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It Was Rather Strange

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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