

## Sussex Poets Competition 2015:

### 1<sup>st</sup> Prize - £500 University of Brighton Prize

#### Bubbles

by  
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Some were record breakers,  
longest or largest, but most  
impressive was the man who blew carousels  
spinning inside a giant bubble.  
He knew the trick to turn spheres into cubes  
and proved you could make  
impossible spaces anywhere.

Our spaces were wide  
open twists of wire dipped in Fairy  
rims of pots that spilled  
into sticky hazards on kitchen floors.

Outdoors, we pawed the air.  
It was a thrill to touch one –  
                    the quick fizz on skin  
that sting against our tongues –  
we were open-mouthed.

Tripping in flip-flops, we blew and blew  
and blew. That year we watched a billion  
burst on hot pavements.  
Only a few went free. We followed them  
with our eyes, felt ourselves float too, across hedges  
to trespass neighbours' lawns.

After the bubbles had gone, we became sick of soap.  
Teachers taught us how molecules stick together  
and oil slick disasters littered our textbooks.  
We were perfect, but empty, one part of us  
turned to the lesson, the rest of our body stretched thin at the  
edge of the chair, waiting to be released.