

POETRY

UNTITLED

A soft balloon that comes my way
To ease the journey of this day
Slowly follow the train below
Where others lead I cannot go
To meadow green with sandy path
The circus ahead, the aliens laugh
Make-up hides the inner glow.
Portraying earthlings; yet I smile I know
Come in they bid, it's safe within
Join the trapeze; fly with the wind
Learn to trust with safety wire
Soon you too will fly higher
Falling; the net will catch you now
Time to go; first take a bow
Ride the balloon back to earth
Taking a message of human worth

Sandra Banks
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