**Claudia**:

When I was a little girl, I used to say to her, "I love you to the moon and down again and around the world and back again." And she used to say to me, "I love you to the sun and down again and around the stars and back again." Do you remember, mama? And I used to think, wow, I love mama, and mama loves me, and what can go wrong? [pause]

What went wrong, mama? I love you and you love me, and what went wrong? You see, I know she loves me, and I love her, and--so what? So what? She's over there, and I'm over here, and she hates me because of the things I've done to her, and I hate her because of the things she's done to me.

You stand up there asking "Do you love your daughter" and they say yes. And you think you've asked something real, and they think they've said something real.

You think because you toss the word love around like a frisbee we're all going to get warm and runny. No. Something happens to some people.

They love you so much they stop noticing you're there because they're so busy loving you. They love you so much their love is a gun, and they keep firing it straight into your head. They love you so much you go right into a hospital. Yes, I know she loves me. Mama, I know you love me. And I know one thing you learn when you grow up is that love is not enough. It's too much and not enough.