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## *It Was Rather Strange*

Lala Heine-Koehn

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### *It Was Rather Strange*

## It Was Rather Strange

by Lala Heine-Koehn

She lost her head, could not  
remember where. Worried many  
times about the weight of her thoughts,  
she felt suddenly light as a feather.  
Even her heart began to jump  
like a child skipping rope. *Good*  
the heart said full of glee.

She took to wearing large floppy  
hats, with long silk scarves tied  
around her neck (which was intact  
and just a tinge lighter than the silk  
around it). No one noticed that her head  
was missing. She began to do all sorts  
of things she had never done before.  
Every two weeks she fell in love.  
For the whole fourteen days she enjoyed  
the man she had chosen, intriguing  
each one by insisting on making love with  
her hat on. And it was rather strange, it did  
fall off a few times at the most delicate moments  
but none of her lovers ever noticed it, busy  
with other things.

She bought a red cabriolet, and zoomed  
around town and country with the roof  
down, her silk scarves flying around her.  
*There goes Isadora* people would say,  
*let's hope she won't get strangled*  
*a second time.* She just smiled,  
so did her heart.

She took lessons in parachuting.  
Holding the ends of her scarf,  
hat above, she sailed across the sky,  
over meadows, forests, landing always  
on her two feet. She was happy and free  
of care the first time since she was a child.  
I saw her last on Good Friday in the church  
where I go. She was kneeling down beside  
me, I wanted to lean over and whisper:  
*I wish I could be you* but the Mass had just  
begun. Her hat bowed in deep reverie, her  
white neck peeking through years of silk