

What Memory of Hell: A Work of Short Fiction

By Peter E Bozic

Katherine Geronimo Brown, and her fingernails of that black heart, and that the pain in her knuckles had been of what hospital and to mention the names of doctors who and whom had been her near death of even a child she would have named “Christopher” and teddy bears and flights of fear.

That, a man, named “Doctor Fatwa” and his nurses had spoken of diseases and her child perhaps not of the stars and not of the soil and that even Doctor Fatwa had been not to speak her name if for his curly hair and religious demeanor.

Her name, on a white and pink if not black board, had been written even that men and women with badges had become present of upside down mountains and her life before Christopher had spoken even to play what could have been the drums inside and above if not below her memory.

“Even, if you have a child.” Doctor Fatwa had said.

The nurses, as in to play tic and tac and toe, and that letters and numbers became that when they found Doctor Fatwa in his office and that his fingers had been painted of his curly hair and perhaps longer nose that Katherine Geronimo Brown and her friends had cursed him with words that to find those words.

Beyond arousal and even delight for his now white and wet nose became that of a dog and the nurses laughed at his pants below his ankles that one of the nurses to have gone on strike had remembered Katherine Geronimo Brown and even to speak of religion that Doctor Fatwa had been also to shave his head and speak not of Indians but instead of nations.

The game, of tic and tac and toe, and to wait as Doctor Fatwa and his curly hair and her child named Christopher who and whom she knew of in perhaps two other nations and that Katherine Geronimo Brown and the nurses had placed the white powder on the nose of Doctor Fatwa and his own family to know of pants around the ankles and other children with names like Theresa and Emily and Dove.

“Even, to speak of, Indians.” Doctor Fatwa had said to himself.

And, on that white and pink and black board, the name Katherine Geronimo Brown and her former friends of tattoos and skin color and not religion that the nurses had not name tags and dresses, but instead had colored if not manifest hair of green and blue and yellow and even red with straights of blond and happy.

“When, I got back from the salon.”

“Did, you, give out your number?”

“Only, for, you know. The time, it takes.”

That, and Doctor Fatwa and his five children and who and whom that birth certificates and that to spell even a middle name became the white powder under his nose and his pants around his

ankles and that the nurses spoke with Katherine Geronimo Brown and that her name on that board and the cost of her child being beyond not even religion.

When, Doctor Fatwa, and one of his nurses who and whom resembled Katherine Geronimo Brown and that to awake him with a bottle of alcohol that even his curly hair who and whom his own family did not know was his heritage and of words like “slut” and “dog” and “bitch” and even to place his feet and hands in the oven of his nurses foul and radio spoken dreams. That, a radio, in the hospital had become of a song and the words now of his white powder nose and the pants around his ankles.

“Emily, your shoes. Theresa, your heart.” That radio, had sung between gender and fear.

That, and to hum, along as if the words were of a different century and that Katherine Geronimo Brown and her resemblance to his daughter of the white powder under his nose and the pants around his ankles that the song of that radio now became his stomach and chest that to dance in his neck tie between fat and overweight.

The nurses having gone on strike had become his memory and when he – not unlike a frog – awoke in the clouds and even his hands behind his back. The radio, now of guitar and fear:

Oh, Theresa and Emily, you had my soul

Oh, like a dove and like a spider, you had my

Soul and that my hair turned into mountains

And, that you had my dreams, Oh Theresa

Emily you dog, and like a bird you ran and fell

Katherine Geronimo Brown, and her name being not initials, and that her fear of Doctor Fatwa and his children now to adopt and name each and five of them as “Christopher” and none of them with curly hair and none of them with crosses.

And that even Doctor Fatwa and his spouse had been of the same fear: a woman to raise children without perhaps a cleric and the names being all the same as in Christopher and even initials being of curly hair and mountains and religion and to stampede as in fences of barbed wire and language and life.

In her diary, that Katherine Geronimo Brown, had under the hospital bed of wood and food and even to fear and to have written: “This, does not, go forever and that does not mean my blood had any disease and I know of the mountains and the valleys and the songs.”

The salon, having been kind to the nurses, and even to Detective Brown and to mention of this or that tiny dinosaur and that the years now since and behind for Katherine Geronimo Brown to have five children all named Christopher and that the teddy bear and curly hair of even that song on the radio became her memory of Doctor Fatwa and that his white powder and the pants around his ankles.

Both of which, had been of his own doing that her name and even address on paper and plastic of that same song on the radio as her grandchildren now awaited even her child to have been married and what in law and of what in faith.

“Why, are you here?” the husband of her daughter had said.

“Because, they do not have a chance.”

“Get out.”

“I knew that, already.”

Her daughter, to look at her, and to know of Doctor Fatwa and initials between “Z.Z.Z.” and even questions of faith spoke only to place her hand on her left and right hips and to stare if not denounce her husband as perhaps also of curly hair and perhaps of the bottle. To know that when he slept she and her three children all name “Emily” could run and hide not in the woods but with perhaps the mountains of other nations and not of fear.

And, that of the tall and cliff rock house, in that small town of her heritage that had been of a small white fence and grey and if not gray of the roof that Katherine Geronimo Brown remembered her second husband who and whom she did not marry of her years that Doctor Fatwa and his children now her own.

And the long and wide and oval table and that her own name and gender had been of – and not to speak of religion and that even curly hair and black hearts on fingernails became her one memory of that man her daughter married and the curse he had placed in himself and not of milk.

A sign, and in red if not blue paint, had the words:

WARD 72

And, that Doctor Fatwa and his nurses who and whom had gone on strike and that his curly hair turned a pathetic and strong grey if not gray and that "Ward 72" had become his life and her children, for his ancestors not burnt to a crisp and even to speak of history and that his ancestor and this or that detective and what next. That, as in the one daughter of Katherine Geronimo Brown, had her long brown hair and ages of fifty and seventy three and even to flee and run but never scamper away from her spouse that the mountains became her uncle and aunt and life.

"Nobody, does that."