

Volk makes an Impression on Us

Our pilot found the spot
by accident---- but still
he parked us in a perfect
"dead" zone.

Sunny sky betrayed
by haze in the distance
The only sounds to be heard
were our own.
No perception of motion.
Gravity seemingly ignored.
Not a wisp of air moving.
That balloon hung suspended
2,500 feet -- above -- a gently
winding Connecticut River.
The view from our "perch"
Unchanging.
All as if time truly
stopped.

A pull on nylon cording
ignited propane flames
Their heat -- drove us higher
to an upper wind current
moving our gondola forward.
Soon we were descending
Southwest of Hatfield
Gliding over corn stalk stubble fields.
Brisk ground breezes firmly pushed us
Down---- beyond
Merillat's vacant loading dock
Bouncing twice then
Skidding into a grassy field

We wrapped then packed
deflated fabric into woven wicker
as evening light turned inky.

On our way to dinner
We quietly sat, peering out
tinted SUV windows.
That afternoons' experience
Replaying in our minds
Over and over again.

Carl Russo © 2008

2:30