

WILLIAM HENDERSON

SCAR TISSUE

I sought D out intentionally, or someone like him. I logged into a Web site that boasts it has more than 60,000 men online at any moment. D lived nearby. We listened to the same musicians; we read the same books. He asked me to bring wine and chocolate.

His pictures did not do him justice. He had a British accent. He was interested in me, which surprised me. While he and I were together, I waited for him to realize he could do better. Which I guess he did, in the end.

But before that, he asked me to date it out and see where a relationship could go. My wife and two-year-old son were putting puzzles together a few feet away from me when I told D I would be his boyfriend. She did not know about him; he did not know about her.

Holly and I met in college, and I asked her to marry me six months after our first date. I married Holly because I loved her, but also because I was afraid of what not wanting to marry her meant. I've always known I am gay, and so did the kids with whom I went to school. I was the faggot. In fifth-grade sex education, when I asked if two men could have a baby, the guidance counselor made it clear that two men could not have babies together. I was convinced he knew I had asked the question, even though we had been allowed to ask questions anonymously.

After Holly and I stopped having sex, we decided to have a baby. We used in-vitro.

Holly and I were strangers who shared a bed and bathroom, and then we shared a son, Avery. She focused on our son, which meant she wasn't focusing on herself, or on me, or on herself with me. She stopped seeing me, or maybe we stopped seeing each other.

Marriages, and the people inside of them, fade. You wake up one morning and you wonder how the person next to you got there. You don't want to be there beside that person. You think there must be someone better

