

Poetic Circus

Daniel Prior

Salvatore always knew that this could not be right.

The Russian circus had arrived in Venice. His family dragged him away.

The clowns made the children laugh. Salvatore could appreciate the aesthetics, but since he knew that deep down it was wrong, he couldn't enjoy it.

The trapeze artists made very difficult sculptures with his body. All the children looked in amazement, but it did not reach him.

And not so much because all that was wrong, that's also because it seemed too simple.

And finally the main course.

Elephants John and Jessy came out first. They did wheelies, they showed submission in their postures and fear in their skin.

Everyone applauded and cheered. Only little Salvatore seemed to see the coward tamer, dressed in black and armed to the teeth in the shadows.

Then it was turn for the bear Bruno, which he danced in exchange for his life.

Salvatore was about to cry. He did not understand how his own parents had led him, moreover forcibly, to that display of sadism.

Silence fell and they announced the most special dish. They said a name, but when Salvatore saw his eyes he understood that his name was Wolf With No Name. That no matter how much they believed, they had not been able to baptize him.

The Nameless Wolf, with thick dark gray and black fur, emerged from his cage with bloodshot eyes. It would never be known what he was supposed to do, little Salvatore quickly understood that.

The Nameless Wolf simply stood still. The coward tamer came out of his shelter and, without a word, lashed out at him with a heavy chain.

He didn't give him time. Nameless Wolf already knew those lashes, already knew those chains.

He gladly received the last blow from him and bit with all his being the right arm of the tamer.

The entire audience was shocked. He put his head in his hands, Salvatore had to hide, there was a lot at stake.

A second emergency tamer drew a .45 Colt, but Nameless Wolf was beyond himself. He knew that he was going to die. He knew it ever since he stood still. Since he decided to stay put, with that lash of chains in his forest, his home.

He had already disarmed the first tamer, but given his life, why not die killing? And he broke his neck with his teeth, with the weapons that Nature had given him, before he was shot to death.

The public was disgusted, it run away. Parents blindfolded their children. “Now yes, right?” Salvatore thought, who was going to have a hard time and to hide his feelings.