

WHERE DO
BALLOONS GO
WHEN YOU
LET THEM GO?



WHERE DO BALLOONS GO WHEN YOU LET THEM GO?

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For Philip,
you're okay I guess,
and for my dogs!



Rainbows of helium-filled rubber in the grasp of your hand.
Festivities ahead. Joy, euphoria, everything in between.
Every age, every stage. A promise of hope. Another year,
another milestone, and many more to come.



Hold on tight; don't let them go.

Keep them coming. They decorate bare walls and witness your blissful moments with those you love most. They are there for you, always.



They accompany you every year as people in your life enter and leave. That's their only purpose. To celebrate, then fade into the background, and go unnoticed as you proceed with your festivities.

The party is over and everyone leaves. You may kill them in their tracks, stabbing what's left of them. Maybe if you're sentimental, you'll keep their remains, but you'll forget about them. You'll leave them to deflate and deteriorate.



They'll turn into soft prunes, and will not float like they used to, barely even stand up straight. They have run their course. Please don't let them get to this stage...

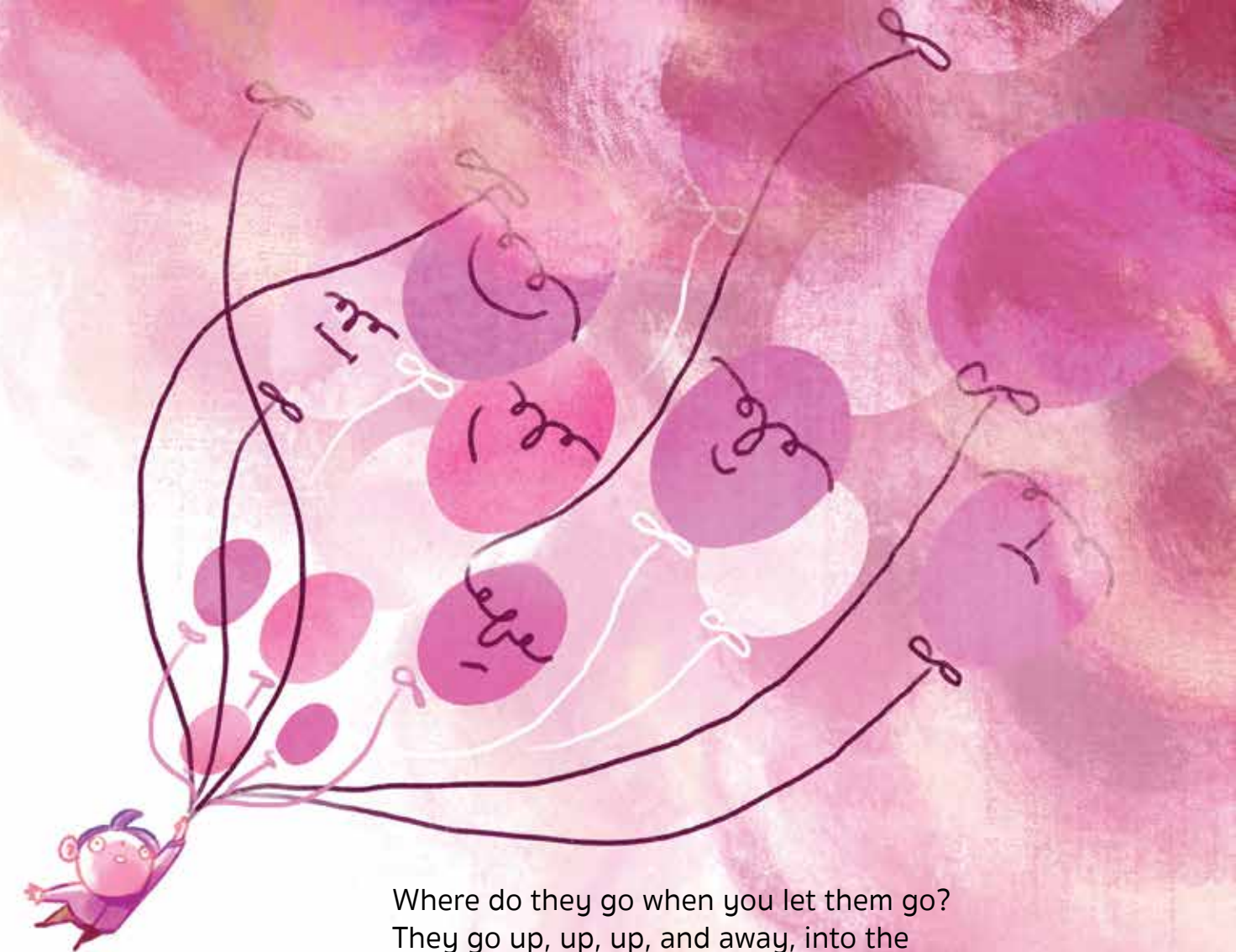
Just let them go.





