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Toro and Toreador

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Toro and Toreador

A Michele, enamorada de machisma

Midnight blue, blood red,
Black bull, *toro negro*.
We dance, grace and strength pitted against each other,
The dance beautiful, dangerous—
A celebration of agility and challenge,
Power and death.
Gallant, strong, black bull,
Muscled and powerful,
Hooves against swords,
She charges to her death,
Horns aimed at my heart,
Blood red on my cape.
I defeat her, honor her death
as I remember her fierceness.
I weep for her, tears I have already wept.
And still I dance with her;
I dance the toreador for her.

Toro

Wounded, combative,
She quarrels. She bullies,
Her temper a sudden tornado,
Swirling browns, ugly greens and yellows.
She twists and destroys,
Lunges at the *picadors*,
Flings them away,
Dust rising from her rage.

Toreador

Pride threaded with assumed toughness,
Control starched into her costume,
She whirls aside behind her cape.
Later, she tells stories
Of challenge and obsession,
Arrogantly declares she is not *macha*.

Toro and Toreador

In the *plaza*,
Toro hesitates, snorting,
Arcs horns in mid-charge.
Toreador suddenly feels compassion,
Salutes her rival, hand outstretched,
Venerating duel and ceremony.
Together,
Dancing, weeping, fighting,
They are one,
Fierce, valiant, whole.