Days Spent Fixing Up

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My father’s hands were calloused and cut, rough-worn with work for he was and is a working man raised by an even more working man: Grandfather Earned-His-Place XV as you kids would be better to remember.

My father’s hands were calloused and cut, and I watched them labor and flex at the ends of his impossibly strong arms until there was “Can I help, Daddy?” and then a mistake: something dropped something broken then his hands were getting a whole new bruise.

So, my Father’s hands were calloused and cut, and then they shook with his voice “Logan ... go.” When I left I could hear him cussing, banging, punching things. For every word I gave him, He gave himself another from anger.

Maybe that’s love, I guess. It isn’t some rose, I’ll tell you that, and I’ll tell you another thing: that man never tried to hide me from anything more than from his own violence. And every time I left that door and heard slide-bang-clatter him throwing something, that felt a lot like love. A little like being scared shitless and running to mommy, but a lot, a lot like love.