

FRED MARCHANT
Ivory Bull Dancer

scripta minoa
his hands grip its invisible horns
to leap the furious eye of our desire to kill and be killed
over our origins in strewn rubble of children bewildered and wards locked
over medicines of shock and sledge the therapies of iron hammers
over the never to be forgotten even in the striking down
over the unsaid word the venom coiled inside
over rump and pelt and dust
his feet land
touch
so that we do not forget what we do here