

# Bubbles

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## Watching

in my grandchild's playschool  
as a mechanical bubble machine  
continuously ejects hundreds  
of glistening multi-colored floating  
bubbles  
to the delight of toddlers  
gamboling about squealing, laughing  
reveling in the spectacle  
reaching for a prize  
that instantly dissolves  
the moment it's touched

tears, pouts, wails  
when the machine is shuttered  
and the magic disappears

## Realizing

how we, as adults, continue  
reaching for fleeting fun  
always, endlessly, disappointed  
surely we covet grander  
bubbles  
glistening, tempting, addictive  
with which to play, to distract,  
advertising propaganda promising  
endless delights, obscuring reality

we thrill for the moment  
until the magic disappears  
then crash, waiting/wanting