Let them run free in the air,
no longer confined. Your hand
holding tight to their strings is
a suffocating force.

They want to be up there; they
were meant to fly. Just let your
hand slip and let them go.



Where do they go when you let them go?
They go up, up, up, and away, into the
unknown. They soar freely, to new heights.
You'll see them for a bit, and then they'll
disappear. Where do they disappear to?





Anywhere.

The sky is endless.
But still they float.

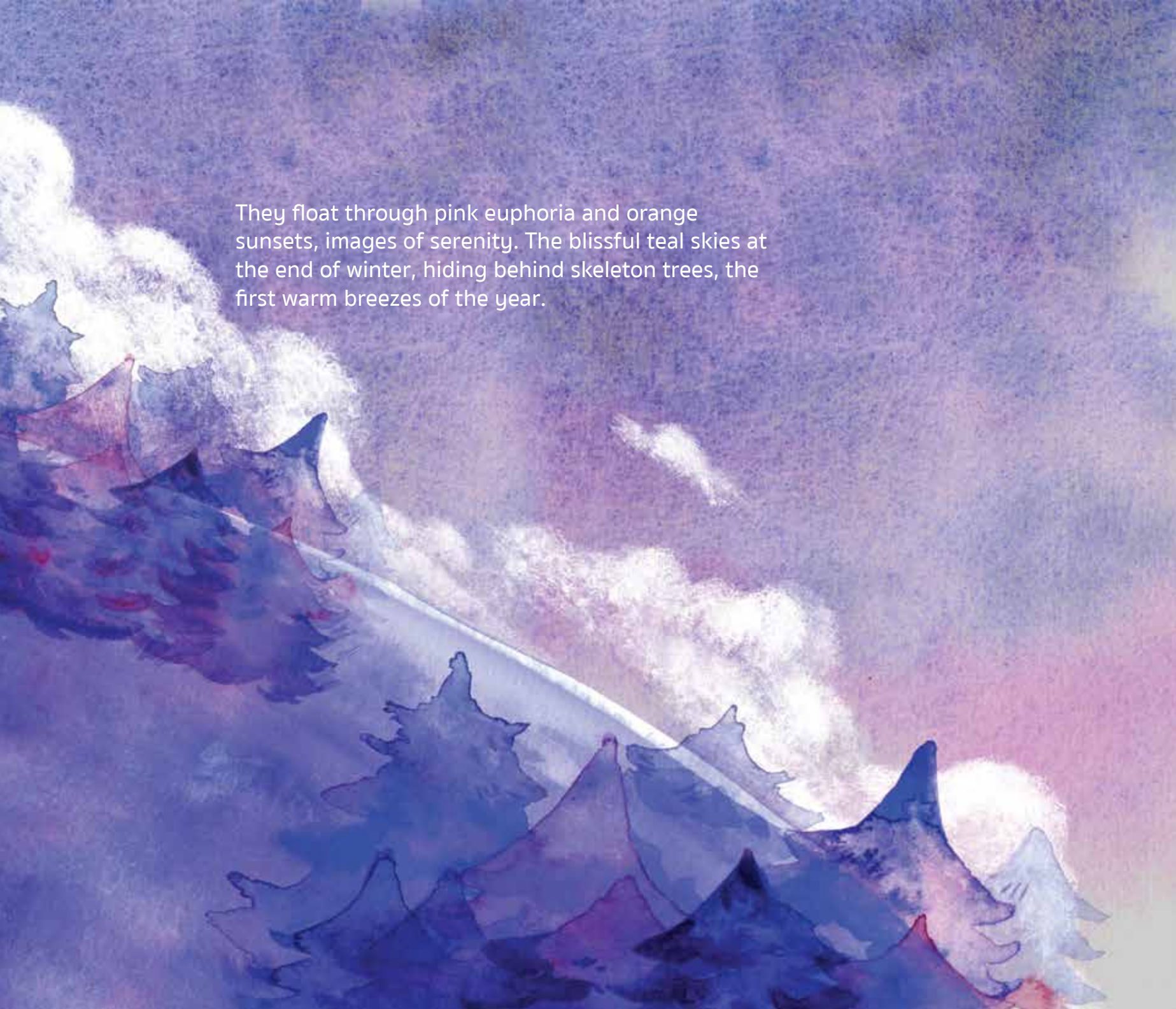


Some days, it is bright baby blue,
with cotton-tail clouds, the sun's
rays illuminating the ground it
looks down on, pristine.

