

Kite Flying

My younger brother held the kite
by its yellow diamond frame
and threw it up high mere moments
before I took off running.

The first few times it nose-dived
and crashed, its colorful tail
crumpling on the grass,
but we were undeterred.

When it finally took flight,
it glided with such ease
that it was a wonder
how it had ever
touched the ground.

But then the wind picked up.
The string snapped.
Freed from its tether,
the kite met its end
in the highest bough
of the tallest tree.

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