

## 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**