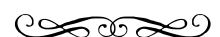


JASON PRIMM

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Ballooning

It's not a story we tell and now no one remembers  
So long ago who un-tethered the balloon  
Or forgot the ballast or didn't read the map.  
I'm left to ask, Why would our parents put us in balloons  
And throw knives so close to sagging power lines?  
Why empty the cupboards of love?  
The sky became burning rope in our hands,  
And when the Earth shook us still, we walked away alone.  
I typed the old address into the computer  
And saw my boyhood home from above.  
The trees had grown. Of course, they had grown.  
They were the right size and now they lean  
And sway like the trees from fairy tales  
That eat lost children. Of course, my bike  
Was not in the driveway where it shouldn't be.  
The lawn was neat and the landscaping triumphant,  
A Floridian stalemate between lushness and order.  
That wasn't my life. Just recently, we all had coffee  
And I noticed that the old story eaters, my parents,  
Were friends again. They were laughing  
About something in their indecipherable tongue.  
High on names and places, crumbs falling  
From their mouths, they were leaving us again.



## ABOUT JASON PRIMM

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Jason Primm's poetry and fiction have appeared in *Rabbit Catastrophe Review*, *Shadow Road Quarterly*, *burntdistrict*, *Grasslimb*, and *Paper Nautilus*. He lives in Brooklyn, New York, and works in publishing. His blog, *After the Ellipsis but Before the Sunset*, can be found at [jasonprimm.wordpress.com](http://jasonprimm.wordpress.com).

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10 November 2013

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