

## The Bull

I went for a walk in the fields one summer's day in 2013

I saw wild flowers everywhere and the fields were yellow and green,  
the trees were in bloom and they were full of flowery scent,  
the tweeting of birds all around; a butterfly on a wild hyacinth.

I kept to the footpaths, crossed many gates and stiles.

It seemed I had been walking for several miles  
when I felt a stare on my back and turned around to see  
next to a tree was a bull with his eyes focused on me.

His nostrils were flaring, his eyes were red,  
I slowly moved away, my heart full of dread.  
The bull followed. I started to sway,  
Could I outrun it, no, I felt too fray.

They don't teach you at school how to deal  
with a bull when it's at your heel.

I was seeing my funeral and my head-stone:  
'Here lies our friend who by the bull was thrown'.

Once I had shared a lift with a man who opened his coat  
Exposing his nakedness beneath for me to note.  
I'd been taught that if one encounters a flash-man  
look him straight in the eye; get away as fast as you can.

I was glad I was supposed to look up and not down.

I waited for the next stop; ran downstairs and headed for town.

I phoned my friend to let her know her building was full of dangers,  
and in her lift one met creepy strangers.

The bull was different; I was shaking and scared.

I wanted to get to the fence that was all I cared.

Then out of the corner of my eye, I saw a farmer with his dog,

They chased the bull away; I fainted flat out as a log.

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