

A Wall

by Rawan Yaghi

It's funny there's a sidewalk here. I walked with my fingertips touching the huge blocks of the great Wall built to scare me. I didn't look at the graffiti; I know it very well. The sky was half eaten by the Wall, and the sun was no better. I tripped on a stone, probably thrown by some of my friends yesterday. I sat down where I stumbled and grabbed the stone, stared at it for a minute, and threw it over the Wall. I listened for an "ouch," a curse word, footsteps, a call, a whisper, or a gunshot. Nothing. I kept on walking. It didn't seem to end. My fingertips were now stained with all the graffiti colors. I stopped. I turned my face to the Wall. I put both my hands on it. I pushed. I kept pushing, my arms straight, my teeth clenched, my legs rooted to the ground, the smell of the spray paint going through my nostrils to my lungs. A man walking past me stopped to see what would come of this. My feet started backing the other way. A sound from inside me broke out into a scream. I collapsed to the ground crying. The man laughed and went on walking.

