

## Mobile Bubble

Beady Belle

I'm going forward in a mobile bubble  
I am on my way to a blank page  
That's where the future is as yet novel  
It's coming towards me while I age

I'm going forward in a mobile bubble  
And all the shapes I see they grow  
And I am greedy and I want to gobble  
All the details that come and go

In a while the shapes will lose their substance  
And I will have to turn around to achieve distance

I'm going backward in a mobile bubble  
I need binoculars to see the history  
And all the details they seem to huddle  
In to a lump I can't decide or even see

In a while the spirit will retire  
And I will have to turn around to achieve desire