

What Man Doesn't

Driving through the outskirts of Tuxtla
I looked out the window of the night bus
and saw a man sprinting along the pavement.
Headed to the centre, like us, he must be late
for a date, I told myself, as we drove on,
leaving him behind, and when I imagined
his lady at a corner checking her phone
I could only smile – I knew the routine well,
what man doesn't, right? I was still thinking
of him, making it up to her, a minute later
as the bus slowed down to weave through
an incident area marked out by the police
when I looked out the same window and saw
another man lying face down on the road,
legs crossed, a sheet of A4 paper covering
his head, and a pool of liquid glistening
beside the curls of his shoulder-length hair –
as the sprinter appeared, screaming, and ran
towards the dead man, I blessed myself and
noticed a policeman looking at me, nodding
his head as though he knew this routine – me
on the bus looking out while safely driving
past – only too well, what man doesn't, right?