

The Things I Carry

I'm scared to love. I am scared to share my feelings with others. I am scared others will not take me seriously. I am scared I am not good enough for somebody. I am scared that even one day when I married, I will still be in fear of him leaving me. I have never gotten the attention I deserve and want from a man in my life before. While yes I know I am young, I don't mean just from a significant other. My father was never there for me like I needed him to be. A girl needs to grow up having both of her parents there for her emotionally and physically. The effect a father's relationship has on a young girl is incredible. I've had friends who have grown up with their father or some sort of father figure who have absolutely no issue loving someone and letting someone love them. I have issues with boys, I have never been able to open up. I am hoping it will change one day considering I am still young.

I carry the emotions of a young woman who does not know what attention is like from a male. Yes I've had men feed me compliments and tell me they like me but how am I supposed to trust their words when I have been let down time after time by my own father? My father loves me, he knows he let me down. He knows he could've been there for me more than he was. He knows how I feel about him. What he does not know is the effect it has made on my relationships with men. I so badly wish he knew what it was like living in fear of someone letting you down, fear of not being loveable. The fear of someone leaving you one day for something or someone

better. I wish that I could have grown up closer with my father or at least have him around more. I see the relationships he has with my sisters and in a way I am envious. My parents divorced when I was only 3 years old while my sisters were 10 and 12. They had the chance to grow a relationship, to know what it is like to have attention from not only a mother but also a father. I grew up with just my mother by my side; my dad was always off with some other girl or out of town doing who knows what. I've learned who he is and I have given up hope. I do not expect him to be there for me. I do not expect him to provide for me. Hell even my mother has given up on him. We both do not expect much of him. My mother and I have realized that financially he will not help with extras: prom, cheerleading, senior activities, etc. While it is disappointing, I am okay with it. This whole life experience has also taught me a lot. I have learned not to rely on others for my wants and needs. I have learned that it is okay to be alone, I am okay being alone. I have learned not to expect too much from someone. I have learned how to have self confidence. I am proud of the woman I have become.

Good - you should be! I believe you will learn to love and trust as you continue on your journey.

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