

**John W. Gilbert**

***Bull***

The broken horn  
was growing back– wounded,  
downturned, useless  
for offense – in the wrong direction.  
One pointed to the sky, the other to the dirt.  
The new one was red-tipped, same as his dick.  
He looked funny standing there – Mr. Badass:  
chest massive, haunches quivering.

In his flat black eyes, a readiness  
for violence and battle: mean as fuck.

Behind him, a floral backdrop of tall, late-season sunflowers  
moved in the wind like unsteady  
old men. And *so* many frogs creating a cacophonous *hurb-burp*,  
*hurb-burp* din. Nature was having a laugh (at his expense,  
I think he thought). I smiled,  
showing teeth.

The corrugated rust-brown gate and clapboard fence strung  
with scabrous barbed wire would do nothing to stop  
that bull.