My relationship with my mother is one of the most complicated things in my life. She is my biggest fan. I am afraid because looking at her is like looking in a mirror.

I want my mother to be happy with who I am. She always puts me ahead of herself. My relationship with my mother has taught me about true selflessness. She never encourages me to prioritize my feelings because she thinks that doing so is a bad thing.

When I want to relax, she thinks I am lazy. When I am having a hard day, she tells me I need to get over it because I have to fulfill my responsibilities no matter what. Even when I am not living with her, I always imagine the guilt she would make me feel for how I lived.

I care too much about what my mom thinks. I want my mother to be happy with who I am so much that I sometimes think it would just be easier to compromise on what I want for myself. Sometimes she is the voice in my head. Most of the time, I don’t even realize it’s her. Even when she is comforting and encouraging, she also is paranoid and judgmental.

My mother has no respect for boundaries. She does not listen, or knock on doors, or give me the space I need. It has been this way my whole life and so it feels normal, but it’s not. She insists that we are the same and this undermines my sense of self.

If I try to express myself in a way that is different I am met with questions and judgement. She claims to know me better than anyone, but I feel like she will never truly understand me. I hate that feeling. Anytime I do something that she would not like, I feel the need to explain myself to her. But it’s a waste of breath because it always ends up hurting my feelings when she does not understand me.

My mother is a bully under the pretense of love. She has a list of criticisms that she constantly recites. She is also unkind to herself, verbalizing all of her insecurities. When I see her do this, I can’t help but feel that judgement directed at me, because of all of the ways we are similar.

I could not always see how damaged my mother was. She used to fly off the handle at the smallest inconvenience. I was always afraid to misbehave because I did not want to be yelled at. She hasn’t done this in a long time, not since she was unmedicated. But sometimes I still expect her to do this, so I constantly feel like I am on defense.

She is so negative, focusing on everything that has gone wrong and everything that could go wrong. I used to think that was just how all mothers acted. But as I have grown, I have come to the realization that my mother is extremely damaged.

 Over the years she has opened up about insecurity. I feel guilty that she feels this way, even though it is not my fault. I have seen her go through so much pain and suffering, and I know that she has sacrificed so much for me. It’s very difficult to see such a strong presence in my life be so weak.

I give her advice and do whatever else I can so she is happy. I spend a lot of time with her but sometimes I do not want to, but I would feel guilty if I did not. I am not sure if this is what children are supposed to do for their mothers. But I am sure that it makes me feel so sad, because she is never gentle like that with me.

I feel like it is hard to exist separate from her. I don’t feel like my own person sometimes because I live so much of my life trying to please her. Even when she hurts me, it is hard to be angry with her.

When I consider my mom’s relationship with her own mother, I am terrified because that could be our future. My mom is irritated by her mother and miserable in her presence. There is a good chance that I will feel the same way, because unaddressed anger often turns to resentment.

Saying these things makes me feel bad because I do love her. She would probably cry if she listened to me list all of the ways she has let me down. I don’t want to make her hurt, even though she has hurt me. My mother is actually really great to me too.

My mother is so thoughtful and she does so much for me. I have no doubt in my mind that she would drop everything if I needed her, because I have seen her do this time and time again. She has been a source of constancy throughout any instability in my life.

She has a flare for the dramatic. Sometimes this is annoying, but most of the time it is entertaining. I think sometimes she acts a certain way because she knows people expect it from her. My mother is confident in her abilities to dazzle a room and she never backs down from an opportunity to shine. I admire this.

My mother is never afraid to be herself. She taught me the value of being myself, unapologetically. She always celebrates my quirks, because she knows what it’s like to be unfairly criticized for the qualities that make us unique.

My mom cares about what I think. She sees me as an individual, and respects what I have to say. Even if she disagrees with me, she is willing to listen and change her mind because she thinks I am smart.

My mother is happy with who I am. She always tells me that I am her favourite person. We have a lot in common and we talk about almost everything. I love to be around her, and I even am proud of how similar we are.