

Krzysztof Ostaszewski

translated by *Wojtek Stelmaszynski*

opus 47, a comedy

They were building a house. They worked steadfastly, they used many bricks and an unusual amount of mortar. Their efforts had almost symbolic meaning.

Finally they finished it. It was a rather large rectangular structure made of bricks secured by mortar. And the interior? There was no "interior," there were bricks everywhere—naturally, of the highest quality.

A certain passerby addressed them in the following way: How can it be? Can one live inside it? You want to call it a house?

Offended, they replied that their creation was made of bricks and mortar. So what else could their creation be if not a house? Furthermore, since they used material of the highest quality and their efforts were supreme, the result had to be of corresponding excellence.

They chased the passerby away.

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