

Running for the bus: toast in hand, hair wet, laces flying, dipping a finger in an open tube of cream blush and smudging it into my cheeks, bus fare jangling in the pocket of my cardigan.

I'm greeted by the smell of beans refrying and a rolling arriba from the Mariachi woman serenading the restaurant via satellite radio. Work apron unlaundered, again. I wet a blue J-cloth and wipe away the smears of avocado and sour cream before punching in, late. Rolando pretends not to notice, but I see his moustache stiffen.

I tried to quit last month but he wouldn't let me. I thought I would try again soon, but now...

I scavenge for pens and dig through my tote bag for enough change to call a float. Not a dime. Unceremoniously, I scoop hot corn chips from the chip-warming drawer as Rolando passes by, glancing down at my grotty, red Converse. In an hour, I will be in the weeds, running on empty without a break. Even though my mind is north, south, east and west I try to be present at work. No one can see that I am changing. Except our bartender, who hasn't mentioned pregnancy but who has made several breast comments already today.

*Kale.*

On the way home I will stop by Whole Foods and use my tip money to buy kale—lots of kale —and other superfoods for my new, organic baby.