

WONDERING

(POETRY)

by tayler vasilauskas

What happens?
To all those hot air balloons,
Launched last spring, with fire-filled air.
What happens now that cold is here?
Do they freeze, mid-flight?

Do they fall back down to Earth,
(like miniature gods) like snowflakes?
The Balloon Operator,
Does he freeze to the basket rail,
Forced to see everyone he knew
Or might have known?

You were angry with me, in a dream I had,
And when I woke up,
Frozen sweat,
I came down the stairs
With air filling my chest like fire,
Wondering how I could know you.