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A Story From The World

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A STORY FROM THE WORLD

BOB HICOK

Some of the walls remained and some
fell. We scavenged what bricks we could
for the new walls, some of which

remained and some of which fell.
We scavenged what bricks we could
for the new walls, all of which

are shorter, so we crouch. No one remembers
how to make bricks, how to stop bombing,
how to drink tea without dust in it. Dust

of mortar, of bone. I can taste the difference,
being what passes for a connoisseur
around here. We are drinking tea

with bone dust, my bones, I've been dead
this whole time I've been alive.
Don't tell anyone, not before lunch.

They wouldn't eat my lentils and I worked hard
on my lentils, I worked hard
for any excuse to use the word home.