

## ***INTRODUCING MYSELF TO MY MOTHER***

My name is	Ангельк, Оверски, Верс, Лиев, Со-фи, Скай, similar to the name you gave me but I just removed a few letters that no longer fit, searched the internet for the names of our bloodlines, (came back with little but felt a lot). I have been sharpening my own name (for all of our names), returning all non-truth into truth (etc). I've cycled back to: your name is Torch, Light-Carrier, babushka's name is Torch, Light-carrier, then Wisdom, Daughter then of Raspberries, from Havdalah In Kiev, Sunsetting, ancestors finally getting to Rest into our etymology, the Meeting Ground between our past and our future generation, the Underworld and the Upperworld, the seventh day for spirit, the bark of our family tree barking Back like– <i>look at me now, I get to live out of survival mode now for real real</i> . Saying <i>look</i> , in a whisper of trunk-truth <i>I am excavating my bones out of the mud</i> , the ancestors say, <i>don't forget everything we've done to bring you here</i> . OK, as every root of us does, every letter, my self, in full, no conversion, all spirit, our fam full of fruit, mikvahs and baptism, detangling from the misfits, the mispronounced, and the misidentified, the paths gone awry to lead us here, the banya, the red sea, my Name is becoming louder, for me, for my transmasc blood, fertile fuming, water weaves for my divine self, for babushka's babushka's babushka's all dancing shoes and new years tree, for dedushka, for you, me, now, all in the future, tendersalt wave, calling myself back, for you, for me, for us, for us, then babushka sings to me in the mo(u)ning, hello <i>Маленькая Рыбачка</i> , we have places to be
My pronouns are	they/them/I (will always be your <i>Маленькая Солнышко</i> )
My gender is	not too important for you to “get” but if you call me Сынок once I will cry :)
Languages I speak Are	I will try to mourn with you in Russian with a Ukrainian accent and when I do not understand please forgive me.
Something I wish you knew about me is	how deeply I try, how deeply I know you try
I am based in	Faith, isn't that what our last name ultimately means, Vera. but also Toronto. I will send you my location before bed I promise. At the very least I will share my Uber ride as I am getting back home.
Something I hope for is	You will come to my wedding, and we will sit in a beautiful place that will show you how sparkly and safe the world can be– maybe on top of Grouse mountain, or the scandinave spa, or watching together our archives over the years at the park, seeing the sunset, eating cherry-flavored ice cream, laughing, and singing Millions Of Scarlet Roses by Pugacheva

Something I look forward to  
Is

For us to rest and celebrate and to eat your food and to laugh and cry  
about how far we've come, like, could you have thought we would end up  
here?