* series

Human resource allocation and capital formation have been grossly underrepresented and underappreciated. Not only is this brilliance buried beneath broken systems of adaptive survival, it risks perpetuating a collective image of complete design failure—and a quiet collapse of dignity.

These are the ones already handling crisis response, budgeting, and resource allocation—with a kind of discreet, deft, and often criminal ingenuity that, if righteously redirected, could spell not just gold, but the goldmine of GDP leverage needed for cross-border alliances and lasting legacy.

I am not proposing rescue. I am penning recognition.

She is the brilliant burden bearer.

The first daughter with fire, buried in duty, shame, and survival dependence.

She knows ten skills. Speaks like a TED Talk. Yet, she feels useless in her own house. She is trapped in a home that feeds her—but never frees her.

And her younger brother—the bold one, the breadwinner, the fraudster with an iPhone and secrets—he is not the villain.

They never are.

They are survivors in sin, wrapped in cynicism, half-joking because if they do not joke, it will break them.

They know it is wrong—but *wrong* is what is feeding the house.

And when the house fights, their favorite dagger is her righteousness, because it reminds them of what they lost.

He does not mock her because he is proud. Sometimes, he cannot even meet her eyes when she thanks him for upkeep money.

(Calling it “upkeep” keeps the shame a touch away—she can now buy *Always*, skincare, and money for *sub*. Thank God.)

But when siblings argue, when tempers rise, his favorite weapon is always:

“You, with all your Phoné... wetin you don achieve?”

And it stings—because she knows he is hurting too.

She hates it.

She hates the silence. The way she still says “*thank you*” while her spirit screams.

She loves God—but mostly out of fear. What was fire is now embers.

And deep down, she is scared her brilliance is just noise. She feels like a discarded tin.

Like life is passing her by while she is stuck in the kitchen of a slow, painful script she did not write.

She is the babysitter, the assistant, the unspoken glue.

She is tired.

Tired of being talented and still dependent. She knows she is smarter, sharper, stronger.

But what is all that when money keeps buying her pride, her peace, her integrity?

What is left after that?

How does she start to live?

How does she survive?

And when she tries to speak up, they laugh:

“Sometimes, all this Nickelodeon you’ve watched will just enter your head.”

So she shrinks.

“Be realistic, abeg.”

So she scrolls.

“This your book book too much. You never chop, na big grammar you dey blow.”

So she tries another course.

“No job ob. Just marry and rest.”

So she writes another plan.

And the shame sticks—like harmattan dust on vaseline-ed skin.

She hates how the people who eat off her emotionally now eat off someone else financially.

She hates that her younger brother can mock what is left of her integrity and still pay for her toothpaste.

But she also hates how part of her needs him; her pastor calls it the flesh.

Because where would she go?

So she stays.

Burning embers in her chest, while she plays Queen of the North. Winter has come, and it has nested alongside the fire.

So where will her heart go?