



# Bloody Men

Bloody men are like bloody buses -  
You wait for about a year  
And as soon as one approaches your stop  
Two or three others appear.

You look at them flashing their indicators,  
Offering you a ride.  
You're trying to read the destinations,  
You haven't much time to decide.

If you make a mistake, there is no turning back.  
Jump off, and you'll stand there and gaze  
While the cars and the taxis and lorries go by  
And the minutes, the hours, the days.

*Wendy Cope (b.1945)*

*from Serious Concerns publ. by Faber and Faber Ltd. Reproduced by kind permission of the publishers.*