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A Story From The World

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A STORY FROM THE WORLD

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.