

The little green man

I was crossing the street once, when I happened to look up at a little green man in a black box. I could see myself in him. I don't know why, as we were quite different, him and I. He had no face, and his arms and legs were very square. He was looking straight ahead. Though he never saw me, he had the kind of aura you cannot help but notice. Suddenly he started disappearing and reappearing, as if to warn me of something. Then the green man vanished. Two new guarding red men appeared above him, with a conviction and a kind of stamina I have not seen since.

After this green man appeared before me, I have seen him everywhere in a variety of colours, always working or walking or stopping; always in the middle of something. I once saw two of him digging together. They were standing right next to each other and moving in a kind of swift synchronised manner. I wondered what they were digging for, but I didn't ask. It was as if something prevented me; a kind of invisible wall shielded us from each other, divided us up. It kept the synchronised men on one side of reality, and myself on the other. They were always showing me things, but never seemed to want a reply.

It is not as if I assume they only talk to me, they tell us all things I'm sure. They live in areas of danger. That is probably why they seem to be so impressively synchronised too; as if we are envious of their movements, we might not be able to look away from their candid warnings. We listen to them. I don't know how they have managed to make us listen, but if there is a man crossing the road, I will cross it. And if the man tells me to wait, I will wait. And if the man tells me there is a bathroom, I will go to the bathroom. I don't know how they have managed so well without words, but they are incredibly convincing.

They cannot be avoided. At first I was grateful of their help, but for every corner I now turn, there is a new man showing me how to navigate the streets unsupervised. They do not only tell us things. I am convinced they are watching us too, and yet I cannot do more to attempt communication. The only way I believe they might converse is if I mimic their movement and participate in the kind of synchronisation that they inspire in each other. From what I have observed, this is the closest thing they must have to a language. I have tried this, but to my own disappointment, have yielded little result. Though I would rather just forget the whole encounter, I find myself glancing up at him once in a while, to see if he is still there. He always is.