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*Colombians*

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- How you gonna die?
- Drinking
- You don't have enough money
- I have friends
- Where are those friends?
- Working, I guess
- Some friends
- Yeah, some friends.

The light was pushing its way through, and that's what light does, there's no point getting pissed about it.

You don't have to love it anyway.

You just have to cope with some grace, some elegance for Christ sake. You can't just sit and look at your beer as if it were the last one.

Faith, man.

*But faith ain't money.*

Who said that? I think it was my father. Not an unlucky phrase, he was all right, stand up guy.

Anyway.

My elbows are wet, my feet float and my nose bleeds.

What happened?

I wasn't in the fighting mood, I remember feeling a bit sad and disrespectful with the need to talk back, you know, the usual.

But you don't know me. That's gonna be a bump in all this.

Now.

Why the hell do I have that smell in my hands? Fuck me running if I don't recognize it.

Powder, the kind that makes guns do what they do. Let me check if at least I have some money on me (better be enough), cause gun powder smelling hands and empty pockets are a losing combo all the way.

A hundred.

Maybe I should be more cautious. I take a good look through the dusty glass. The bar is just empty and dark and probably smells like a twelve hundred year old carpet, but it doesn't look like a crime scene from here.

Blood on my shoes. Damn nose.

I enter keeping my cool, at least I try. I have the feeling that someone any moment now will go *It's him! Stop him!*

- Oh, it's you...

Close enough

- You sure did have a busy night pal.

- Not for what I can recall

- Yeah, well, you should ask your nose.

Stupid girly nose

- My nose it's the sensitive type, I can't rely on it.

- You sure don't look like the sensitive type to me

- I sure ain't

Whatever I did I did it somewhere else. I can go blank but I never seem to lose that final grip to common sense. I never hit a lady, never hit a drunk, I don't cry in public and, apparently, I don't shoot people in my favorite bar.

I wash my hands. That smell is staying for a few days, like a friend from out of town.

- You owe me for a fucking glass!

Big fellow, not the kind to turn your back on. Bad reputation too. A good heart thou, "This one's on the house", that kind of big heart. The kind that counts.

- I do?

- Yes, you fucking nutjob! And pull another of that Eastwood shit in my bar - he points to a dirty shameful window - and I'll let the sons of your sons shitting led to eternity.

- Poetry! Hell!

Lays down a beer hard.

- Hand me that hundred

How does he know?

I sit

Sure I'm thirsty. I hand out the hundred.

- Fucking nutjob like his father- says to himself opening the register- and fucking Colombians with their...

Fucking Colombians?

I turn to see the window. It's black as hell, it's black as usual.

So why do I see the sun then?

The devil smiles to me from the window. Like he always does from *Dante's Bar* black sinful window.

So why do I see the sun then?

Colombians.

I close my eyes and let the cold beer flood me with its secrets. Secrets from dark places many years from now, but especially from last night.

Colombians in the right mood are cool people to be around. They like to buy and they like to share.

- *Oye* kid.

- *Si*

- Your father. He was the best shot we've ever seen. He could shoot the devil in the head and hold a beer with the other hand

- The devil's head is big enough to do that

- *Cuidado* kid, you shouldn't talk like that about you father

- I can shoot the devil in the eye for a hundred

- *Si?*

Colombians like to carry their guns close to their hearts. I get up. I reach in one of them white suits. Aim for the window. Someone calls me a nutjob.

- Take.

Now I have seventy bucks. Better than zero.

I move the beer away from the sunbeam coming through the devil's eye.

Colombians are stand up people.

I drink to them and to this damn nosebleed.