

Deceptive Destination

by Debbi Schimpf

Spheres, big and small with a mixture of hues;
Transparent blues splashed with clear emeralds,
Silvery pinks intermingled with lucid yellows;
Riding on a gentle breeze with an unknown destination.
They float and drop and float again higher
Surveying the earth from their own unique angles.
But fate has a way of creeping in
And just as one is about to take a rest from its sky ride
It bursts on a blade of grass.

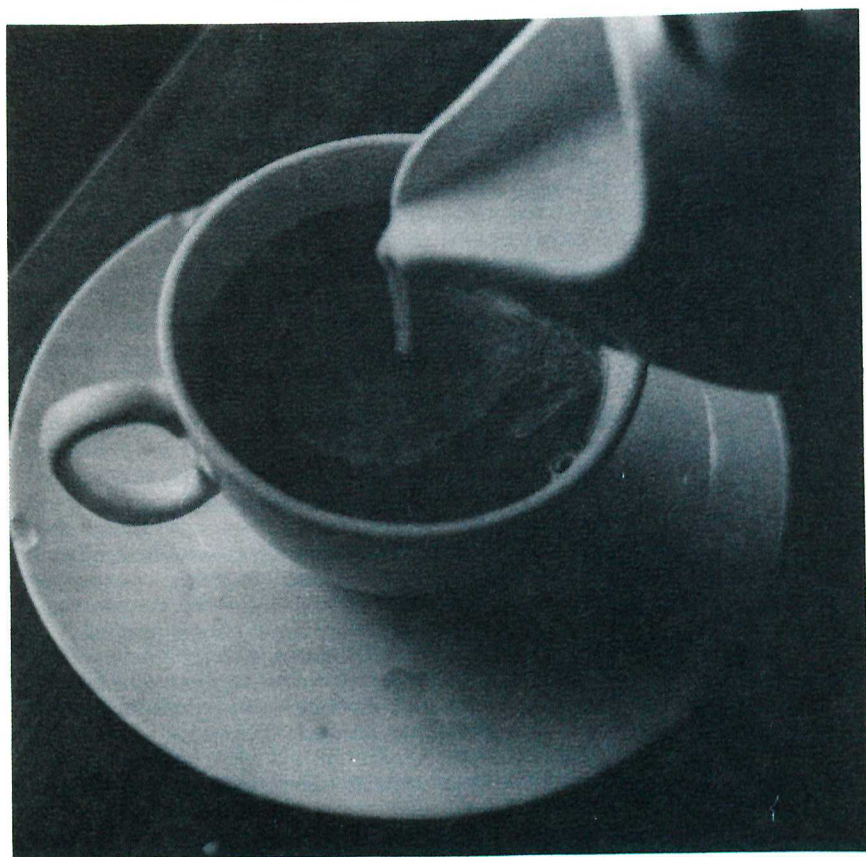


Photo by John Little