Pig of Bricks

Rachel Carleton
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I told them they were foolish,
my shiftless brothers,
but they refused to listen to me.
They would not squander their time
to grapple with brick and mortar
when straw and sticks proved
cheaper, easier, less complex.
I had envied their freedom
and their folly, but they are now dead,
and I am the next to face the wolf.

He thinks to outsmart me—
I, the pig who built
the house of bricks—
but he does not know me.
For while my brothers lazed
in the sun to avoid their work,
I labored under that heat,
stacking brick upon brick
to build a structure that will not fall.
In that process, I have constructed myself
into a swine as sturdy as stone.

He can huff and puff all he wants;
no blast of hot air will topple my home.
Let him try to claim his dinner;
my brothers will soon be avenged.