

## Conditional Love

I hate you.

I hate spending time with you.

I hate thinking about you.

I hate constantly making excuses for you.

I hate the way I look at myself and wonder what I did wrong.

I hate the feeling of not being enough.

I hate the way I try so hard, but you still don't see me.

I hate the way you treated my mother, and all the women in your life.

I hate your selfishness, your inconsideration for others.

I hate the way you put yourself first before anyone else.

I hate that you judge me when you don't even know me.

I hate how you will never treat me the way I need you to or be there for me the way I need you to be.

I hate watching fathers and daughters joke together and laugh together and cry together and argue together.

I hate the way I feel awkward when I watch them.

I hate the longing I feel to have that relationship with you.

I hate pitying you, because you don't deserve it.

I hate that your love is conditional.

I hate you so, so, so much that it hurts me endlessly.

I am an open wound, festering and festering until it is too late.

I hate you, Dad.

But most of all

I hate that I find the worst parts of you in myself.

I see my indifference and self centeredness and see you.

I see the bump in my nose and the soft curves of my eyebrows and the intricate lines of my ears because they are yours.

I hate my ability to shut it all off, to retreat within myself.

I hate my dissatisfaction with everything, and the disappointment I feel when people don't meet my expectations.

I hate my weakness when it comes to fighting you.

I hate the truth even more, and the truth is

I may hate you, but I hate myself more.

