

JOHN BLIGHT

THIS BUBBLE

The bubble floats skywards like a world let free. The small children laugh gleefully at sight of its escape from a clay pipe's bowl. It bears the presence of their dreams extinguished in a wink, the duration of their exhaltation. There must rise another bubble and a universe to follow. That is how all happy worlds are formed. Our Earth is no exception. See it shrinking in our maturer years from the huge promise promoted at our birth. Age forecasts its blink.

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ONE WINTRY FRIDAY MORNING

The sun was lazy up this morning. It had a bank of cloud to hurdle before it could colour the world I inhabit. The winter threatened snoring like an idle dog ignoring burglary of my house; but a lazy sun woke and as I looked out I could see the jewels of the Bay, and the cloudbanks materialise into the colourful offshore islands with their sandblasts like solid lava of sunshine. Otherwise, and the day had been grey as army blankets, as thin and cheerless rags to be pulled up to my chin in chagrin at another day wasted — so few left.