

# UC Merced

## The Vernal Pool

### Title

Consequences

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## **Consequences**

**By Kelvin Soza**

This is my third week lying near the oceanside, vulnerable to anything and everything that crosses my path. I still wonder how I got here and what pushed me to this point. The matter of fact is that it's all about the consequences. The consequences of seeing what I had thought of love crumble and break apart still crosses my mind as each day passes. The consequences of being happy with a partner who I thought was the one - she wasn't.

You know how they say love is the person you think of when you're in front of the ocean? Love, like everything else, changes, and I...have changed.

The meaning of love has changed; the meaning of a romantic day at the beach with a lover has changed. I sit here in spite of my past and wonder where that lost lover is. I still remember the first songs we sang to each other and the first cotton candy we shared at the fair. The random getaways to art galleries and the funky county fair bands we'd watch in the summer. The wild nights we spent overseas in the middle of nowhere and our endless nights of ballroom dancing. The thoughts of the time we fed pigeons in Turin or the time we witnessed the essence of the Eiffel Tower. Through all these years, inside and out, these feelings continue to ripple across my mind even now as I ponder over this warm, enthusiastic sundown.

At the same time, those days of feeling so hopeless and undeserving of their love also crosses my mind. I remember the jealous and bloodthirsty look in their eyes when they saw me playfully kissing one of my co-stars on the film set. I never knew how passionate they were for this relationship, and to be honest, I didn't know if that were a good thing or a bad thing. I didn't feel pity for them when they decided to break away. Love lied. Love betrayed me. I had no clue who I was, who they were, or who we would become when the time was right, if it were even meant to be. I had lost a soulmate.

They became possessive, controlling, and for sentimental reasons I cannot tell why else. But, they were no longer the one. They were not the one for me. Their love had consequences. Not knowing what, or maybe who I was passionate for ultimately drifted us apart. And now, I sit here sensing my flaws and vulnerabilities, letting go of the toxicity, pain and fear that once made me weep. I look ahead and think of the little things I will romanticize about, those feelings of butterflies in my stomach when I find the one.

I know that slowly but surely, I'll begin to see the light, and I'll grace it with every innocent thought in times of anxiety. Beware of the consequences one may be facing or those yet to be had, for love may not be what it is envisioned to be. The consequences...