“Dear Dad”

You helped bring me into this world

And to a point where I didn’t want to be in this world

You made my days hell, while you preached about religion

Trying to force your way into the life I’m living

Not you

You're not the one who struggles to get out of bed in the morning because you can’t stand being awake

Much less alive

You're not the one who over thinks the way you walk, the way you breathe

All the little things that one else thinks about, but me

You don’t know me, and at this point

I don’t want you to know me because I fear you

I fear the way you might try to change me if you knew me

But you don’t

You don’t know anything

And yet when you ask me why I am the way I am

And I say “I don’t know”

You call bullshit, try to get inside my mind, make me something new

Something perfectly designed by you

So why do you beg me for consistency

When all I’m trying to change is your view of me?

So why do we ignore the elephant in the room, the real problem?

It’s not me, it’s not you

It’s not my “disease that holds the house hostage”

Or my “blindness to the truth”

No

The problem is our situation

The way we try to fix the issue

We both contribute

And I’m trying to reach out, but it’s hard

Not being trusted or welcomed in my own house?

That’s hard

Not being taken seriously or respected for who I am?

That’s hard!

But you know what’s harder?

Trying to win a losing battle

Checkmate! You have me pinned

Lose or forfeit

Either way you always seem to win

By Nik Schulz