



TELEPHONE GALLERY  
293 EAST 2ND AVE  
VANCOUVER, BC  
604 499 9679

## Bubble Guard

*When you're alone and life is making you lonely  
You can always go  
Downtown*

A cold environment with straight lines that crisscross  
Closed, hard forms

DO NOT ENTER

Barriers erected signal private and public  
stacked one on top of the other

Innately rude  
Making zero eye contact  
Speaking to no one

Standing tall and in the way  
Purposefully spiked edges of inhospitality  
Blocks, cornered in and on  
are Legos fused with glue

However, nothing is fixed, the glue can be unstuck  
There is no comfort in the familiar, a distrust  
a line, a view, a pathway  
the next day a void, an obstruction

*When the dog bites/when the bee stings/when I'm feeling sad/I simply remember my favourite things and  
then I don't feel so bad*



TELEPHONE GALLERY  
293 EAST 2ND AVE  
VANCOUVER, BC  
604 499 9679

It's important to find the bubbles floating within  
A bubble is made of companions  
and acts as protection  
A safe zone

To be encircled dulls the hostility

It grows and shrinks  
But, if tended to, the bubble should not pop

Sometimes the bubble is full, it can take no more  
But mostly it thrives the bigger it gets  
It softens the rigidity of its surroundings

*No time to search the world around  
'Cause you know where I'll be found  
When I come around*

Smaller bubbles may form and separate  
Floating off in various directions  
retaining the memory of the lane they travelled  
And the possibility of rejoining, which is very likely  
As it is known that nothing is fixed

-- Lyndsay Pomerantz