

The spotted shade of the cherry tree plays across the bedroom wall.
The summer's sun sets after bedtime, a cruel trick on small, restless feet.
Thin arms link across the expanse of white t-shirt tummy, another one dad, another one!
There once was a bubble and his name was? BUBBALO BILL! And he knew?
EVERYTHING!
All the words in synch, in step, read from the book in the back of the brain.
And he liked to eat? SOAP! And like to drink? SHAMPOO! And for dessert?
CONDITIONER!
Pink bubble floating, expanding, sticking...small as a piece of gum, big as a hot air balloon.
What do you want in the story? A shoe! A puppy...Bubbalo Gil! A train. A fire hydrant.
Bubbalo Bill picks up each of these destinations, rarely hurried with the burden of knowing, rarely frustrated in the silence of limited bubble.
Summer feet entwine, eyes and hands trace the walls, imagining, waiting for a shoe, a puppy, a hydrant.