Balloon

Hanne Hukkelberg

He still held my hand in his thread
His head filled with helium
Pulled me up so I couldn't walk
But look at things from a different angle

To hang on to my balloon
And to be shown a glimpse of the truth
Made my cheek flush and my mouth smile
My chest's like a cage full of butterflies
It tickled and I laugh:
â€•such a rare, rare joyâ€•

Suddenly the balloon loosened itself, he said:
â€œI have to move further on, I'll keep on flying
Keep on showing the truth from my point of view,â€•

I fell down on a cottonpavement painted blue
And I lost the sight, lost the moment and my view
The only thing that I knew:
Moments will swiftly disappear

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