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Bubble

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COMMUNION

Ann Marie Newman

The shotgun blast of the screen door slapping shut
Announces to the bright, sunny world the arrival of...ME!

Hah-Hah!

My eight-year-old legs leap off the top step in a single bound.

I soar through the air down, down, down.

My landing is muffled in the pillowy, green grass

Surrounding grandma's farmhouse.

Overcome by the delicious ecstasy of warm, crystal clear, sunlit air,

I twirl, leap, and dance upon my bare toes like the

Bolshoi ballerina I imagine myself to be in that very moment.

With one final spinning leap I land, fall, and roll

One, two, three times,

Finally stilling spread-eagle on my back,

Cradled by the grass whose silken blades

Tickle my bare legs; they're welcome, gentle.

Beneath the calming midday sun I rest beside Grandma's flower garden,

Where my eyes are treated to a brilliant, polychromatic rainbow

Of lusty blooms swaying in the breeze.

BUBBLE

Amanullah Kahn

