



The Playhouse

*I came across an old building today.
I admired it for a while, and after some time,
the building stood up,
stepped across the street,
leaned over,
and spoke to me softly;
He told me
a good roof and a strong foundation are more important
than new shutters
and a fresh coat of paint.
He said he was speaking from experience.
He said the rain hurts him very much.
He said he just wants someone to keep warm.
I looked at him for a long time.
I hesitated.
Then I told him thank you and walked
away.*

by H.L.