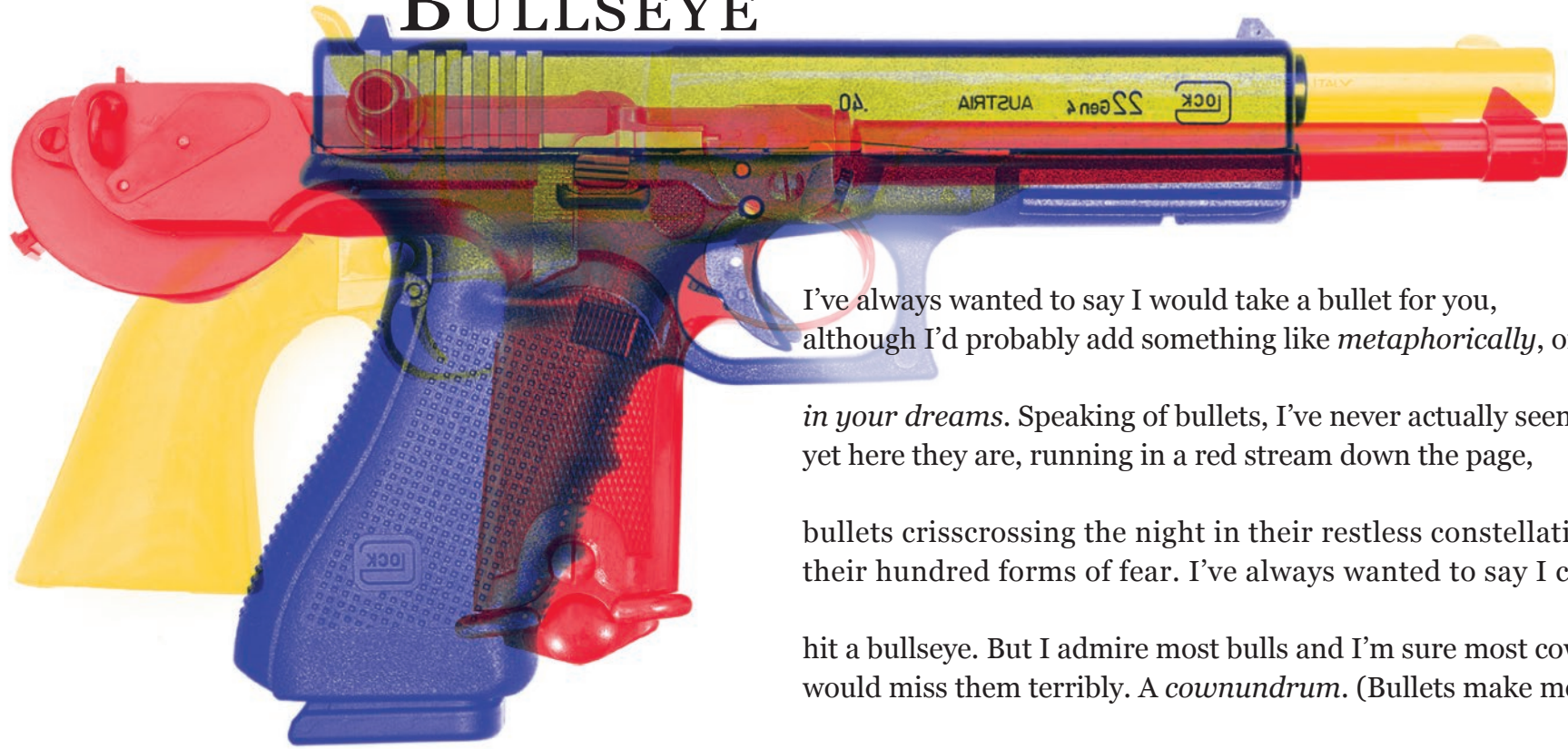


BULLSEYE



I've always wanted to say I would take a bullet for you, although I'd probably add something like *metaphorically*, or *in your dreams*. Speaking of bullets, I've never actually seen one, yet here they are, running in a red stream down the page, bullets crisscrossing the night in their restless constellations, their hundred forms of fear. I've always wanted to say I could hit a bullseye. But I admire most bulls and I'm sure most cows would miss them terribly. A *counundrum*. (Bullets make me slap-happy.) (Not trigger-happy.) Still, I've always wanted to say I could shoot like you—but I'm no longer sure how a man shoots. Or why. (A brain-teaser.) (Not a cock-teaser.) Or am I wrong and fear has nothing to do with bullets? What is this red stream but imagination snuffing life at twice the speed of sound?

