

# WHEN BUBBLES CEASE:

Reflections on Effervescent Existence



**Linda :** Our lives are like bubbles.

**Lily :** . . . somehow believing each is unique.

**Ron :** That might seem true, yet all bubbles have the same fate:  
a return to empty space.

**Ram :** For that matter, each galaxy is a mere bubble. But what's the  
point in mentioning this?

**Ron :** (shrugging) I dunno. For me, it's good to realize how small we are . . .

**Lily :** (pausing) For me it's realizing how all bubbles are connected.

**Ram :** (in acerbic jest) Perhaps individuality is a myth?

- **T Newfields**

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