

FAMILY VACATION

E.A. Hathaway

He reaches across his wife to grab his reading glasses from the night table. She got the good side again, he thinks, disturbing her as he passes over. Here, under his graceless lunge, she inhales the faint cologne from his undershirt – he hadn’t worn that brand in ages, it seems to her. Flushing, she sneaks an invigorated kiss on his chin, of all places. Hovering over her, he recalls that telling glance, that wanting glimmer in her eye, the fullness of her lips–

The unlocked door knocks open, “Hey, we’re all headed down to the pool if—” her father’s voice enters, cut off by the mounting image.

He remembers the one time he caught them, that blonde-haired boy atop his girl and the thin blanket which could not conceal the audacity in his own home! He remembers threatening to break his neck (he could have, after all) and storming around for weeks when she wouldn’t leave him. “But I love him, Daddy!” she would plead, pulling at the strength of his arms.

He shifts the hotel towel from his shoulder to cover some of his protruding belly, his florid swimsuit, “—But I see you two are already settling down for the night,” he says, backing away.

“Goodnight, Dad—” she says behind him, the moment closing with the door.

The husband rolls back from his wife. Throughout the night, they would all toss and turn on their own sides of the bed.

