



## The Thing About...

Abraham

December 16, 2018

**T**he thing about Destiny is that she's a bleeding heart.

Oh, you thought I meant destiny, as in fate? No, Destiny is my wife. Blame her mothers for your confusion. Hippies. Well. What do you call a couple of turn-of-the-century lesbian Wiccans, if not hippies? Perhaps I'm not up on the latest terminology, but in my experience, everything old becomes new again.

As I was saying, Destiny is a bleeding heart. She's a veterinarian, and she's forever bringing home sickly kittens for me to bottle-feed. Me, because I don't sleep. Sometimes I nap in a coffin in the basement, but really, as long as I stay out of the sun, I'm fine.

It's what Destiny calls "my little problem." She's as sympathetic about it as she is about elder cats in kidney failure, or orphan kittens, or dogs with cancer or broken legs. We've had dogs, cats, birds, rabbits, rats, and an iguana, but it's usually cats. I don't drink any of them; they're pets, and Destiny is a vegetarian.

Not that rats and iguanas are tasty. Especially iguanas. Do not recommend. Well, I hear there's one species on Saint Barthélemy, but... no. No, right now I subsist on "donations" from my wife—who gets regular iron testing on the excuse of vegetarianism—expired blood bank stock, and what I can scrounge up on the internet. I've drunk more than my share of rats in my time; they used to be plentiful, like fast food on every corner. They still are in New York. Honestly, the pet ones are so cute that I have some regret about how many I've drunk. The aggressively overabundant ones in the city, not so much.

So, Destiny is a bleeding heart, and every adorable fluffy-wuffy animal that dies destroys her.

I can relate, because eternity is boring without company, and yet company is not, for the most part, immortal. Cats are delightful, but their lives are the blink of an eye. I've loved many women, and even a few men, but it always ends the same way: old age, failing health, and death—with a few notable exceptions.

You might think that my kind doesn't know death. No, death and I are old friends, old enemies, the familiarity that breeds contempt. Death comes for everyone I love. Destiny says that the cycle of life and death is holy. Perhaps, but it's also cruel. We value things for the effort we put into them, and paradoxically value both youth and experience. If you

don't believe me, look at every job listing. So while you're becoming your best and wisest self, your body is slowly and inevitably betraying you to make room for the next generation. Yours is. Not mine. You might think that death becomes easier to cope with over time, but no. It's worse.

I've learned the hard way that I don't want the ones who clamor for immortality. No, no, the ones with sympathy for my "little problem" are more likely to be good and kind companions, and yet, all too soon, they're gone. I thought that perhaps things that are ephemeral are the things that are the most precious, but it's hard to be philosophical when I think about losing Destiny.

So I've offered, twice. She doesn't think it suits her vegetarian ideals. Too much being raised with "An it harm none do what thou wilt," the Wiccan creed.

What can I do? I love her. And so I continue our relationship as it is, knowing that it will devastate me in the end. I honestly don't know how I'll cope.



Destiny  
December 16, 2018

THE THING ABOUT Abraham is that he has a little problem, and he thinks his little problem is a solution.

Well. That and he's *beautiful*. Like, girl-pretty. I don't

think he knows. I took one look into those huge dark eyes, and it was like I've known him forever.

Do you believe in reincarnation? I do. But I digress.

The cycle of death and life sucks balls, but it's also natural. Holy, even. The old have to die to make room for the new, no matter how much that hurts. Every foster kitten that I cry over adopting out is space for a new kitten. Abraham is adorable bottle-feeding kittens, by the way. Don't tell him I said so. But without death, there can be no room for new births.

Speaking of death and birth, I suppose, he wants to know if I want to be a vampire. I don't. It's not like I faint at the sight of blood or anything. I believe blood should stay in the body if possible, and that I should do my best to do no harm.

And there's Abraham, and the thought that he's guaranteed to outlive me is a selfish relief, to be honest.

I've asked Abraham how old he is. He says he doesn't remember. He plays violin like a God, though. Like someone who's practiced for a very long time.

A *very* long time.