Maya Crivello ☺

It’s hard to forget.

I wish memories were easy to throw away like trash, to were if I didn’t like them I could blank them from my mind forever. If it were that easy, I would have half of all of my memories lost, and I wouldn’t be the person I am today. I have pushed so many so far back in my mind it’s unreal, and most started not to long after I was born, sadly.

 So my beautiful, blue eyed, blonde, intelligent mother, who was a nurse at the time, was dating my dad who was training in body building. My mom soon started cheating on my dad, manipulating my dad, ended up losing her nursing license because she started stealing drugs from her work, and my mom realized that my dad was going to break up with her, so she decided to get off the “shot” and later got pregnant without my dad knowing. My dad had realized he was trapped, and ended up staying with the relationship for my sake, that’s when things went down.

 Pop! I was born! And about a month later my gorgeous and intelligent mom discovered drugs. She soon lost that personality that I stare at in old photos that I will never know. My earliest memory, was the day my parents split (they never married) I was 2, living in Rohnert Park, the first of many homes. It was late at night and as usual I could hear my parents fighting outside my bedroom door. So I picked myself up, out of the top of my bunk bed with my pjs on, stomped out of my room to find my parents in the hall screaming, as usual. I stomped over in between my parents and yelled as loud as my little voice could yell, “Be quite!” but I didn’t really get the response I wanted. They replied with “stay out, be quite!” stay out? How can I stay out of something I heard everyday? I remember watching my mom walk out our front door feeling alone, and scared inside, as if I knew I had worse times ahead of me to endure.

 Around age 5, I remember living in a different home, and I was spending the weekend at my moms. I walked out of my bedroom to ask my mom a question and I ended up walking in on her snorting cocaine on a tile on our bathroom floor. I stood there staring. Looking in her ashamed eyes as she stared back at me, as she held a tiny straw, and a broken tile. Her excuse was it was her medicine and that snorting it made it easier for her to take the pill because it was to big apparently. I smiled and held my emotions in, acting as if I was clueless and believed her. I walked by to my room and closed the door, I stood in silence realizing what I had just seen. Because even at age 5 I knew exactly what she was doing, I just couldn’t believe this is how I found out.

 About age 6 or 7, my mom had moved to another home because she had got evicted again, for not having enough money to pay the rent. One night my mom had her drugged out friends over at our house for a party. They were downstairs, high, with blaring music, acting disgusting. I remember feeling frightened and annoyed, so I walked to my mom’s room, were she was completely ignoring her out of control drugged out friends. She was in her room with a guy, not a surprise, and I asked her to tell them to stop. She looked at me with a blank stare and laughed, she told me to tell them to “shut the fuck up”, I was amazed at the fact she told me to say that at the age I was, but more that she had no care of what was going on. I was too intimidated to, so I sat on the stairs watching them through the staircase railing, I was so skinny and tiny I fit on one step, so I felt like I was hiding, like they couldn’t see me. I got scared and asked my mom again to make them stop acting gross and obnoxious, she laughed and screamed at them to “shut the fuck up” not a surprise, they all laughed and yelled and didn’t care, nor did my mom who went back to her room with that pile of trash of a guy. I went in my room and sat and listened in silence, again.

 Age 9 or 8 ish, another weekend up at my moms, she had her boyfriend max over, I got mad at her for something so I went outside. Our “house” was a very tiny room attached to a house where our landlord lived. When I went outside to cry, my mom locked the door on me at 2 in the morning, so she could be alone with max. I started crying and banging on the door, with the response from my mother was “hold on!” I waited for about two hours in the cold, with 20 ft trees surrounding me, before I was let in. I went to bed next to my mom, stone cold, and fell asleep.

 These weekends with my mom were never good, I went through a lot, and saw a lot. I remember my mom never waking up for hours and me eating tortillas because I was too young to know how to cook, or I would play on the computer or walk around in the trees outside, pretending I was on adventures with magical creatures, (as lame as that may sound) when I would spend the weekends with my dad, I eventually told him what was happening, and my dad was infuriated and disgusted with my mom. He told the courts and I had to talk to a mediator, but for some reason every time I went to the mediator to tell them about what I was going through I would tell them it was all a lie. I felt the need to protect my mom. When I was about 9 in a half, 10 ish, I eventually told the truth to the mediator, and was soon split from my mom. Visits with my mom were soon made supervised. I soon started counseling, which I didn’t like but the courts felt I needed to go because of the things I went through. I still have these supervised visits till this day, every other weekend for max 5 hours. My mom looks better and our supervisor is hilarious. I miss my mom. Even in those dark times there were always those moments when we would laugh for hours, her humor was exactly like mine. When people meet her they she is my twin. I remember those moments, I would always run up to her and bump into her big butt, because I was so small and hug her so I could smell her soft pajamas, or just to smell her. I remember watching her when we would be driving, with the music loud, and the sun shining, I would look at her with the wind blowing through her hair. I could tell she was letting herself go. I miss her. I have a sweater I took from her when I was young in my closet I sometimes take out to still get that smell, which I don’t get to smell much anymore. As much as she put me through I still love her as a person.

It’s hard to forget, but not too hard to forgive.