

You Knew by L.M. Konoplisky

Patrick, a gay man (any race, age) confronts his father about a horrific childhood memory.

You knew, Daddy. I *know* you knew. As certain as the sun would rise you knew who and what I was. I was your son. And I was a fuckin' fag.

And you knew what Earl was. What he'd do. The kind of monster he—. You let him into our home, let him have at that gin you always kept around, the one that smelled like rotten fruit. That night he grabbed me, dragged me out and pulled me 'neath the porch. And did just what you knew he would. Face down, crying, pleading with him. I actually remember thinking—the sun never finds it's way here—that's why the dirt is so soft and so cool. And that's when I saw you. Saw your shoes. You were standing right there, not more than two feet away. You knew. And you did nothing. You figured, *Fine, that's what he wants. That's what he'll get.* You knew. You bastard.