

Men cry too

At least there were no kids to worry about.
That's what he told himself on the day he left
His life crammed into a ripped rucksack and two Tesco carrier bags.
He wasn't a man, she'd jeered at him
A pathetic provider, no fun, no fight
and he had lived out her words,
Watching the money drain away
Fancy clothes, jewellery and always new bloody shoes.

He'd had those damn things thrown at him many a time
Along with whatever else came to hand,
and those manicured nails were not too prized to draw blood.
He ducked or defended as best he could
Never knowing what each day would bring.

He hid the secret well, he'd thought
Until the day he found the Mankind leaflet
tucked in his jacket pocket at work.
Men suffer too, it said, and so he stumbled through his story on the phone and cried for the
first time.
That was his breakthrough and his pathway.

When he left, his head was held high
Despite the trembling
And he blocked out her spiteful shrieks
He was a man, and a good one
Maybe there was still time to prove that to someone who'd care.

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2021