Dear Diary,

I told mom that there were two options for her today:

Either find a way to get marriage counseling with dad *soon*,

Or divorce him.

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I spent my entire childhood trying to keep my parents together, and now when I see the way that mom and dad interact with each other, I know that if mom were just a close friend of mine I would never advocate for her to stay in a relationship that was that toxic.

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I told Mom that her communication with dad is poisonous and toxic. It is doing both of them a disservice and fucking up their mental health so if they don’t find someone to help them soon, then they are just hurting themselves.

Mom said that that was one of the main reasons why she was such an emotional wreck yesterday (just upstairs in my old room crying and drinking all day).

Because she feels like it might be time to call it with Dad. She said that when Wesley said how sometimes he wishes he was an orphan yesterday (so that he wasn’t a burden on anyone else while doing risky sports) - she empathized with that and sometimes wishes that she was an orphan, and that she didn’t have to rely on Dad or take care of him (and probably also so she didn’t have to worry about me and Wesley and Eric).

When I gave Mom the ultimatum, I said it aggressively. I gave her no out. Either she gets help to work things out with Dad or she and Dad split. Because this in-between space, this space of hatred, disgust, and loathing - is toxic for everyone. Especially for Mom and Dad, but also for Eric, Wesley, and I.

My relationships are so fucked up because of how I have been raised looking at Mom and Dad’s marriage.

I told Wesley and Eric yesterday the following:

“It’s not even that Mom and Dad just don’t love each other anymore… I think they might actually *hate* each other.”

Part of me wants to ask Mom if she hates Dad.

I know it would hurt her, which is why I don’t want to ask that. But I feel like she needs to hear that. Because the way she acts it is as though she hates him.

I haven’t seen love there in years. If not over a decade.

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I want to be there for Mom right now and I want to support her, but also I *am* kind of angry at her. Angry for entirely disconnecting last week while she had her hard work week and not giving care or any attention to Dad or us really.

Angry at her for coming back into the thick of it and immediately showing anger towards Dad and picking non-stop fights.

Angry at her for drinking all day yesterday and waking up just yelling at everyone and everything.

I understand that she is hurting. I understand she is probably hurting more than even Dad (emotionally at least, not physically).

So I know I *need* to be here for her… but damn… I am just *so* wiped out.

I am so exhausted from playing marriage counselor for Mom and Dad since I was a kid. If Mom and Dad don’t love each other, if Mom and Dad don’t *care about each other* anymore… then why would they stay together? They’d be better off alone.

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It breaks my heart to write these things… but I know they are true and they need to be said.

Sometimes the truth **hurts**. A lot.

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I need to be there for my Mom, my Dad, Wesley, and Eric.

I also need to be here for me.

I need to speak my truth. Even when it hurts.