

The Bull

The Bull had trumpets on his head
and he found his way
through hanging trees that lingered
down, down in decay.
Shadows and all the others crinkled at this
sight,
rearing at his head
that tinkered through the nights.

He knew that he should walk
and never stop or slow,
all his mind could see was the world and how it glowed.

And the Bull found his way
with trumpets on his head.
The Bull found a way to his lily-clad
lake.