**To a Bubble**

 *in its capacity as representative of all bubbles*

Jesse Miksic

It is nothing to you to loft

Around and between the

Many densities of our yardscape and

Brisk driveway — this world is

Nothing if not a manifold of

Invisible currents for you to

Course upon in the eternity until

You alight and blink away

It is nothing to you to bend

All the specular world inward and be

An aimless enigma of transparency,

To sound an aria of all possible colors

At play upon your single

Shivering curve, your edgeless lens

It is nothing to you to slip

This way through early Spring,

Full of my breath, inside smelling

Of Coke and easter candy,

Leading her onward and trembling

With her laughter — and it is

Nothing to you to spend my gaze

As I watch from my safe distance,

Her laugh, my breath, the curve

That contains the world — carry us

Across the lawn, leave us where you will

It is nothing it is nothing.