

Turkey Sandwich

by Anson Pope

Perhaps I deserve to feel this way. We were trying to get pregnant when my online escapades became more frequent. Like a drug, this was my place to escape the real horrors of life. I would talk with others about my deep dark secrets of being married to a woman while still having fantasies that involved men. Bisexual they call it. I hadn't even heard the expression until I met my wife since she explained that she was bisexual.

We welcomed our son in February. I took two weeks off since the idea of paternity leave was still unheard of. One day I retreated to the bathroom with the phone to speak with our mortgage company and beg for a way to stay in the house. I also had to finish the IRS paperwork so we could pay them and get them off our backs. All this life causing me stress made me need a fix bad. The computer was in our bed room which made the online life difficult to maintain.

The plate was in my hand and I was ready to go upstairs. On it, a freshly made turkey sandwich for a late snack before bed. She was in front of me asking questions I didn't understand. Something about finding a picture of a naked man on the computer and it wasn't a picture of me. Like an addict, I had been caught. I felt my insides melt through my stomach and down my legs to my feet and out through my toes.

What made this different though was our mutual understanding. There can be love and a fully developed relationship around one person. Then there can be sex without meaning with another. Only when that idea was proposed to me years earlier I turned it down. They call it an open marriage. I balked because I was too ashamed to admit my desires and too frightened to open up about the online life; like a junky hiding his drugs. Long term though this enlightened philosophy on sex and love would help to heal the wounds. We are stronger today from that miserable experience.

Mother's Day is always a big day in our house as it often straddles her birthday. It's a day for my wife to truly be queen. Yet she is distant. She doesn't even seem interested in birthday sex as I caress her back and ass in bed. She says she is depressed, her usual bi-polar cycle. Through an email conversation the following day it turns out she has an obsessive crush on someone else. He fills an intellectual need and isn't too bad on the eyes she thinks. I feel threatened and inadequate. I feel as she probably did the night I made that turkey sandwich. I likely deserve it.

