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## Remembering Her, Missing Her, Mourning Her

We never planned nor wondered how it would be for us when transition was over

by Deanna

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**A**side from a very healthy, active sex life, I find our relationship stalled. Almost to be described as being at an impasse. I think it's that we had to navigate a new way of being with each other.

Transition, to all intents and purposes, is over. Transition, and getting to the end of it, was our focus for so long. Transition required and drained so much of our energy. We spent countless hours analysing the transition and our feelings around it. We awaited, looked for and celebrated change, milestones brought on by transition.

Thinking

I don't believe we ever once planned or wondered how it would be for us when transition was over. Did we think it would never end? Did we think we would continue as if nothing happened? That we would pick up where we left off or is it because his gender is not the same? I wonder why transition did not give us room to nurture us while it dictated our life?

Grinding teeth, fighting off the red.

I'm back to where I was when we first met. Wishing we had common adventures, wanting a past to discuss, reminisce and learn from, needing a blueprint for life with the other. Instead, I find myself feeling that we are at the beginning, trying to understand each other's moods and idiosyncrasies, learning each other's bodies, discovering what makes the other tick as well as what soothes and calms.

I realise that letting her go brought me to these feelings. And I accept that I still harbour ill feelings towards transition, and so it is also to blame.

I don't know which is better. Remembering her, missing her, mourning her. Or feeling like he is a stranger to me.

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