

Pretty Things, Balloon Burning

New york -
Grey and sorrow there to meet her.
Night sky hangs
Around to greet her
She throws down
Lifeline of kisses.
Anchored to the ground.
Balloon descending.

Then I see balloon is burning,
Turning round burning.

This balloon, burning.

Fragments of my life
Falling
Sky of tire
All consuming.

Then I see balloon is burning.
Turning round burning.

This balloon, burning.