

## Every Heart

*after the failed launch of Skymhale and Skymhalepapa*

What were we to make of it,  
the cost of living, the rise of China,  
those giant shapes on a winter's day

we'd suddenly woken up to? Whales ballooning  
in sunlight, trucked out onto a field  
that our city began to crowd around

as if we knew as we slept, we knew.  
In every gust of wind they were gulping,  
our bulbous anxieties,

staring us down or sharing wisdom.  
Were they smiling or grimacing?  
We knew that we belonged to them

but they would take us for a ride.  
Perhaps they'd push off in considerate lift,  
ignoring our inland lives.

They could sail through our goal posts  
to the sound of the children's choir,  
as if we asked our kids to worship them

and save themselves with ritual. Suddenly  
a tear kept them grounded and we had to face  
the truth—our worries

are all we imagine, enormous and equally frail.  
Our lives seem less without them.  
We're glad they're here to stay.

We want to climb inside their baskets,  
nursed beneath that hot air,  
to lie inside those fretting nests

below a shape we can finally see—  
our listing wet-nurse of troubles,  
the judgement of a father's gaze.

I'm curled inside my own basket. Are you?  
Now balloons are everywhere.  
So many wild inflations rising

between buildings, on every corner, in every square.

We're smothering this city, seeding it,  
with our own expanding grief,

saying: notice, someone celebrate,

I won't be going away, notice my pain,  
how dare you, why don't you want to know?