Other days, it's charcoal and
heavy. It looks grim and woeful,



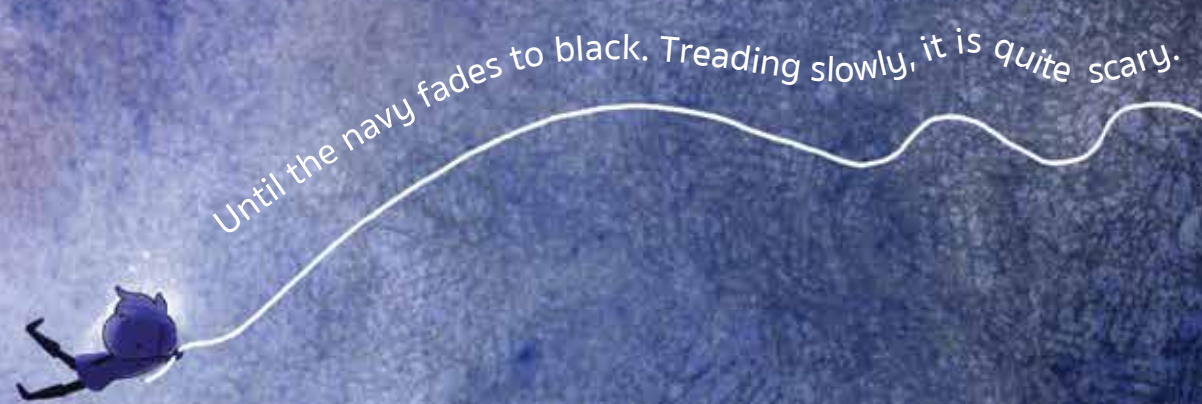
but the sun is
never gone, only hiding.



They float through pink euphoria and orange sunsets, images of serenity. The blissful teal skies at the end of winter, hiding behind skeleton trees, the first warm breezes of the year.

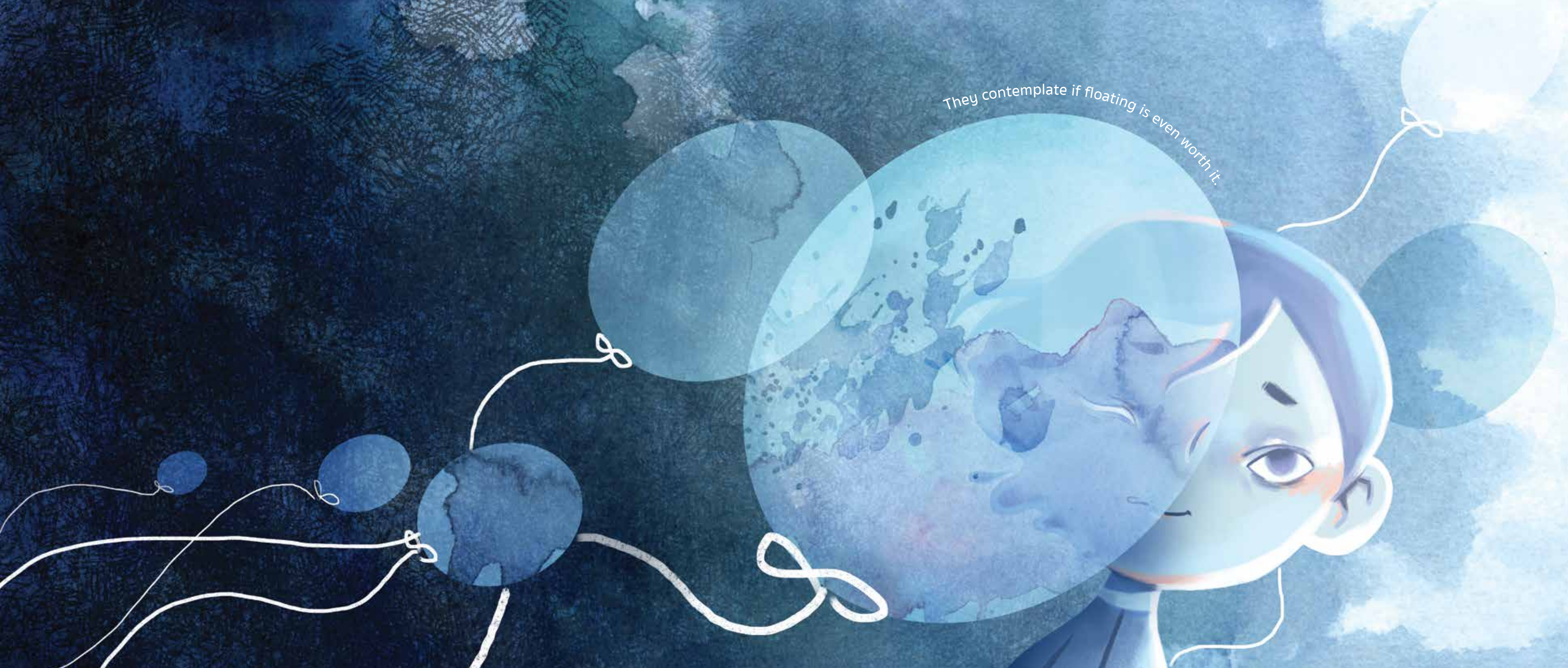


Good things are to come, the skies fading to navy, speckled with stars and constellations, diamonds glistening.



