

## *A Bullfight*

C.W. OWENS

Warily, the bull's hooves pound the sand –  
black hide, muscle, churning with intelligence –  
and he pees in fear. Lanced on his spine  
like a triceratops, tortured by picadors – blood  
black and shiny, streaming down his black hump –  
the bull sees the sequined man turn his back,  
toss his ponytail high, death-disdainful.  
He lunges, upending the man, nuzzling a horn  
lovingly into his leg. The man flips  
like a doll, eyes in that moment empty  
of drama, bravado: the universe has grown.  
He's awakened from a dream, half-sick  
and ashamed of trying to imagine an art  
over which one has supreme control.