

Other Fountains

2018 ½ K Prize Winner

*the blood of the bull
will run out a hundred years from now*

All parts of a bull are edible, even its shadow, which I am told is the best part, and in certain towns where people line up to purchase a thread of kidney or pearl of lymph from the slain bull, at times, the flashing of knives goes on all night, the light separating blue from gauze, the smallest pixel of bull (which everyone admits, being muscular, tastes like a rubber shoelace) hung from the bell tower, around the necks of women, a vein of nacre still warm where ordinarily a locket would go—and the eligible bachelor, before leaping the terrace, bites a forelock of bristle and spits with two bloods the name of the bull, while in another frame, children have covered the well and begin to dance, measuring with their steps in that darkening throat the voice of the bull, last to be eaten.