

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