

Today we had another heated argument.

No, not my father and me.

As always, I made breakfast

while he sat there

by the window.

The day before we had had an argument.

He had accused me of belittling him.

I had been appalled and

now tried to apologize and explain because of

the generation gap

my lyrics might have gone wrong.

I often feel not accepted and misunderstood

because he hardly speaks to me.

He said that was the problem,

I would never feel accepted by him.

But that's why I'm talking about

to change something.

If he is interested in what I have to say,

I feel accepted.

!!OKAY!!

While I was preparing our breakfast, I tried to keep the conversation going.

I talked about my friends and justice. Then suddenly

he was on the phone

talking to someone in a language

I couldn't understand.

Afterwards I told him that just turning aside while I am talking

hurt me.

I suggested that next time he could say:

Hey, let me interrupt you and call someone.

No. Instead of getting me

he stated with a loud voice

he would never

be ready for this in his life!!!

The moment I tried to tone down the tenseness

of the turned mood

I regretted having spoken out my feelings.

He kept yelling at me

and questioning the point of this relationship.

When I asked him to have breakfast, he shouted:

!!Go to hell with your breakfast!!

This wasn't our first argument,

and I know not to show any sad feelings.

But inside I felt humiliated.

And in those moments when I feel down,

I have a conviction that nobody can help me

because nobody wants to hear what I am going through

unless it is positive news.

That's why I'm making a Word document to hide the text a little.

I'm not sure if it is right to write about,

and wouldn't it be better

to clean the house

and

forget about it.

What I am about to do.