

Naked
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DAISY

My dad would go naked.
No, I mean, my dad was *always* naked.
I understand that might be funny to you, but believe me, it was traumatizing.
You might've seen *your* father walking around in his boxers before,
but I assure you've never strolled into your kitchen for dinner
and caught your pops hanging brain while scooping Cavatappi.
It's not a joke!
I've inadvertently glanced at my father's ball sack more times
than I've even flossed my teeth, and I'm pretty hygienic, so...
It's gross!
It's disgusting.
And, I was subjected to this abuse every day for the entirety of my childhood existence.

I didn't always know it was weird to see my dad in the raw.
At that age you're not really worried about much more
than how many presents you're getting for your next birthday
or how to convince your brother that Fruit Loops are poisonous.
But, then, one day you're in Middle School and your Phys Ed teacher's giving your class the
lecture about your "changing" "bodies" and you watch a video with a picture of a male penis
in it and all the girls in your class flip out and giggle and shit because they've totally never
seen a fucking dick before and you realize you're the only one not laughing and,
truth be told,
you probably feel more like crying, and so you pull your best friend aside after class and
ask if *she's* even seen a real penis and she says no and you tell her about your father
and she says,
and I quote,
"Yikes..."
Apparently, *she* thought being *adopted* was bad.

I'm telling you all this now, well one,
because it's super whack. And yeah, I know we need to get going,
I'm just trying to get dressed is all,
but *two*,
because this is maybe the first of many Christmases with your parents
and I'm nervous to meet them actually,
because, I guess, I usually don't find out I'm the weird one until it's too late.

And, my mom was no help in the matter, either. My mother, Carlene, now she had the actual
influence over Dad.
Like,
I saw him drop to his knees for that women.
He adored her.
He worshiped the ground she walked on.
He quit drinking and spending money,
but when it came to being a nudist...

Where was she?
Why didn't she stop him?
Why did she let him get away with turning the home of her children into
A circus of filth and anxiety?
"Chippendales: The Beer Gut Edition!"
She otherwise seemed like a relatively sane human being,
but she let my dad get away with murder.
Murder of my purity and innocence

All my memories;
Dad reading the Sunday newspaper...
Naked.
Dad taking out the garbage...
Naked.
Even when we took our family Christmas photos
He would lay behind us
using our collective bodies as a human pasty.

Does this sweater make me look fat?
Don't answer that.

You know what, she was his accomplice!
She could've stopped him,
but she let it pass like it was nothing.
She could have withheld sex or something.
Threatened divorce.
She could have hidden his wallet!
That would've been *super* easy –
HE NEVER HAD IT ON HIM!
Oh! What a calamity of existence my life is!

Okay, now you're laughing again.
I get it,
but just listen...

It's not like this thing with my dad fucked me up *that* royally,
But I definitely suffered from regular embarrassment.
Example.
I had more high school nicknames than I could handle.
I could never get my friends to come over to the house.
Or, there was that first time *we* had sex and you took your pants off and asked,
"What do I look like,"
and I said, "my father..?"

I can't find anything. I'm not going.

My dad thought he was a free-spirit, who did things his own way,
because he knew that we were all just making this all up as we went along.
And that's fine and dandy for him to think,
But did he ever once consider his family?
I'm not like that at all.
I think sometimes kids rebel against whatever their parent believed in,
And, that's what I did.
Look at me, Dad!
I'm a child rebel!
Oh, the scandal; I'm fully clothed!
Well, nearly anyhow.

Ah, who am I kidding?

Truth be told,
I admired him.

You should have been at his funeral.
Open casket.
Who would've known that his final viewing would be so exposed.
Like everything else in his life,
In death,
He wanted to be *au naturel*.
He literally wrote in his will,
Under 'choice of burial garb,'
'Birthday' 'Suit.'
And, so he was...

I don't know why I resented him so much.
My efforts to hide away from the way he was,
Have worn me down.
They've left me a tired,
boring,
work-a-holic with no imagination or sense of spirt.

I don't want your parents to see me like that.
That way.
I just want them to see me the way I saw my dad.
Naked.
What do you wear when you want to be naked?

Don't look at me.

...

Stop looking at me like that!

...

No! I know what you're thinking!

...

I'm not going to – are you crazy?!

...

Okay, but you first.

END