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## The Wall that Looks

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I did the story based on the quote, the walls have ears. I felt that really had an impact because back during those times, many conversations and feeling were all behind closed doors. I wanted to shine the light on how the walls may feel and interpret all of the emotions and drama it could see; basically one long story of personification.

## The Wall That Looks

He hears them. He hears them all. He hears everyone and everything that passes him. Even a tiny brush of a faint whisps that escapes ones lips, he hears them. He wonders, will anyone see him? He's constantly there, lurking in the bright shadows where the same four walls corner him into isolation. The mere thought of being alone stirs an overbearing pain of loneliness into his eyes, where the eyes are his only look into a new world. Bump! What was that, he asks. That strange yet so familiar sound happens every dusks, like it's his alarm. He turns around and sees many dark shadows closing in on one another. He sees that they are the same however they're not so similar as he may thinks. One shadow has spikes coming from the top, and another is more round shaped, and another is shaped like a ball. He's confused on what he sees but he hears and feels them on the wall. So much force and ferocity in the words and arms these people use. It's impossible to bear the constant attack he witness.

As he sits on the side, he hears a whisper that calls to him. All day, he's been hearing this particular voice that captivates his attention. He wants to ignore it; he wants to ignore the overruling voices that tortures the brain. But this one voice, that he hears ever so slightly, the faint hums that sings so heavenly that it instantly draws him in. Closer and closer he gets, that one sweet voice grows louder.

He turned a corner and a small bright light flickered in a tight hallway. He couldn't breathe. Maybe it was the thick air that covered the hallway, or maybe it was him being shakened, frozen, numb. He has never seen such a room be so dark and intoxicating in his life. Not a thought nor word came to mind but to stare at this all around mysterious darkness. His eyes grew wider with each passing minute he stood there on the wall. If he couldn't do anything, he thought, he'd cling to the wall like his entire existence depended on it. He wanted to move; he wanted to run for his life. Please don't get sucked in, he whispered. He didn't know whether to move or stay and let the darkness of a hallway take him away. His body decided for him to stay but it quickly began to shake, jitter he described.

Crreeeeaaaakkkk.

The jitters stopped. He turned his head towards the sound, and soon regretted it. The door that seemed so close yet far away slowly opened. His dark brown eyes grew so big,

On the other side of the door was a bright, gloomy red light. But it was in a shape of a ball with shadowy, wavy mists flowing around it. The ball had a distinctive aura that's both frightening and peaceful. An aura that'll leave one both breathless in its beauty but horrified that it will shatter one's soul within an instant. It was as if the color looked like fresh new blood. He stood there in shock, believing that freshly dead bodies were behind that ball of death. He felt his mind slowly falling into a hallucinated spell, almost like he was possessed turning all black in the eyes. His body started to move towards the ball like it was told to do so. As one foot stepped closer, the color burned a brighter red. No matter what he wanted to do, a peaceful lullaby was all he could feel. As he moved closer, the ball burned brighter with each step. He then heard that angelic whispered voice. His subconscious was trying to wake him, but it wasn't strong to stop him. He heard the angelic voice scream like it was in a delicate pain. His eyes soon turned brown again, and he was confused and scared of what happened. He looked in every direction to see where he was. It was then he heard that painful soft scream again. He couldn't help but to turn his head out of curiosity, and saw nothing but that bright, bloody red ball that took control of him not too long ago. His body soon shook in terror again but this time, it was worst. He was as if his body could just fall and break. The sudden pressure of fear he tried to swallow pulled him to the ground. He felt like that faint, painful scream took an after effect on his body. It was like his body was possessed again. A tear shot down his face and that stopped the immense tension from the room where the mysterious ball was.

"Come closer."

He looked up and saw the ball's color turn into a golden white, as the heaven's color. He got up and started walking when he heard that angelic voice again. He thought, so this was where the voice was coming from. His internal instincts wanted to jump into flight mode and run in the opposite direction, however, his other instincts felt he would come to no harm if he went forward. The light got brighter. That sweet heavenly light began to shine brighter as if another dimension was on the other side. It was as if he was being sucked into a new world.

He goes in and see nothing but four wooden walls. Though, the walls are the only things visible, there were cracks that can be slightly seen if one gets closer. He looks all over in dark room, but soon seen another bright light. It's small enough for only possibly two eyes can see, but still big enough to peek. As always, he hears voices, but instead of the desensitizing, hostile, or generic happy tones, he hears someone, somebody, or maybe somebody who's voice is a bit dreary.

When he peeks through the cracks, he sees two dark-toned women and a mid-average height man. One lady looks more in her mid-adult age still vibrant in her years, while the other lady looks considerably young, no older than thirty. Both with luminous black, coily hair. The younger one's hair stops by her shoulders; it's amazing how one's hair is so puffy. She had a white buttoned-up shirt with black slacks and black shoes. She must be a worker, the owner even if she's wearing that, he says. The older lady's hair stops by her ears, but the curl pattern she has make it look defined and tight. She had on a lightish

purple blouse, maybe wisteria, and an off-white skirt that hits just above her ankles. He sees the two ladies and thought of his mom, who has grown in years as well. While the two ladies were talking, the guy, who looks around the age of the older black lady, sits in a chair that reclines back. Anyone can see his black suit with his navy-blue necktie. It may seem that the two older people are the owners of this building. The guy has his hand on his forehead and seems a bit distressed.

