hot air balloon

i flitter

and wane,

surveying the

scene beneath me —

looking down —

how sturdy it

must feel

to be

on the

ground —

how serene —

that concrete —

firmly under foot,

a route to follow at

ease; i shudder as the

wind picks up and my

view is shifted; now,

the trees, strong

and standing

against

the

breeze —

their roots

locked in place;

freedom rippling

through their leaves —

i'm stifled, somehow,

though i can go

anywhere i

please,

seemingly —

a dream dressed in

colors billowing through

the sky with sails set in any

direction; a sight that

brings smiles to

faces below,

maybe —

if so,

i can't

see them —

oh, what a life

this is shaping up

to be; my rope hangs

by my side, too short to

tether; nothing within view,

and the clouds seem to

be mocking me: 'you

can go anywhere,

only you can't

choose!' —

weary,

i waft on —

listlessly —

i have

no

choice

but to be.

floating, i am

lost with no real

direction; it's just me.