

(A FORTRESS #7)

Most fortresses (and it is beginning to have the appearance of a fortress, no longer just a tower, at least from some angles) are built for defence, and although this one must have been conceived of as a place to play it is difficult to imagine where the fun is to be found and how children could continue with this project, without growing bored and abandoning it, or burning it down in an act of rebellion. Yet the adults never seem to be involved and the work never seems to stop. Are they intending to continue forever? When will it be tall enough, wide enough to be finished? Is finishing an event they even contemplate? The space around it echoes in an odd way, deflects or reflects sound. Sometimes at dawn, it is as though many of the birds are holding a chorus inside it. It has grown so large that as soon as the sun rises, the whole place is permeated with the aroma of pine sawdust.