

Perfect. Bull dancer and minotaur from Greek tapestries.
 Time raced, stumbled, coiled. Santos sighted down his sword:
 A bull to take recibiendo—ultimate tribute and risk—
 Waiting like a figurine, committed to that stand, waiting
 For the deified charge to sink the espada,
 Holding down the ^{block} triangle mass with serge on a stick,
 Leading the gross headdress past his sledging chest,
 Trying to remember the kill must be for Miguel.
 The cloth swung forward, beckoned.
 The bull came. Santos leaned ~~in~~ over the horn with a name cry,
 Rescued his lungs by a sequin. Perfect execution except
 Bone and steel collided. ^{with bone,} The blade bent and sprang
 Out of its hot sheath, out of crazed thunder. The bull stood.
 Santos ~~refused to~~ ^{cess of} heed his wrist, ^{hundreds of} advice to descabello,
 Retrieved his sword, cursing.
 The centrifuge ~~screamed~~ ^{whirled} and silenced unheard; the air churned
 Rabioso. The bull turned toward his voice, "Come Diablo,
 We must finish as we began." Santos made himself calm
 In his bowl of sweat and whiplash chill. "Come, Diablo!" ^{He created a new}
 A bugle in his head, an aviso, ^{you will not}
 Sun-flashes along the edge of the estoque, rolling images ^{drop the like}
 In his eyes, icons of the Virgin, ^{bag of ballast beneath} face of his brother, ^{the blooded cross.}
 The bull his brother. ^{Each aimed to pierce his target.} He profiled very close and went into his target. ^{you will die on}
 A red swatch of last Sunday's poster of Miguel ^{my point at the}
 Spiraled into the matador's face. ^{peak of your last attack.}
 Triumphant horn raised and ~~arced~~ ^{Come B. you have a} from death to death. ^{charge left!}
 Santos heard the huge wind, heard them fall, heard time unhinge. ^{the bull turned to him}
^{shimmering flames leaped the}
^{flowers in streams of blood.}
^{He batted his head beyond}
^{the force of moment muscle.}

raised an arch from
 Man and beast ^{raised an arch from} ^{to pierce their targets}