

TORERO

Savage incarnadine dawn came before Santos slept.

Day of the corrida!

A dark mountain sprouting red and yellow flowers and

Reverberating thunder waited behind his lids.

He must strike lightning into a certain crater

Between the ridges before thunder passed him through.

Early to the ^{rites} ritual of preparation, steeped in the vow

To avenge his brother Miguel. Early and long before the Virgin. ^{Cowdles of the}

Hot laughter with his comrades, fear encased in embroidery,

Superstition buried in colors of scorn.

He had even looked at his bulls and learned

One was kin to the hooking, horn-wise

Monster that routed Miguel's soul with ^a splintered bayonet.

Last notes of La Virgen de la Macarena flared out of trumpets,

Eddied into his heated head, followed by shrill corkscrews

Pulling the cuadrillas into the circle, ~~stalled~~ ^{stalled with stacks} ^{of eyes.}

^{into stacks of eyes} Into its ~~round~~ eyes. A thousand prisms on his shoulders

Ignited. ^{with a thousand prisms} ~~Something~~ high breeze, perhaps, pitched to ^{the} cornets—

^{something} Hissed his name through clamped jaws.

The two flashing semaphores flanking him