

A Husband's Confession

May 14, 2011

I try to continue to tend to my plant until I hear sound of tires close by. I turn to see my husband driving in the carport. This does not look like the man I last saw earlier. His face is white and sweaty. Is he sick or has he just heard horrible news? My body starts to tremble and a lump forms in my throat. We both enter on opposite sides of our porch and pause briefly as I try to make eye contact. He walks off into the kitchen with his work bag. The panic sets in as I am following him into our home.

“What is the matter? You look terribly upset.” There is a pause as I look intensely at him trying to get him to look at me. He turns away.

He slowly puts down his head and sighs. His voice shakes and cracks as he says, “I’m in a lot of trouble.”

“What’s going on?” I ask as I become increasingly concerned. Complete silence falls over the room. I cannot take it anymore and ask again with more conviction.

“What did you do, Gerard?”

“I have been accused of something really bad.” He stands there in a daze, frozen in time.

Impatient for more information, I ask “What is it?”

He pauses for what seems forever and then he looks up. I stare straight into his eyes. He still does not speak,

So, I shout, “C’mon! What?” My intensity surprises me.

He drops his gaze to the floor again and walks to the bar dividing us. He cannot look me in the eye as he sputters these words,

“I’ve been accused of having one of my clients give me oral sex.” I stand at the bar; gripping tightly at the edge because I am afraid, I will fall to the floor. Sheer terror turns my legs to rubber as I fight the spinning of the room. I open my mouth, but nothing comes out. The whole room starts to go black except for the small tunnel as my eyes meet his. Am I going to pass out? I muster up enough courage to ask if it is true, not really wanting to hear the answer.

“Did it happen?” He bows his head and pauses for too long time. I say repeatedly in my head, this is not real. This cannot be happening Oh My God! I catch an almost undetectable nod of his head. I am dumbstruck. I look him up and down thinking I do not know this man standing in my kitchen. How could he cheat on me with a client? What did he do to that poor woman? This not only risks our marriage, but his job, as well – his reputation, his dignity. How could he do it?

I steady my legs and slowly walk over to the dining room window. A sick feeling invades my stomach, and an incredible emptiness takes over. My lips tremble as I try not to cry in front of him. I cannot look at his face. I am totally disgusted with his presence and desperately want to leave, but my legs do not work. He just stands there looking guilty.