



Balloons

Balloons, many-colored balloons,
White, red, yellow, purple,
Tugging and bobbing at street
corners...
Floating and gliding along
crowded sidewalks,
Matching the carnival colors of
the marching bands,
The smart, high stepping players...
The extravagant floats with
a hundred different
fantasies,
Colors of imagination, depicting
realities...
And everywhere, balloons,
Low slung, high flying in sun and
shade,
Tethered by strings, yet bobbing

and undulating
In marvelous, luminous
projections...
Like men's imaginations striving
to be free...
Free to explore endless,
uncharted airways,
But tethered by strings of
gravitational reality...
Men's imaginations and balloons
once released and free,
flying into a universe of no
return.
Flying without restraint, without
further hindrance—
Lost in a void of space!

*Poem & Photo by
Percy M. Horne
© 1999*