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## *The New Landscape*

Lala Heine-Koehn

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is a shrewd word merchant, knowing how to  
turn a penny's worth of meaning  
into a coin of substantial value:  
"Be LIKE God? Then back you go to the hovel,

where God resides joyfully"--  
a conclusion satisfying to all little boys  
who expect to someday grow up and marry.

## **The New Landscape**

by Lala Heine-Koehn

They laboured hard, pouring trees,  
setting concrete branches into concrete  
trunks, the sharp ends of their trowels  
ridging bark. The leaves they left  
to take care of themselves.

Pleased with the massive grey  
shapes supporting the slate sky,  
they rested underneath the new trees.  
Drinking milk laced with honey,  
they decided to fashion grass  
and flowers. Yes, they knew a flower  
had petals and a stem, the grass,  
the shape of a blade, but could not  
remember them well. *We should ask a bee*  
they thought. Catching one inside  
a mug, they listened to its buzzing,

then dropped it into the wet concrete.  
Strengthened by the meal, they chipped  
the bee out, its wings intact, and set  
out to work.

They spread the concrete on the ground,  
painted it a bright green, pushed in  
clusters of iron discs held by wires.  
Proudly they looked over the landscape.  
*What we need now is birds*, they lured  
the birds with cooing and breadcrumbs,  
poured the concrete down their beaks.  
They waited for it to set then split them  
in half like moulds.  
*Now we can rest for a while* they sighed,  
*there are only people left for us to make.*