

Beady Belle, Mobile Bubble

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