

# Groceries

by Parker Tettleton

**Your son is six feet tall in the sixth grade. By his sophomore year of high school, he outweighs you by a hundred pounds. He's been offered four football scholarships and one for a sport he's never played. Every morning his mother, your ex ex-wife, makes his breakfast of a half dozen eggs, three strips of bacon and an English muffin alongside your cup of coffee.**

**Your son has his permit. He has started driving his mother's, your first and second wife's minivan to school where he parks in the back row in order to not be seen driving a minivan with his mother, your beloved, renewed wife in the passenger seat. Of course, you leave earlier than they do so you've rarely seen his head scrape the roof as his black-haired hands cover half of the steering wheel.**

**His mother, your wife of ten years total and three running, is out buying your son's groceries, your coffee grounds while your son lifts weights you spot in your garage. Your son, he knows about sex. You're pretty sure several of your private dvds are missing from the golf bag. He's never asked, not that you want to know that he knows what you aren't telling him. He looks up, sweat running down his forehead and pooling onto the tuft of black hair peeking out of the top middle portion of his muscle shirt. You can tell he's curious. You could be quick, say something about how things have changed since you grew up. How his mother, your wife before she was your wife then ex and wife again waited, or didn't, if you can't sell the story. You could hug him, bring his head to your chest and tell him his size is a gift, he'll grow out of the awkwardness surrounding his man-child frame and girls, a career, millions will follow one after the other like ducks on a pond. You clear your throat and the garage door begins to**

**fold; your recurring wife, his mother needs help with the groceries.**

