

# 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 Picadors 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

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