

Toro

I cook dinner.
Afterwards,
Flipping
A piece of chicken
With your fork,
You say,
"You make life
Miserable.
What is
For dessert?"
I listen,
Cross-legged.
(Your feet are
Flat
On the floor.)
We are at war,
We two,
Dive bombing
Each others' egos,
Making passes
With red capes
At razor-edged horns,
Shouting, "Toro. Toro."

Bulls eye!

How long until
A horn finds its mark,
And one of us
Takes a bow?

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