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## Elegy for Stan

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## Elegy for Stan

1

Your eyes, for that moment  
when with effort you lifted your head

from the pocket of sweat it had made  
in pillow

and turned them toward my bent  
down face,

your eyes were the eyes of a bull  
who cocks its horns

at the cape of a matador,  
as if it knows it is merely a man

in an elaborate costume  
who invites and waits and turns.

2

They were the eyes  
of our father, perhaps in anger,

drunkenness or in fear--all  
of which were the same, though not.

His brown eyes yours,  
and so I saw him one more time.

3

Fear I think in his and yours  
before you'd charged the red cape.

Or more of a questioning: Why?  
And I bent to your ear

and whispered you'd been a good  
brother and I loved you.

4

Did I say I forgive you? I think I  
did before I'd said the rest.

It was the more important,  
though you may not have understood

what for. But I did then, as do I now  
and I recall it all again.

5

Death was a matador  
in morphine induced tights and vest

and pillbox-like hat from the Forties  
who invites, waits and turns.

Bewildered--wild-eyed,  
you charged the tousled cape bravely.

You gored the matador.

-Chet Corey  
Bloomington, MN