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.