

# POEM OF THE WEEK

## BALLOONS

Would you hold my balloons, please?  
I am troubled and sad.  
I have so many of them,  
I have lost count.

I have balloons of many colours,  
shapes and sizes.  
Some I have earned,  
some I have not;

some I have collected,  
or picked up in passing.  
There are those I lusted for and  
learned too late, everything has a price;

some were thrust upon me,  
by fortune or fate.  
Some are very old,  
handed to me at birth;

they bespeak a taint  
of some obscure crime.

My problem is perspective.  
My balloons have,  
over time accumulated  
and become entangled;  
the strings have become twisted,  
entwined, tangled and knotted.

Would you hold my balloons, please?  
I give them to someone I can trust,  
step back and view them from afar,  
from this angle and that,

One day it will be my privilege  
were you to ask me to hold yours.

Leslie D. Bush  
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