

**The Bull**  
by [Jane Yolen](#)

In my dream last night you were a bull,  
running through the woods, shaking your head,  
your horns slashing the lowest limbs.  
There was strength in your running,  
your black hooves pounding the ground.  
I'd forgotten how powerful you were once,  
recalling only the last terrible days,  
when you had to lean on me to get to the chair,  
the kitchen table, the toilet, the shower,  
an old bull then, head down, shaking,  
ready for the knacker.