

A Bullfight

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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.