

1983

Biji

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BIJI

As a short, toothpick-thin
four year old, my favorite attraction
was Biji, the circus clown.
The three center rings
filled with prancing white horses,
acrobats on flying trapezes,
the lions and their trainers,
still my eyes were riveted
to Biji, his ghost-white face,
painted smile, cherry nose,
and flame hair, his baggy,
patched overalls, and striped
shirts, the ends waving behind
him like flags in the wind,
his bumbling feet tripping over
his long, wide, ski-sized shoes.

He lifts a pail, drowning
the ducking audience
in a shower of confetti.
Giggling with delight, I stare
in awe as Biji juggles
six china plates, revolving
on an invisible ferris wheel.

When Biji leaves the ring,
the audience sees the string
of their troubles
trailing behind him.

Tami Kimery