

But this toro promised greatness. Waited. Shared.
 Santos designed a new pass, ^{perfected his} ~~Next the~~ naturals. Slow ballet
 Of ~~corise wing~~, silver pivot, ^{block} ~~brown~~ muscle, ^{causing using} turning,
 Winding. The wind held its breath, gasped
 Short gusts between each series. Again
 Santos heard his name. The brute smeared by,
 Redding his spangles, honing his senses on horn,
 Stench, bone-rattling sideswipe.
 And the bovine voice of another avenger.
 For seven years of bulls only Santos spoke, his fluent muleta
 Commanding the charges, punishing the pale-hearted,
^{insulting} ~~Persuading~~ the valiant ones of ~~their chances~~
 To paint their points. Telling them when/to bow their heads
 And offer the benediction spot. Veronicas ago
 Santos would have laughed. Or branded it a trick
 Of weariness or aire. Did Miguel's bull
 Call his name? Does the final Toro tell ^{it} ~~himself~~?

He spat dust out of his mouth. He must not
 Succumb to overawe of the toro de bandera ^{a worthy warrior}
 Every true bullfighter bred in his hopes, measuring ~~the man~~,
 His courage ~~and~~, his art, measuring his own rage ^{a man}
 To the end. The matador could ^{not} ~~not~~ do less.

Nostrils and eyes streaming grit, Santos sculpted
 The short cape, made it vault, caress, made it flow.
 Coca-Cola signs shredded off arena walls. Santos defied
 The blowing, the brass song in his brain.
 Perfect parones, spinning, People-thunder. Pase de pecho,