I wonder why they sound so sad; he wonders. He could see the despair that bestowed on their faces. Suddenly, he hears the guy yelling loud but not loud to where the people in the front can hear. He jumps at his sudden raise of voice but stood firm by the cracked wall. He continues to peek, as if he has nothing better to do. As the conversation goes on, he hears one thing that triggered his inner paranoia: *"If it's a fight em white folks want, then it's one they'll get. All of us hea ain't scared of no cracka. If they wanted to kill us, they should of don it then. Let em burn this building down if they want to, I'll shot em all to the ground like they did my brudda."*

Back in the same corner he was in before, his heart pounded harder than before. He can feel it getting slower but more intense as the day go by. Time seemed to stop after hearing something so horrific. He didn't know what to make of it. His mind ventured off into the conversation he mistakenly heard, as his face looked in a blank dazed. He remembered hearing Everett, the younger lady from earlier, getting worked up into a fit when Georgia and Clifton, the older couple that owns the building, told them what the whites were planning to do. It was as if time had stopped. It sounds like there's a war is coming, and everyone sat waiting for the first cannon to fire.

He looked outside to see the trees flowing in the wind. When he saw them, all he could see was how peaceful they looked. Almost like seeing two best friends dancing to an unknown rhythm that won't end no matter how brutal things were. He wished he was more like them; he wished he was able to freely how the water trickle down the river to meet its final destination. He just wished his life was more at peace than in fear. As he walks past everyone, and everything, he stares blankly at the floor. His whole life was sheltered between the same four walls he looks at every day. He turns right and turn sharp left to reach the stairs. No matter what he was doing, what he was feeling or what he was looking at, all he could do was look at the floor looking like he was still in a dazed like shock, that he doesn't think will loosen. As he reached the top of the second floor where a small and comfortable shed porch was, he sees the sunset and clouds drenched in a fiery red-orange color. His eyes felt entranced by the amusing sky that looked almost as peaceful as the wind and the trees.

Since that meeting, he overheard, for the past few days, all he could do was wait in fear. He panics consistently, jumping at any sudden sound he heard in the restaurant or outside. He just couldn't stop the thought that something might happen.

"Everyone get out!"

He turns to hear the voice of a worker screaming in fear. As he turns, he saw a burning flame that reach as high as the ceiling. Everyone rushed and scattered to get out, bumping and tumbling over one another. Just like before, he couldn't move. The sudden shock of the fire and everyone looking and yelling in pain and fear taped his foot to the floor. All he could feel was his eyes moving left to right so fast that the vision became a blur.

"AAaaaaaaaahhhhhh"

He looks back out the window his was sitting next by and saw white streaks of light colliding with black shadows. So many shadows falling to the floor and so many screams that he covered his ears to stop the horrid screams from flowing in. He glanced at some of the shadows in the eyes and his wish he hadn't. The look of despair and helplessness gleamed in the iris of their souls. They beg and plead for someone to help but all it did was cause more white lights to come and overflow the shadows into darkness. The more white lights flew in, the more the black shadows crawled towards them. It was a big clash of shadows and lights that the sky above them were tainted with grey tears.

As he came to, he realized the soft burning fire reached its peak shedding a terror burning red that not only reach the porch at the top but also hovered over him. It's as if the flame was a person and black smoked poked out of its sizzling body with black lust craving for terror. He slid out of the booth where he resides and ran towards the dark hallway he once hated. He ran as fast as he could, but it wasn't enough; the flame just crawled like a possessed creature towards him. He slams the door behind and reached for the attic entrance to try to escape the creature. All the while of escaping, he managed to flee towards the very back of the building where he saw that tree he seen look so peaceful. However, this time, the tree stared back at him in fright. The tree once peaceful face now covered in terror too, just how the black shadows that had fallen looked, but mixed with agony and misery.

He forgot about the crazed flame that was lurking behind him and in one big swoop, the building collapse.

BOOM...

What happened, he says. He sees his body fallen on the floor, covered in burn marks that still sizzled from the burst. He flips over on his back and sees the building has fallen. The once distraught building was now burned to the ground. A boom set off that was meant to kill dozens was planted a few rooms apart that the crazed, possessed flame was all but a diversion. All the lights and shadows were still fighting but he sees some

disperse everywhere. He didn't know what to make of it since his vision is now blurred. He couldn't move at all. His body was burning away, and he couldn't yell for help.

He around him and noticed something peculiar: he not human.

He was the very white wood with multiple lines attached to other pieces of wood collected together and bind to another wood that was made on a form of a rectangle. This whole time he was nothing a glimpse of someone's everyday life. He couldn't fathom the discovery to believe it was possible. He didn't want to believe it. He couldn't believe it. He had a face and a nose, eyes and ears and feet that could see and fear and move as far as he could reach. But it was never enough.

As he laid there slowly burning away with each passing moment, he looks up at the now gloomy sky. He wonders if he could find peace from all the torture he's seen. As he continues to look at the sky, he sees a small split between the clouds. The grey sky now shined a bright golden light upon him, but he couldn't reach up. The beaming light reaches toward him with its ever so graceful hand from the heavens, scooped him up, and slowly lifted him to the sky. He turns back to the ground and sees so many white lights and black shadows splattered on the ground, not hearing a beat of life.