

Look at the Clowns: A Work of Short Fiction

By Peter E Bozic

Roberta Duke, and her five friends, observed as in the numbers arrived between white and pale brown and had only two words between the curly hair and dots between their eyes to speak of the white and not the pale brown.

“Hindu?”

“Yes, not Indian.”

“Indo?”

“Where did you find that on the map?”

“Spin and dance.”

Roberta Duke, with her two friends of color, and not of bigotry and that to vote meant to breath and think and have not the belief of news media and to walk through in short brown boots and fiction perhaps in Japanese and the words of her other three friends who once of law as in J.D. and math as in doctors and hospitals spoke of three letters perhaps now in the garbage and that Roberta Duke had voted on paper.

“Who, did you vote, for?”

“Why did you ask, who, if not whom I voted for?”

“It seems, not pointless, but sad.”

“Fruit?”

Debby Rose, the best friend of Roberta Duke, now spoke of the election as in perhaps of a clinic if not that her white boyfriend had family from Europe who and once of the nation of China spoke islands and to flee and not adoption and only of nine men and nine women and to vote perhaps of royal thought.

Roberta Duke, and the word “explosion” had become news and five years after that in Europe when found by law, that Debby Rose had been not an imitation of Roberta Duke and had spoken of that boyfriend and of a clinic as in the plains and not to fly as in perhaps to have been on a boat as in early decades and also islands where to flee was once not of elections and even math.

To speak of clowns, and even to walk through a city, that Davis Dark who and once of Robert Duke and Debby Rose spoke to law in Europe of a body found in the desert now of fire and alcohol and that two men had once spoken of music and that Davis Dark now wore a brown hat above and not below his ears and to ponder that of between Poland and Russia.

Roberta Duke, now of employment to speak of war as disease and Debby Rose to speak of medicine as in belief and that Davis Dark had been of their two names and not of any skin color and only to have been perhaps an enemy of gender.

Roberta Duke, now thirty five, and if not to have a pet dog name “Stalin” and that the travel to Europe had been to look from a window and gesture as in to say “No, I am not animal” and if

not perhaps “Not, that key, and I dare you” and that even perhaps sign language had become the belief of Davis Dark and that the two women of his youth became his gray if not grey hair. A letter sent, as in the decade before had read:

“When, I travel, to Europe and find nothing of a middle.”

Different, that the paper written on, and now yellow and without a dot between the eyes had the Davis Dark style not of Joseph Stalin and not of belief but instead that the envelope had become buried and if not never found between Debby Rose and Roberta Duke.

That, to speak of it arrived with burden of memory and hope of future and even foul and ugly words such as nine man and nine women and age.

Debby Rose, in her diary of those years, and of the study of medicine and to know of elections that even to vote and youth.

When, older and “might as well be speaking Chinese” existed as slogan if not election of the years of World War Two and that Davis Dark had known of his grandfather to have been on five if not two islands and to have seen that massive and orange and purple could of two cities destroyed and that the grandfather of Davis Dark had been of two and five men to load the plane and even happy.

But not “Enola” and that history had been perhaps of his blood to speak of the two women in that letter now and never completed between what years such as 1945 and 1998 and the three years later and after what became a brown hat and even the dot between his eyes and fear.

“Did you, know?” the grandfather of Davis Dark had said. “That when, the Japs, woke up and shadows on the wall.”

“Can you, stop it!”

The kitchen, not far in the memory of any distance and that Davis Dark and been never with a grandmother and even to work in law.

“They, woke up ghosts.”

And, then perhaps, of a telephone and a knock on any door and to speak of war.

“Is, that why your knuckles scrape the ground?”

“Stop, talking about the war!”

David Dark, now of that letter and Roberta Duke and Debby Rose now watched from what mountain and what tavern, and if not what room that his letter had been half damp and half sober to arrive damaged if not numbers and that his grandfather had been of World War Two and had told his perhaps only male grandchild.

That, words matter and do not matter and even of labor unions to write letters that perhaps did not arrive and did not matter of history between wars and wars and war after war.

That, between, David and even to say Davis Dark, and that movies arrived as in technology that to observe as in his grandfather who and whom had been to work in restaurants and now to have been built and if not personified of color and black and white and to speak of that in the rest of that letter:

“Dark, and I was born. Do, not call me war and I do not conform.”

Roberta Duke and Debby Rose, now read the letter in full and that even between languages that one man between them did not speak of death and war, but had applied to school and not known of travel as fear and not of history and that he could not have called from the words of news media.

Even, to demand of history that his heritage was never of where he had arrived and that the words of his letter had become water and black and purple and even orange, that the story of his grandfather had also been of that kitchen.

The image of his grandfather, if not of World War Two, and that the last name Dark now became his face and if to return from heritage that he would have spoken of love between two women and that those two women could perhaps know of his letter that between “hope” and “difference” that the water of his letter had been from East and West.

And that he would have provided if not two rings but only that a wedding could have been of a marching band and if not “Kolinka” and to dance with legs up and arms cross that belief was not even normal of any war.

"Did, he ever call?" Robert Duke said to Debby Rose.

"No," Debby Rose said to Roberta Duke.

Now, of that marching band, and to parade if not dance down a street as in brass and gold and silver and even perhaps the word "Kolinka" and the two brides in red gowns and white gowns and black gowns and that Davis Dark would have been a child.

Perhaps to know that the dots between their eyes were not south of any event but were instead east of belief that his grandfather had been of the two cities destroyed in World War Two and even words like "Indo" and "Color" did not matter between.

"Hello"

That phone call, might have been, of the years between.

"What?"

"The letter, never, in full. It did not, arrive."

"Good to know."

And, that divorce, as in marriage had now become that Europe and color were one between David Dark and Davis Dark and that his letter in fact had read as follows:

"I have chosen to travel. And, what you have completed of this letter, does not matter. Even to work in news."

Robert Duke and Debby Rose, had in fact, assumed that his letter was that short and only if that the copy sent to them had been opened and if not between Spanish and German and Italian and French, as in belief that marriage and divorce now became the letters of the name Davis Dark and that he had been born between wars and had not fought in any of them but only of a story and his grandfather spoke of them as wars.