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.

Gdańsk, August 3, 1978