

2019

Balloons

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Recommended Citation

Tekşen, Ayşe (2019) "Balloons," *Toyon Literary Magazine*: Vol. 65 : Iss. 1 , Article 40.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/toyon/vol65/iss1/40>

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Balloons

Ayşe Tekşen

Whenever we went to Gülhane Park,
I asked my parents to buy me
one of those flying balloons,
and they always did.
After walking only 10 meters,
when they looked behind,
they saw me crying
over my balloon that
flew from my hands.
It is my confession now, years later,
that I did it on purpose.
At the third time, tough,
my parents started to fasten the rope
of the balloon to my right wrist.
But I always managed to undo
the knot when my parents
weren't looking.
One time, I remember,
the knot didn't budge,
and I struggled both
to hide from my parents' eyes
and to undo the rope,
and I was grumpy the whole outing.
I couldn't stand to see that
a flying balloon cannot fly.
If a balloon couldn't fly,
why, in the first place,
was it called a flying balloon?
I wished I could set all of them free,
but my hands were small
and not enough.
No one knows I am endeavoring
to do the same thing even today.
One day, I promise,
I will set all the balloons free.