Until the navy fades to black. Treading slowly, it is quite scary.

The darkness obstructs the view ahead.



They contemplate if floating is even worth it.

But then, before they even realize it,
the skies turn navy again, and the
pink cloud joy emerges.

And again. And again.





So, please, when the party is over, don't hold on tight,

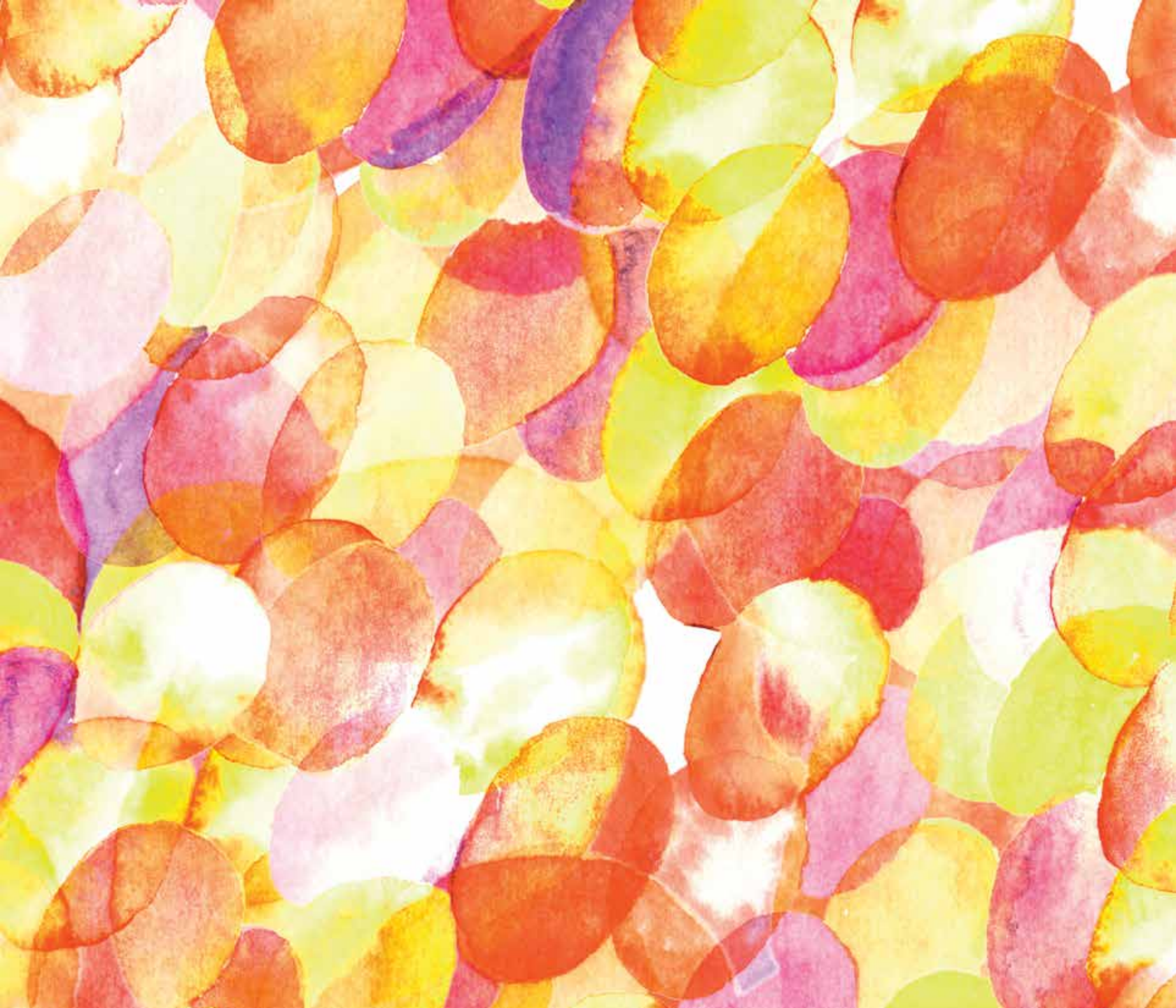
or get sharp objects out,




or leave them to deflate.

Just let go.







What is a balloon's destiny other than
floating through the sky's many wonders?
You'll never know if you don't let it go.