

There is a balloon in the hedge
by Bex Hainsworth

pale pink, like a struggling lung,
or a hungry stomach. Unpopped,
unpunctured, stout branches have it
in an uneasy hold, the heart of an atom
suspended. Its string, unclasped,
is an umbilical ghost forming a helix
above the plot where we buried our hamster.
Perhaps his tiny soul bobs by this balloon,
this bloodless moon, staring down the spikes
of the briar. And when the world tries
to squeeze around my heart, I am reminded
of the resilience of the softest things.

