

# A Broken Soul

**Writer**

Daniela Bustamante

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**This writing contains explicit content and is only for adults. You have been warned.**

Things my mother did before:

Cuddled me  
 Loved me  
 Supported me  
 Told me she loved me every day  
 Didn't care what I wore  
 Didn't care if I had make up  
 Let me go anywhere with family  
 Was proud to take me everywhere  
 Introduced me proudly to everyone and anyone  
 Supported me in my art  
 Supported me in my music  
 Supported me in sports  
 Supported me in school

Things my mother did after:

Ignored me  
 Ridiculed me  
 Bullied me  
 Only told me I love you when I did something to deserve it  
 Everywhere we went I was judged only by her.  
 If I went somewhere with no makeup I was told to wear it and when I refused I got yelled at and made fun of.  
 Every girl I bring home she accuses of me being with them.  
 She begs me to get back with ex's just to have a baby.  
 Calls me a dike  
 Calls me a cunt  
 Calls me a bitch  
 Calls me a slut  
 When we're in public she keeps her distance.  
 When in public she'll say how much I embarrass her.  
 She doesn't support me in art.  
 Doesn't support my music.  
 Doesn't support any sport I want to join because now she sees it as only lesbians do that.  
 When she's drunk I'm the one she takes her anger out on.  
 Tells me my family doesn't want nothing to with people like me  
 when going to family events I'm not allowed to wear casual attire because it's too gay (before it was okay)  
 If I cut my hair too short I'm called a boy or told to grow a penis.  
 When I bring my girlfriend over I'm not allowed to hold her hand.  
 I'm not allowed to cuddle with her.  
 I'm not allowed to kiss her.  
 I'm not allowed to call her babe.  
 No PDA in front of her or in her house.  
 If I mention anything involving a girl she gags and vomits.

The only love and attention I received from her was when I:

Graduated  
 Birthdays  
 Attempted suicide (more than once)  
 Brought her beer  
 Wore make up

Wore a dress  
Let my hair grow  
Lied and said I had a bf  
Told her I wanted to get pregnant

For 14 years my mother was my best friend and I was her baby, her princess, her miracle. I was her prayer answered; I was her everything.

For 6 years my mother has been my worst enemy, my number 1 bully, my reason to hate myself, my reason to drink, my reason why I smoked, my reason why I did drugs, and my reason to not be here anymore.

The saddest part I hate the most...

Is no matter how much of a bitch she is, no matter how much she makes me cry, no matter how much she makes me hate myself, no matter how much I just want to curl up and end my life.

I LOVE HER.

I love my enemy.

I love my bully.

I love my mother.

And I love her not because she is my mother, but because she raised me to forgive, to be mature, to be strong, and to be unbreakable.

I've only got so much strength within me left.

I can only be strong for so long before I finally just call it quits.

I can only forgive for so long until I've got nothing left to forgive for.

I hate so much that I can't just hate her!

I hate so much that I can't just forget about her!

I hate so much that I can't live without her!

But... I Love Her....

-Signed a Broken Lesbian Daughter

Alex

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