

**BULL**

I've always known what to do when I was sad,  
but no one ever told me what lies beyond.



# THE MATADOR'S WIDOW

Today, my sorrow graduates to grief. What a strange sentiment to feel compelled to move about a room filled with strangers. To find comforting words for them, whilst I am cocooned in a sadness so strangling my lungs fight for each breath. The angst, it makes each inhale equally painful. And the staring. My God. The staring reminds me to perform. To appear as though I am still whole. My body is here. I know because I feel my skin, and my bones.

I feel everything, and nothing.



2 Years Later...

# ADJUST

For the first time in longer than I care to remember, I can see a glimpse of myself. I wore that red lipstick the entire day. And the day after that.

And the next.

Looking beautiful made me feel good again.





THE TRANSITION





What a strange sentiment, to see the people who led me to numbness with the endless “You will smile again” and “He would want you to be happy,” now look at me with eyes filled with disgust. Those same eyes now tell a very different story. I can sense the stares birthing new theories of my initial grief being rehearsed, fake. Sometimes, a wife looks back to offer a smile filled with pity.



Bull fights still make  
me feel closest to you.



# ESPADAA

I mimic your movement. The ways in which you danced around those bulls. Isn't it the matador that delivers the final blow?

Over and over again.

Does anyone mourn for their fallen bodies?

I understand that the gore and their bloodshed is lucrative.

I understand myself better now. Death at the hands of oneself does that to you. But, you already knew that, my love.

For you were a killer too?





# T H E E N D

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