The little girl wanders away

She will not stay here and play

She goes off and chases the moon

Thinking it to be her lost balloon

The man looks on and smiles

As his daughter runs so many miles

Fervently chasing her lost toy

Watching her elude her very own joy

He doesn’t tell her the moon is in the sky

He enjoys too much in watching her try

Does he know how bad her legs hurt?

Hear her humming bird heart bursting out of her shirt?

Perhaps he likes to think this keeps her within his discretion

For she believes the balloon will win her the father’s affection