It’s too late to play house

May 31, 2017 By Glenna McCarthy

I know that all people have their faults and we all have had our challenges

I know that we have to let the past go and move on…

which comes to my point. I have gotten accustomed to being ALONE

It was not my choice it was my family way

Every man and (woman) for them self

Well it taught me to be competitive because I had nothing

but an EGO to feed. I also ran to drugs to self medicate

I know I lived up to being the loser I was told I would be,

my mother told me I was not pretty when I was a child

A matter of fact statement so it was not said in anger

it was just her opinion. When I eventually sold my body

I was shocked that anyone would pay to touch me since
I wasn’t exceptional in any kind of way

A warped sense of self and a warped sense of the world.

The street seemed more welcoming than my home

Now my mother is old and needs help, I am clean and sober now

so some say that is the reason for her change of heart.

I disagree I feel that I am convenient now because now

she needs someone. The problem is I was never hugged

or loved by her and all I remember is the tantrums and the emotional

and physical abuse. Then she buys me things and comes off as

being a supportive person. I am still struggling financially

but once I finish Grad school I will not have any excuse to take any more

hand outs. It makes me feel shameful that I am “being bought” since

I don’t feel there is true love between us. We use each other, she wants to have

someone to call when she feels alone, the same way I did as a child.

What bothers me is I dont feel genuine and I don’t feel happy around her

the energy is so toxic so isn’t it a little late

to pretend that we like each other?

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