

why did i hate my father.

my mother offered me milk.

why did i hate my mother.

she allowed him to push me aside.

is that all there is to it.

no.

why did i love my father.

it was more dangerous not to have a father to love.

why did i love my mother.

she told me she did not love him as much.

how much of this is true.

who knows.

why are any of us still discussing this...

because we crawl out of open wounds

to crawl into one of our own

because they left their diaries

in our spines.

why did i.

wf.h.

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