

Bricks

The thing I didn't understand was ... that my failures and sorrows were
Like solid bricks, baked to a great hardness, polished to a shining
Smoothness. All that went into them made them something so safe to
Build on. To prop doors open with. And yet, I did not cotton on to this
For a very long time. When I did, I hoped very much that the gods would
Be generous, and give me some time to begin to build again. To put the
little addition on my house, that was intended, all the time.

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