

THE LINE

CARMEN

No, no, no, no. Abuela, please stop. Just listen to me. I'm sorry that we can't have this conversation in Spanish. I know it kills you. But do you ever consider what it might feel like to have your abuela hate you? Because of something as silly as language. I know it's more than the language; I know that. I wish I could speak it. I wish mom and dad thought they could survive here with Danny and I speaking Spanish. But they were terrified, and you know that. I wish I wasn't fighting for my identity every single day. That I wasn't a diversity hire to everyone at work. That I wasn't a coconut to everyone back at home...that the ladies at the taqueria didn't talk poorly about me in another language the moment they knew I couldn't properly converse with them...that coworkers are happy to bring me into a room when they need a translator, and just as happy to dismiss me when I can't be an asset to them. She's the brown girl, why was she hired if she can't even speak Spanish? I can't be your hope for a better future if you're denying me at my present. How is it possible to be everything and nothing all at once? I can try to be more this and more that, but I am sick and tired of walking that line. It's too narrow. If I keep failing both worlds, whose gonna catch me if I fall?