Balloons

By: Daphne Matsakis

We were balloons
Floating in the sky
Now we lie deflated
Stuck on the ground
But why?

I have asked myself
That question every day
Of this eternal pandemic
But I never find the answer
To my query

Until Now
I have endlessly pondered
On the horrid coronavirus
And its awful effects
Swirling around us
Buried in our brain

Others may say
Others may state

We are depressed in sadness Only able to deflate

But i beg to differ
To give a different answer
Another clarification
For I now know
The Confirmation
To my often question

You see
We Hear
"Death"
"Sadness"
"Worry"
"Cry"
"Goodbye"
More and More
All the time

WE bury ourselves
More and More
As we hear and see
Our internal war

It is only us
It is me and you

Who make ourselves sad Endlessly blue

But now things are changing For the Better The Pandemic Is Ending

Now we are growing
Happier and
We are feeling
more joy

As we broke them down
The noise, The Sound
Has gone from
A pouring rain
To a drizzle
To a drippity drop drop

Our happiness now Zooms to the sky Like a laser beam Shooting straight And tall and high

Taking measures Extreme Far in the sky

This pandemic has been hard
Hard on all of us
Making us feel helpless
Making us feel lost

The piece of paper
The sheet
Of yesterday
With all the scrapes
And cuts and bruises
Are Being Erased

For we are no longer
Chaining ourselves Down
No longer
Keeping ourselves bound

We have escaped COVID's evil lair Our balloons Are filled with air