

Damn Wind

Just as your smooth soft firmness
fills out those jeans

I see now through my caress
that your body too is full

filled with a mind and cunning skills

A personality that pushes
the skin tight under duress

That exquisite form is like
some beautiful balloon

How fragile and thin
your skin is.

Why is it that there are so many
materials that make great pins
but only very few that make balloons?

Perhaps if I kiss
those lips I might
steal some of the air
inside. Or, If I breathe
into you, your exquisiteness
will increase.

I wonder:

“Will you fly up
on some helium filled journey
if I decide to let you go?”

There is something majestic to it
I only notice once I let
the silk ribbon go.

“Don’t Go!”

Those balloons always
slip out of my fingers
it’s always the wind’s fault

“Watch out up there!”

How high can balloons go?
Do they stop at some point?
Do they drop at some point?

“What can you see from so high?”

Higher

“Why?”

Higher

“I...”

High-

“I miss you balloon.”