

The hole in the wall

There was a hole in the wall, in my room, in the house with the blue shutters. The house that stood at the top of a green hill, overlooking fields, and hills, and grass. The hole appeared precisely in the corner where two walls met, right next to my bed, next to my head. I had discovered it on one unparticular night. I woke up from a peculiar dream, and it was suddenly there- a hole in the wall.

One could see many places through that hole. But they were different each night. I once saw into space. I saw the black, vast, endless emptiness that stretched out into nowhere, as if my room was suspended right there, hanging groundless between stars and moons and silent distant planets. On another night I saw into somebody's room, where that someone did things I probably shouldn't have seen. Then on a different night I peeked into a police station through a corner in the floor, where a policeman sat and read the newspaper.

There was that time when I looked into a syringe, while its contents were being injected into somebody's body. I saw into a prison cell, where a person sat in the dark and stared at something above him, which I couldn't see. I got a glimpse of a green park shrouded in sun, shrouded in endless peace, like I have seen nowhere else before, in a different time.

I was down under the water of an ocean once, where it was so dark that the blue was black, and large strange shapes appeared before me for just a moment, and then disappeared swiftly back into the deep. On another occasion I saw the world in a repeated pattern- divided to many small shapes- from the eyes of a bee.

I was in a raindrop suspended from a tree branch in the forest, and then fell to splash onto the ground. I saw into the frenzied cockpit of a tank, where soldiers were shouting orders and things I couldn't understand. I saw from the center of a sleeping flower bud, as it awoke to open its new petals into the sun. And there was the night where the hole opened into the dining room of a family, which sat around the table, having their dinner together.

Then one day we moved away to some other town. And the hole stayed there, at the house with the blue shutters. I think some family with three kids moved into that house instead. Later on they tore it down, and built office buildings over the entire area. They bulldozed the fields and the small hills. I guess they weren't making money for anyone, so they were simply irrelevant.

Parking garages and strip malls, and an infestation of consumers, naturally ensued later on. And the wall and the hole disappeared, and all the places were extinguished along with the fields and the grass, and the small dispensable hills.