

# Glass Balloon

I've been carrying this glass balloon around with me for a while now.

So fragile and yet so heavy.

I'm terrified to let it go. In case it breaks, smashes.  
And I have nothing left.

I can't deflate it.

But it's weighing me down  
and the longer I hold it,  
the sooner I feel like I'll buckle under the weight of it.

And how do I explain to others that I am carrying something so delicate yet so substantial? How do I ask them to help me carry this thing that they cannot see?

Perhaps I'm not supposed to let it go.

Perhaps I'm supposed to tie it to my heart and carry it around forever. And it will remain as heavy and as fragile as it has always been, but I will get used to carrying it.

I will learn how to hold it on the difficult days, rather than letting it hold me.

I will learn how to let it lift me up rather than letting it weigh me down.

I will learn how to explain it to others rather than shouldering the weight in silence.

And as time goes on, maybe...

Just maybe...

I will figure out  
how to let it fly.

