

Birth Certificate

The desire of my name is constitutive. To be desired by name is not only structural, but conditional. A recurring call, continuous reiterated, so that I could exist somehow. I attest this after shedding light to the darkest places of my soul, beyond science. I had to make a lot of effort to be born. The trajectory of any gestation must be like so, but I can only speak for myself, even if in fantasy.

My mother was my closest bond, the biggest I have had until today. Only she knows, or knew, how much she desired me. I'm aware of that today, crying her loss but also our re-encounter in myself. On the day of my birthday, I understand for the first time in my life the meaning of my name. I realize how – without the help of this proper name, we wouldn't have managed to traverse life and death together.

Some say my grandmother (on my mother's side) was the one who chose my name, maybe for knowing what her daughter needed (or what lacked in that house) outside the uterus. My grandmother's proper letter held me strong in that belly. If I hadn't been desired as a proper name, I'm certain I wouldn't be here today. The merit isn't mine alone. My mother's desire was enormous, desiring me further and farther than any name (and desire) of the father.

Only I could be my mother's daughter, and only she could give birth to me.

I'm not a mother, but I was a daughter, and today, more importantly, a woman, with a woman's desire. This legacy is also my mother's, who was a woman and a mother in her uterus, despite all the modern complications this saying could imply.

This is my biggest inheritance. The greatest gift I could ever receive. The loss of my mother, and everything she represents, confirms even more this unknowing *saber*.