

Kelsey

Kelsey

By : **Ninacrimaldi**

a young girl suffers the loss of a loved one

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/Ninacrimaldi

Copyright © Ninacrimaldi, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Kelsey

I just want it out of me. That's all I can think about when I returned home last night. The thought that I have what would have been my child inside of me no longer living was both incredibly sad and repulsive to me. I just want it out of me.

I walked in to the doctor's office yesterday afternoon expecting to hear a heartbeat. Instead what I heard was a string of bad news coming out of the doctor's mouth, each word hitting me like a large gust of wind. Although she was probably speaking at a normal volume all I wanted to say to her is stop yelling at me. I never hear when there's yelling.

I know they are sending me to the hospital so they can further examine what the problem is but I am not a stupid girl. I know that the baby I was once so excited about, was no longer mine. And I wait in an uncomfortable hospital bed for hours, wearing nothing but one of those blue gowns, which makes me feel even more vulnerable than ever... just waiting.

I'll never understand the hospital system. Why does a new nurse, or doctor come in every twenty minutes asking you the same line of questions as the one before; Any history of this and that and blah blah blah. It seems as if nobody in the damn place knows what the hell is going on. That's comforting.

I spend all this time waiting with nothing but my incessant what if thoughts and it was a good thing that Geza was sitting in the chair besides me. All this waiting and not knowing is going to get me a 48 hour lock down in a psych ward and a thorazine drip. And I think the same thoughts over and over and even though I know they won't, I hope someone will come in with good news.

I'm sorry; the two most insincere words spoken in any hospital. And of course that's what he told me while he looks at his chart and reads off the results of my ultra sound like he's reading a lunch menu or something. I never even knew if it was a boy or a girl. Though I knew this was going to be the end result of my day, it still came to me as a shock, as if I didn't know that the chances of me going home happy were slim.

Most people will try and tell me that everything happens for a reason and maybe it just wasn't the right time. I am not a light at the end of the tunnel kind of person. I don't know anything about silver linings and I don't look for rainbows after it rains. So even though I know these people are just trying to comfort me, all it is really going to do is bother me. I know that makes me both indecent and cynical and I am.

I have every right to be. Most things that I loved, I lost.

Kelsey

Kelsey

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-11-28 12:01:41