

# Pops

*by* XXXX

My father is the kind of man to shout at you  
just because you took the wrong road  
at least the road that he's not used to  
and is the kind of man who shouts at you  
to tell him when you got home  
because he gets worried sick  
about his only son driving around  
this expanded landfill of a city  
in shorts and a loose shirt  
his hair in such wanton disarray  
that you think there is something  
supernatural and unkind about it  
while he is in pristine garments  
of white, gray, and brown  
talking on an expensive mobile phone  
he does not even know how to turn off.

My father is the kind of man  
who comes into my bedroom  
at nine o' clock in the morning  
to ask me if I have a hundred thousand pesos  
in my bank account  
because he needs it  
somehow for whatever reason

the kind of man to go to Starbucks  
before it even opens  
because he has to meet someone  
and doesn't mind standing outside  
for an hour or two  
if it means being early

because my father is the kind of man  
who requires of everyone  
a modicum of propriety.

My father is the kind of man  
who sits me down at the living room  
one afternoon

because he noticed me  
shouting at my sister  
after she took my car one morning  
without even asking me,

the kind of man to say:  
"The problem with you,  
with everyone now,  
is you think too highly of your shit

but guess what.  
It stinks just as bad as mine  
There's nothing special about it."

The kind of man whose dream  
is to go back to the countryside  
when he is old enough  
and no one will blame him  
for abandoning his wife and children  
so that he can plant sweet potatoes and rice  
in the field of his brother who died  
two years ago  
discovered behind the village square  
covered in ants,

in whose funeral he cried  
or so my mother said

because my father is the kind of man  
to leave me alone  
when I say I don't want to go to the funeral  
of my uncle  
the afternoon he died  
because secretly I am meeting a boy  
at a dinner I arranged with my friends.

My father is the kind of man  
who says, "When you grow up  
what I want is a car.  
You don't have to take care of me.  
I want you to leave me alone  
and get me a BMW,"  
the kind of man  
who brings out the fruits  
during dinner  
slices them slowly one by one  
and then eats them all himself.

