

i caught some anger  
cleaning out my front closet  
preparing to move

cheap blow up twisty  
beach seat birthday gift from mom  
humiliating

joke - thing regifted  
Something she didn't like/want  
shocked to receive it

Then - the vacuum, mom,  
telling her it didn't work  
she and Vance got mad

I asked to borrow  
They got mad - / broke the thing  
Old vacuum, perfect

Mad, sad, pathetic  
Blamed me for needing some help  
Like they hated me

I felt anger when  
Vance explained he helped Hollie  
He had them come over

Flashback:  
to them suddenly stopping paying a portion of my kids' preschool I couldn't afford -  
leading to a judgment against me. Harassed by DW

Flashback:  
to them not being available to help me, divorced, single mom

Flashback:  
to my mom saying she'd take two weeks off to help me when K was born to help with N

Flashback:  
to her not doing that

Flashback:  
to her telling me she wouldn't be able to show up for me giving a speech at a graduation event  
my senior year  
Me fighting her to come - how shitty that felt. Her saying I was wrong that it hurt my  
feelings.

Flashback:  
to my family's lack of enthusiasm when I won that election.

Flashback:

to me calling the police when I was so upset and beside myself - and needing someone to talk to - in a near empty apartment with 6 month old N my mom not able to lend an ear - because she had to work.

Flashback:

to my mom (and siblings) not coming to my graduation ceremony when I got my masters degree.

Flashback:

to her lying  
saying I forged her signature on student loans.

She's a fucking pedophile and has to protect herself and work hard to discredit me and everything I do.

To family.

So they will never take me seriously.

It worked until my sister came forward. I packed and moved to Wyoming and was intercepted by police for taking my suns across state lines.

Flashback to my mom's text this past Saturday:

"Hi, Katie. Do you have some free time today or tomorrow that I might be able to pick you up and have some time to talk bait."

(Um. Scary.)

Why? She has not once since I moved to this apartment in Oakland shown any interest in coming to see me.

It's the story of my life.

I texted back:

"That's an unusual request. What's going on?"

Her: "I feel the need to talk with you"

Me: (scared)

Me: I didn't sleep well last night and I'm not really in the mood. If it's something important you can give me some more details in let or email and I'll try to get to it

Her: "No. I'm sorry you didn't sleep well. It's something that I prefer to discuss in private face to face. I'll catch you another time when you're feeling better. I love you."

Flashback to when they dropped me off at college- they unloaded my stuff and drove away to California. They didn't go to any orientations with me, walk with me around campus. Help me find my bank, or practice dealing with the bank or spend time making sure of anything.

Flashback to my roommates dedicating afternoons to catching up with their mom's on the phone.

I tried to act like I could just talk to my mom - on a call once then, and she thought I was being sarcastic with her.

Flashback to being a little girl, sitting on the floor in my parent's room next to the bed and imagining growing up, and one day my mother liking me. Imagining us doing things together and having fun.

Stockholm syndrome struck - throughout it all.