

Torero
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Sun-flashes along the edge of the estoque, rolling images
In his eyes, icons of the Virgin, faces of his brother,
The bull his brother. He profiled very close and started in fast.
A bright swatch of last Sunday's poster of Miguel
Spiraled toward the matador's face.
Triumphant horn raised and arced from life to death.
Santos heard the wind, heard them fall, heard time unhinge.