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Not ‘Why Build’ But ‘Which Tools’

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NOT 'WHY BUILD' BUT 'WHICH TOOLS'

The neighborhood is buzzing with the news: someone's going to be resurrected like Lazarus at midnight.

A distant cousin writes of plans to set himself on fire and enter his hometown post office. Something about a letter he could never bring himself to send. I once owned a letter-opener in the shape of a tiny silver sword. I used it to rid an undiscovered country of villains and dangerous beasts. Last night our garage was dragged off, piece by piece, and buried somewhere by the neighbor's dog. It was blue with pink tasseled window shades. No sense rushing things, but somebody's got to feed that dog.

If you get out of bed just right, says Thoreau, anything at all is possible. The universe is tall as a runway. At dawn, white and silver ironing boards and irons drift lazily across an orange-pink sky.