

marking jingling
Were silent, fierce-smiling aficionado-faces.

His name wound back in the bell of a horn or the wind's ~~mouth~~ ^{teeth}.

The musicians played with too much pathos at times;

It was better when they blasted, ponderous and bawdy,

Like pompous heralds of Caesar.

the young man cried.
"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 get ~~the~~ bulls' blood

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

His eyes felt the probing eyes were in his pores.
Layers of eyes probed Santos's pores. "They must be given ~~be given~~ ^{something special} *a memorial to Miguel*
~~Their money's worth~~ today," he answered.

the
His hearing blocked olés, hoofs

Pulverizing sand, sounds of the watered cape.

His bull was a giant, an armed freight train.

Santos heard only wind instruments, then the racking thrust

Of his will arcing across the ring, entering the pic,

Bracing it against ~~the~~ man's temptation to twist

And steal the good of his bull. And finally he heard

The blessing, the God-lonely bugle

Retiring the picadors, trailing the man-animal cry

Of all who ~~ever~~ live awhile in the center of the centrifuge.

He placed his own banderillas, planted them close,

Claimed only shallow blood and flesh enough to hold. Each

Pair blossomed in thunder, clung to the windy ridge. The

Centrifuge roared, the pitch climbed.