

If I Were a Kite

If I were a kite,
I'd kneel down —
Stretch my skinny arms out wide,
and wait for the wind.

My bright yellow shirt,
would fill up like a sail
and flap, and flap once more,
tugging my crisscrossed wooden bones —
and me,
toward wandering seas of clouds.

My rippling paper skin
would rustle as if there was applause.
I would inhale,
gulping one last gust of wind
to swoop me around giddy quick,
above the mighty tall old trees.

My red raggedy tail
would drift toward everything blue —
To balance me,
so that one day, all-day —
I could loop and climb, loop and climb
and soar into pure beautiful sky.