

The musicians played with too much pathos ^{at times} ~~today~~.

It was better when they blasted, ponderous & bawdy,
Like pompous heralds of Caesar.

"Dios, we have a gale," growled an assistant,

"We ~~will~~ have to drown the capes!"

"Please, Santos, do not work so close,"

His banderillero pleaded, "do not ^{cover your belly with} get bulls' blood

On your ~~belly~~. It is enough you are here."

Layers of eyes probed Santos's pores. "They must be given
Their money's worth today," he answered.

^{core admitted} His ~~hearing stopped~~ ^{blocked the} oles, hoofs ^{shut out} ^{turned off}

Pulverizing sand, sounds of the watered cape.

His bull was ~~good~~, a giant, an armed freight train.

Santos heard only wind instruments, then the racking thrust

Of his will transmitting ^{opening} care across the ring,

Into the pic, ^{entering} ^{lessening the} ^{against the} ^{mon's temptation} ^{to twist & steal} the God-lonely bugle ^{the good of his bull.}

Retiring the picadors, playing the man-animal ^{mean}

Of all who ever lived awhile in the center ^{of} ^{the centrifuge}

He placed his own banderillas, planted them close,

Claimed only shallow blood & flesh enough to hold.

^{Cork pair blossomed in thunder, Clung to the windy ridge}
The centrifuge roared, the pitch climbed.

He took the sword & muleta, ^{for} A pase de la muerte,

^{Upon} The last act ~~began~~, the faena.

Wind snatched the cardinal cloth, exposed his hiding.

But this toro promised greatness. Waited. Shared.

Santos designed a new pass, ^{perfected his} ~~Next~~ the naturals, slow ballet