

Rev. Jan 14, 74

## 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 ritual of preparation, steeped in the vow  
To avenge his brother Miguel. Early and long bent before  
The Virgin. 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  
Router of Miguel's soul with 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 monster,  
Into its round eyes. A thousand prisms on his shoulders  
Ignited. ~~Something~~ <sup>high</sup> breeze, perhaps, pitched to the cornets,  
~~Missed~~ <sup>Reselected</sup> his name through clamped jaws.

The two flashing semaphores flanking him  
Were silent, fierce-smiling their aficionado faces.  
His name wound back in the bell of a horn or the wind's mouth.