

## **BALLOONS RISING OVER CLIFTON BRIDGE**

*For the Murison family*

I imagine you there  
with Anna  
holding her last moments,

her last precious breaths.  
Trembling at the great transition  
between Heaven and earth.

Struggling to let go of  
her life, her love;  
Her great gentleness

which sustained you all  
through trials and losses,  
perplexed by the great mystery  
which is death.

Urging her spirit to rise,  
like the huge hot air balloons  
rising over Clifton bridge

flying with the free grace  
of swifts,  
drifting into the realms of spirits.

She isn't far. Love stays,  
permeates the breeze,  
the vibrant colour; the reds and greens,

rising over rooves  
and churches, trees and scrub  
in the quiet place deep within us.

We are inextricably linked.  
Sewn together.  
Each an essential part of each.

She is transformed;  
She is transcended;  
Though we are broken,

We are richly blessed.

