

Kite

by Walt Sutton

Red kite catches wind
that gusts and blows
the shirt against my back
and that string burns a furrow
into me
near the top
the tip
of my finger
the one that holds the string
but now must decide either to let go
or to suffer more
and clamp down
flesh cut by string
OUCH I shout
but clamp
not wanting to loose the kite
red rip stop
smear across a blue cloudless sky
I clamp,
Ouch! I say
but control the kite
by moving the string
out of the cut
to another place
on my finger
where skin protects me
and my grip will hold better
knowing more gusts approach

