


The Balloon



I sit,
Suffocating in a plastic bag,
No hope, No future,
Trapped in the dark.

I am lifted,
My prison torn open,
Dumped into the light,
Lost in a pile.

I am chosen,
Stretched and pulled,
Between sweaty palms,
Exposed and alone.

I am filled,
Placed on a nozzle,
Inflated, weightless,
Ready to Fly.

I am tethered,
Knotted,
Placed on a string,
Tied to earth.

I am handed,
A child, joyous face,
Sticky hands,
Trapped and pummeled.

But then,

a trip,

a fall,

a cry,

I am free,

Drifting,

Soaring on the wind,

No tether,

No Bag,

No hand,

Just,

ME.