

12-19-2011

Balloon

There's a balloon that refuses to drop
it's been up there, against the ceiling
chafed
since October
it's December

The balloon's a little deflated its true
but it hasn't lost its might
the bedraggled string
the wrinkled cellophane
still look down
at the others, far below
holding on
not letting go

Imperiously, it regards me
the balloon has lots of judgments
about my wardrobe
my bookcases
my acne
my carpet
my chores
my writing
but it doesn't share—only holding its
"Happy Birthday!"
over me, like a curse
Always getting older, always

Still it floats
the balloon speaks nothing
not of the escaping helium
not of the stack of laundry on my couch
the balloon refuses to fall
the balloon will not die