

Maggie

32. Male, meaning I have to remember when I get easily mad or irritated, it's due to over-exposure to fluorescent lights and not enough exposure to physical activity. Traffic tries me and I try not to become agitated when the guy in front of me doesn't use on his turn signal light, or I have to remember not to take my anger out on the new employee just because it took an extra two loops, coffee spilling on my shirt, and 10 minutes to find a parking space.

Business man, which means business attire, supervising subordinates and interns, business meetings, overlooking internet resources: the business website and social media accounts, stock numbers, taking business inventories, contacting partners, and intake no more than 1 glass of wine during dinner meetings, all the while remembering to update the resume every time I produce incredible results.

Married, which means: remembering the wedding anniversary and birthday, coming up with new ways to give a gift for the same annual occasions, sending flowers randomly the way she likes it, knowing when to visit the in-laws, satisfying during the appropriate hour, and talking, even when I don't want to.

Father, meaning to be stern when needed because they won't listen to their mother, supporting their artistic efforts and participation in soccer or lacrosse, attempting to remember what it was like to be their age, and attending parent teacher conferences.

Don't look at the teachers who work in their school, even if one is dragging me with her eyes and has soft legs and I can still remember the way Maggie touched me, how warm her tongue was as she nibbled on my ear lobe. Don't look down her shirt, or up her legs. She's trying to tell me about my kid's performance, and the missus is sitting right next to me.

My kid's teacher pushes her glasses towards her overgrown eyebrows and I can't help but remember how Maggie was cute, in her first couple of years of teaching, and she still remembered what college was like, vividly. She was in a sorority and I was in a fraternity. We both graduated different years, but we managed to laugh about how much bullshit it all was.

She laughed without caring and talked about the 5 kingdoms that make up life on Earth. She didn't know rigid and offered to help with proofreading my business reports. She would take out a Texas Instrument calculator and ask me about the dividends, while my wife would have complained and claimed she was too tired for the afterwork talk.

But I have to remind myself that I'm married, because I laid down the law with those vows, and if I hadn't I would've been the asshole who strung along his high school sweetheart because the

situation, relationship, was comfortable. And there was no reason for something to be missing. We knew each other. Insecurities, fears, ambitions, and the dreams that made us get up in the morning after those young adult nights when we had too many beers a few hours before.

Now I'm the asshole who cheated on his wife with the kid's teacher.

Maggie, the same Maggie Rod Stewart sang about because he was a virgin in love. She made me feel the butterflies my wife never could find the lock on. And I'm almost glad I married her because she led me to Maggie.

While I was away on a "business trip", 40-year-old married business man lay awake next to Maggie, fighting off sleep in exchange for touches of her hair. It beat any dream I missed out on. She was an asshole too. She knew I had a structured life, and she knew her legs were strong enough to tear down the architecture in one stomp. Saying goodbye isn't my forte unless it's at the end of a successful business exchange. But it's no longer about me. The kids want their father home on the weekends next to mom and they don't deserve restricted visitation with a half absent father who will have to work longer hours in order to pay the alimony to his ex-wife because she's grown accustomed to a higher-class lifestyle.

So, I had to make a decision one night. I chose the university that had accepted me, the fraternity that would induct me, the woman who would marry me, and the career that proved easiest for me. It was all about me before the business, married, dad, achiever descriptions were attached. But I swear I never intended to be the guy that fell in love with Maggie. I thought I could walk away, tell her that I was sorry and, "I just can't see you anymore". I never managed to tell her that I loved her. And I don't tell her that now as I miss her. Even when the missus sleeps next to me, I'm lonely, and it's the worst type of loneliness, the one you find despite someone being at your side. I thought I understood the description of this decision when I signed off. I didn't think I'd be found in a school bathroom, palms on face crying, blanking on an explanation as my wife asked me, "*why?*"