

A head with wings

"Do you see something there? Why are you standing still all of a sudden?"

"I've stopped because I've found a small hole in the wall."

"Really?"

Together we go for the same walk every day at half past three in the afternoon. We always walk around the square fence, the one consisting of four high brick walls, two hundred metres long and seven metres high. No-one from our neighborhood knows why these walls are here and what goes on inside. Meanwhile, they have been there for so long that no local resident cares any more. Sometimes, tourists enquire after it, but people reply with something like *that brick fence? That's functionless architecture*. Tourists seem to be satisfied with this. I myself keep musing on it during our recurring walks.

"Did you just say that there was a small hole in the wall?! So what do you see when looking through?"

"Just wait a moment; I think they're listening in on us."

"Who?"

"The people standing behind the wall. They're in a line according to size and are covered in all sorts of bugging devices, *mini spy cameras and wall microphones*. I suspect they're coming towards us to put a chip in my brain, so they know exactly where I am, what I'm doing and how I think. That's how they can make me move."

"Are you serious? Surely they can't see us at all from that side?"

"Let me have a look." I peek in through the hole and see a brick wall.

We turn round and lean with our backs to the wall. We stare at the other side of the road. A man approaches in a light-colored shirt, hanging loosely over his jeans. The jeans are not turned up. We watch him, checking him out as when leering at chicks in the disco. Our eyes skimming shamelessly from bottom to top. The man stops and calls out "Why don't you take a picture? It'll last longer!"

The floor is pulled from under my feet. A gust of wind hurls me across the road. Before I realize it, I grab the man's head and I knock his head straight through the wall. It's like my head has wings. I look at my hands and then at the man on the ground. He seems to be unconscious. We walk back to the brick fence and turn right at the end of the first wall. We walk past the red rhododendron. We turn another corner and see a few people in luminous vests marked *conflict team*. "I think that they are people who are in conflict with themselves and are operating in a team now. People of the *strength in numbers type*."

"I think they are those typical quarrelsome people. People who have never heard the term *conflict avoidant behavior* before. Actually, I am talking about people like the man from before, who we left helpless. If you stare at them for just a bit too long, they're up in your face to give you a beating.

But this time, it was the other way round. You were quicker than lightning."

Gradually, we are standing more and more in the shade. It is getting darker. I look over my shoulder and see that a wall, similar to those high walls, has arisen behind us. Suddenly, we are standing between two immense walls.

The walls are sliding towards each other slowly. Escaping is impossible. So we walk on. I look to the left and see the wall soften.

The bricks are transforming into something resembling sponge.

I allow myself to fall into it and bounce against the wall and back again. It feels nice to be stuck between two soft walls. I close my eyes and feel your right hand brushing through my hair. You twist my hair into a tight knot. It hurts. With your left hand you push my back a little forward, so that I am hunched forward. You let yourself slip onto my back and ask me to carry you. It does not take long until I cannot go further because the walls have come too close together. Only a small crack remains. When looking through, I can just see the road. Your right hand is still grabbing my hair tightly and steers my head towards the left wall. You push me against it and whisper that I have to kiss the wall. I kiss the sponge wall, it tastes like the sea. "Harder!" you shout. I kiss the wall passionately, push my tongue in it, lick it until it starts moving. The wall is waving like a wild sea and swallows us up. We are drawn into a vortex, pulling us through the flexible wall and spitting us out at the other side. Hastily, we scramble to our feet and go on quickly until rounding the final corner. I look up at the high wall and say "I don't think I can do without these walls *and* without you. I'm never bored with you around. Let's stare at the wall, just as long until something starts happening."

We stare at the small hole

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