

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.