

Love, your daughter

by Emily Sparkles

You've broken my heart
And you've broken my heart
And you've broken my heart again.

The therapists say,
"Manage expectations."
Since I was nineteen they've
Told me what it is to outgrow,
Out-mature,
One's parents

They tell me
but
Outliving parents is the only primal piece our brains can give us.

And I shouldn't be surprised that you
Believe what you believe

You spent my entire childhood
Twisting truths
Both ancient and modern
Pretending persecution.
Meanwhile
I was in college before I heard the term

"Worldview"

Before I realized there was more
Than
One.

You couldn't protect me from the babysitter's brother

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/emily-sparkles/love-your-daughter>»*

Copyright © 2021 Emily Sparkles. All rights reserved.

Or your anger
And your belt.
From food insecurity
From moving over and over
Because you couldn't keep a job.
You couldn't protect my shoulders from
The heavy weight of your tears, either

You gave me all of the power, and none of the power.

You've broken my heart, again and again.
And you've broken my heart again.

You never stopped moving
Never stopped losing
Jobs and loosely defined friends.
Borderline?
Sociopathy?
ASD?

I'm left holding the pieces and puzzles,
While you have no intention of seeking answers.

I'm left with your debts
And your pain
And your memories

While you claim to remember
Almost nothing at all
And twist what truth remains.

I could be angry.
I could cut you off.
I could join you,
If only in pretending all is well.

But.

You've broken my heart
And you've broken my heart
And you've broken my heart again.

