## Title

Balloon

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## Author

Guzman, Juan

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## Balloon

By Juan Guzman

## The $27^{\text {th }}$ of January

## was when you started floating towards

the moon, and like the child I was, I could not seem to
latch onto you. A balloon that had grown attached to me had reached the end of its journey and began to defy gravity.

Soaring indefinitely - high up into the dimming oblivion.

Far out of sight, leaving into a place of paradise - Elysium.

There was absolute silence except for a sudden deafening pop!

A noise that served as a queue that you were never again going to drop. That's when I realized the only reason you had floated away was because

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