



I lost my balloon once.  
I tried so hard to hold on tight,  
to never let it go.



But it was windy and I was running.



I watched it fly  
higher than the trees, above the  
clouds, past where I couldn't see.  
I was sad.





But not as sad as I am now.  
I can always get another balloon.  
But I can never have another you.  
I miss you.

