Honestly, every time I talk to you, I feel betrayed. I guess I still hold some notion in my mind that a mother is supposed to be loving and understanding. Someone who asks how your day went and actually cares about your answer. I don't feel that. Talking to you reminds me of the mechanical dialect between a faulty machine and its programmer. The programmer is always tweaking, always fixing, always trying to impose his will on the device in his hands. When things go wrong, he is frustrated. He yearns for that sense of control, for that power to manipulate and change to his liking.

In this sense, I am the machine. I am the factory that spews achievements and figures to feed your pride, some sick and demented relationship in which you've allowed your ego to irrevocably latch onto mine. I am the canvas by which you wish to mark the world. As you see your own character and its ideas decay in this ever-changing landscape, you desperately scrawl an approximated representation on a surface that cringes, cries, and fights back.

And a painter does not speak to his painting, except to admire his own handiwork out loud, to fall ever more in love with the caricature that is himself.

A machine can be rearranged from the inside. It can have parts added and parts removed. With effort, it will eventually conform and perform to the desired specifications and functions. A canvas, no matter how rough, can be smoothened. A sharp enough tool will dig through its surface, the lines will be etched and filled with the combination of colors that the artist deems appropriate.

The human mind however, offers no such simplicity. It counters opinions with skepticism, alien ideals with familiar experiences. It resists and adapts, picks and chooses, refines an unintelligible mass of sounds and sights into those that are agreeable, and those that are not.

And the strange hand which pokes and prods and tries to manipulate that which by nature stands steadfast and strong – it is resisted, it is rejected, and then ignored.

But every time I talk to you, it still cuts deep.