

Death Of Manolete

10,000 Maniacs

There were women holding rosaries
On the day Manolete died
Teenage girls in soft white dresses
Standing silent peace respecting
Groups of boys held in their hands
The fragments of a shattered idol
The old men with their traditions challenged
Refrained from tears
Neck neck hook
Poles of wood
The Picadores stood eyes ablaze
To view brutal contest
In the vale of years
Courage unfailing
Agility exhausted
Youth entered challenge
Reached for title shelved
Patrons in attendance
To disarm a common myth
Homage played to the victor of immortality
Cloaked in bold tones
In the stockyard the beasts
Did climb their barriers
Bid by a frenzied ring
Bred for one purpose only
To die in man's sport
Dash against his spindle
An instant fell to wounding
On the day
Swords penetrating
On the day
Torches igniting
On the day
Flower wreaths encircling
The day
On the day