

Deep thoughts after waking up..

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One morning, a few days ago, I woke up with a lot of things on my mind. I started writing, and this following is the result.

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Deep down, there is still an insecure little girl inside my soul.
She's still insecure from a lifetime lacking structure and consistency.
Growing up, she never felt loved for very long, moods were always changing.
She sought out the love and security she so desperately needed,
which would just result in her feeling more insecure and unloved.

She acted out with temper tantrums - as the rage built inside her young soul.
Acting out, of course, made the tension in the family that much worse.
She didn't know what to do - how to behave, what to do with her feelings.
She would ask her Mom if she loved her - and her Mom was already frustrated with her behavior,
so often times the response received would hurt much more than the not knowing ever did,
She felt unloved, unwanted and in the way.

Though she was often the center of the family issues - she was still overly sheltered and kept from the world.
All she knew of the world was inside her often emotionally chaotic home.
She was filled with fears - filled with insecurity - filled with deep rage.

When she was out of the home, she would go wild - didn't know how to behave,
Which would result in more disappointment from Mom, Dad or whomever -
As well as result in her being kept at home more to avoid the frustration they dealt with.

She was a naturally happy, silly and fun loving little girl - but her personality was often stifled -
With disappointment, confusion and intense sadness.
The happy little girl inside became overtaken by a deep darkness building in her soul.
She became depressed, had thoughts of suicide by the time she was 6 years old.
She couldn't handle all the emotions she had to experience on a daily basis, it was too much for a child.

Her reality was so complicated and unpredictable - the family's moods everchanging.
The senseless fights, screaming, name calling - tensions were often thick between the adults in the family.
She began to feel it was her fault - she was somehow causing all this turmoil.

She would often rock herself, crying - thinking if she were gone, everyone would be less stressed.
She heard things during the family fights that would scar her for a lifetime.
She didn't have a chance to be a child. Adult problems were on her mind. Things other kids knew nothing about.

She didn't have much in common with other children. She was weird. They wanted to play, she wanted to talk.
When she was around 6, she became friends with an older girl, she was 11-12.
They became so close - seemed to have more in common - someone she could actually talk to.
Within a short time, though, her Mother put an end to that friendship.
This was the first of many friendships her Mother ended for her, for varying "reasons".
So, she was left alone again, in her own little confused world.

Thinking back, I feel her Mother was afraid she would talk too much.
She was always told, "You don't live in a glass house" - meaning what goes on/is said stays inside the house.

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She would always be mad at her, thinking she was telling people things that have been said.

The frustration was building in the girl - the anger, the sadness, the confusion.

The rage became too much, the temper tantrums became intense.

She would sit on the floor crying, screaming to release the pent up emotions.

She would begin to slam the back of her head into the brick wall, hard, until her crying stopped.

It's the only thing that would stop it - one pain cancelling out the emotional pain. It became a habit.

Of course, the crying, screaming and irrational behavior only made the adults more angry and frustrated with her.

...Which of course, added to the insecurity, fear, sadness and anger she already had brewing inside.

Reality vs non-reality - it was something she had to figure out on her own, as she grew up.

Her Mom had some personal issues of her own. She was not always in touch with reality.

She had "memories" of things that never happened - and would angrily fight to make others believe it's reality.

From small things, such as little things someone had (in her own reality) said or done,

To the bigger issues - such as her "memories" of her "alien family".

She believed she had an "alien family" as a child, and it's rather in depth so will skip it for now.

Anyhow, with her Mother having an incredibly warped sense of reality - this girl grew up confused and lost.

As she got older, she began to question her Mother's "memories" - which caused extreme anger from the Mom.

Her Mother would become enraged when she began to question the validity of her "memories".

As she got a little older, she felt an anger toward her Mom for many difficult years - she felt deceived.

All those things her Mother told over the years, she was discovering they were (what she felt at the time) lies.

The girl began to rebel against the family, though she was still bound by the insecurities that were built over a lifetime.

She was more angry, hurt and filled with rage than ever before - and didn't know what to do with these feelings.

Who could she talk to? Family members were inconsistent. Sometimes, they would agree and understand the girl's frustration.

Other times, they would take the Mother's side and she'd be made to feel she was in the wrong - it was confusing.

It took many, many years for her to begin to realize it's a mental illness her Mother was dealing with.

She didn't know how to feel - so she used to get angry when her Mom would start talking in depth about craziness.

As she began to make friends outside the home, she began to see a big difference between home life and the rest of the world.

However, predictably, as soon as she began to get close to someone outside the family, her Mom would find a reason to end the friendship.

She became afraid to get close to anyone.

- To be continued -

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