

The Distance

Alicia McGhee

He wasn't supposed to be there.
But there he stood,
just beyond the door.
He must've gotten home
from school or practice early.
Whatever the case,
there he stood,
witnessing his mother's secret pleasure.
Perched up on his knees,
looking down at her
as she rubbed her foot
against the side of his bare hip.
They could have been in the process,
of satiating their natural desires,
or just finishing,
but as the young
man rose from the sheets,
there he stood.
The boy
seeing someone who wasn't
his father
naked with his mother.
As he grows, in every photo
the distance he stands from her
becomes almost as wide as that bed.