

IN YOUR HANDS *EN TUS MANOS*

Character: Gabby

Age: 30's

Sex: Female

Nationality: Mexican American | Latina Americana

Summary: Gabby speaks to God while in the bathroom, and finally comes to terms with her infertility and her faith in God.

GABBY

Not pregnant. God, you sure have a sense of humor. You give me this feeling in my gut that I'm supposed to be a mother. You even come to me in a dream with it, and yet here I am. One more test stick for the trash.

I guess it's true what they say, that there is a plan and that everything happens for a reason, but all I know is that I am tired. Tired of the fertility drugs, the ovulation kits, the tears, and the money spent. It's exhausting to hope and wait only to be disappointed over and over again and in the bathroom. Always feeling disappointed in the bathroom.

Maybe, I stop. I won't have to talk about how we're trying, and feel the look of pity when yet again, it all didn't work. And to not have to hear, "But you're Mexican, aren't you like, born fertile?" The ignorance. It's not fair, to want something so much.

You're right, I don't need kids. Why did I want them anyway? No more peeing, on sticks right? But if I accept this fate, what was it all for? Leave it all to God they said. How could you lead me on like that?

Two years. I'm so tired. Tired of the expectation that I should be able to do this one thing. Tired of believing. I wanted to believe, to believe in you so badly, but I can't. Not anymore. This stops now.