

Upon the Water

Be'ak'id Baa 'Ahoodzá—
the well shakes, the windmill sounds.

I imagine a balloon:

dark,
moist.

Tossed into the air.
Warps, distorts—bulges: bursts.

A kid jumps, his stomach empty, the water alone
sounds against him—sloshing, cool, and the kid
throws up.

He unties the cord, a silver ribbon anchoring
a cloud of balloons forced into the
wind pulling, tugging against the knots.

The balloons fall up,

"Let's go,"

he does not come,

I pull harder.

Still he stares,

his arms jerks with each
flush of air.

"Balloons don't come back, *yazhí*."