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And Where Does Your Neighbor Live

Lala Heine-Koehn

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



AND WHERE DOES YOUR NEIGHBOUR LIVE

by

Lala Heine-Koehn

Did I tell you about the people
who live in the paper house?
The rooms have walls of paper
with a slit circa eight feet long
for a door. They used to deal
in drills, screwdrivers, scissors
and all kinds of knives.
They didn't like their business
or perhaps they just decided
it was time to retire.
All the stuff is now in their house,
their furniture is made out of left-
over tools. And it is rather neat
the way it looks: flowerpots
balanced on bits, on the tips
of knives; tables made of sawblades
resting on half-opened scissors.
As to the beds, I am not sure.
They are covered with paper bedspreads

and I cannot tell.
And I like their kids. They are cut
out of paper, a row of eight with
their arms connected, but each one
of them has a different color
of hair and is differently dressed.
They are strung along the livingroom
wall and are very lively, playing
in the breeze.
I like their house. You don't have
to knock. The walls sway open
on their own. And inside, the air
is so good, smelling of grass
and flowers drifting from outside.
Each time I come to borrow a tool
or to visit and chat I wonder, why
so many people live behind walls
of brick and concrete.

In The Park On A Spring Afternoon

by

Lala Heine-Koehn

Allow me, my lady, he bows
from the waist, acknowledging
respectfully her white kid
gloves, stepping aside,
he holds up his coat tails,
ushers her into the mausoleum.

Even the dust is hushed:
orderly layers of graduated
gray, as on the marble steps upon which
a carved ebony box sits.
Allow me, the coat tails murmur,

arranging the lady's hem
as she kneels down to pray.
Flicking a speck of dust
tumbling down a wax lily,
he retreats into a dark corner.
That she was
that she was, gracious and kind
loved by everyone, he moves
his lips, keeping an eye
on the order of the dust.
My lady, it is chilly in here,