

The Crimson Balloon

O the man in the moon
Loved a sweet red balloon
Who lived on the shore by the sea.
“Do come nigh! Oh, come near,”
Wooed the moon. “Crimson dear,
Loose your string now and come marry me.”

“Oh balloon red and sweet,”
Cried the clams at her feet,
“Take care, for you weren’t meant to fly.”
But the crimson balloon
Loved the man in the moon
And raced off through the star-sprinkled sky.

“I’m untied now. I’m free,
And I’ll soon marry thee,”
Cried sweet Crimson as faster she leapt.
But her love and the height
Burst her heart in mid-flight.
The moon gathered her fragments and wept.

O the man in the moon
Loves his sweet red balloon.
He sings songs to the sun of her light.
And in autumn, the moon,
Longing for his balloon,
Hovers low and burns red in the night.

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