

## HITCHHIKING

I counted thirty-eight  
red, yellow and green  
helium balloons

someone had tied to  
a string. The string  
was bound to a stake:

the balloons whipped  
around, the free end  
again and again

forgetting the tether.  
I went to the stake  
and lay with my head

next to it, so that I  
could sight along the  
fluttering line. That

way the sky shrunk.  
The balloons hid one  
another, so I couldn't

count them again, but  
I saw the one at the end  
was green. I pulled

the string back to feel  
the lifting force.  
The sky burned blue.

I pumped the line  
to see if wave motion  
could be set up, if

it could be concentrated  
so that the snap at the  
end could set one free.