Veronica Myers

The (Tragic) Consciousness of Second Birth is not one of my first nor one of my last attempts to make sense of a certain kind of loss that involves losing people who are still here. The loss of coming out begins gradually, quietly, gently. Nobody teaches you how to mourn unhurried silence. I knew, as somebody born and raised Catholic with roots so deeply entrenched in my religious community and family members so devout they put the clergy to shame, that not coming out meant death, and that coming out also meant death. Death to who I was. Death to the lies I had been living.

I am trying to put a language to this kind of loss. I am trying to approximate, to create something new.

One. The Persistence Of Melancholy Is Something That Cannot Be Replaced By An Object Of Affection. Coming out required ripping myself from myself. I had to unzip who I was so that who I am could unfurl from it. I do not think this tear will ever fully heal. No matter how many people I fill my life with, they will not be able to stuff the gaping hole left by those who are gone but still here.

Two. The Ocean Will Retain What We’ve Done. I came out by the ocean. I think it is the only thing that will ever truly know me. I return to it every time I go home; I return home to it. I walk to the edge of the waves, whisper to them, and let them carry my words out towards an infinite horizon.
Three. *The Forgiveness Of Forgetting (Time Is An Erosion)*. Time does not heal all things, time withstands all things because it outlasts. As time erodes my days, I am forced to surrender certain things to it in exchange for being spared one more. Forgetting is release. Forgiveness is release. Time accepts that which we release and scrubs it, deconstructs it, creates something entirely new out of it.

Four. *The Failure To Name Is The Encounter Of God*. I am an enigma. I am a contradiction. I am devout to a religion that says I should not exist. I exist. I am proof of God’s utter incomprehensiveness.

**The (Tragic) Consciousness of Second Birth** is not a tragedy. It is not inspiring. It is. It does as it undoes with equal parts persistence; beauty and pain, love and loss.