

The Berkshire Edge

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POEM: The Great Gas Bag

By Jon Swan Thursday, Nov 3 Viewpoints



Zero leaks and flees
escapes like gasses
self-inflates into balloon
rises in his self-esteem

Eyes rise in mute salute
Stiff arms follow suit
There is no uniform
that doesn't fit a man

who waits to be begun
to join a regiment
of rage in which each
issued shirt turns brown

Let all hell break loose!
Let each his business
do in accordance with
the mood transmitted

by the big balloon in
nods and bobs in lingo
if it makes no sense no
matter He's the boss

the commanding zero
the helium hero who
rules gassy heaven
like a combusting sun