**The Red Kite** *by Barry Norris*

One day my father took me to the nearest beach.

He urged wind into a red kite’s skin, jabbing the string.

‘It’s up! It’s up!’ he shouted, like a seagull screech.

But the slackening string fell, a flopping filigree.

Increasingly miserable, each cast into the reluctant air

Just added weight to my father’s kite-diving despair.

‘There’s just not enough wind. It will never fly’,

He cried. But then, with astonished eyes, he watched

As I launched the red kite into the accepting sky.

And I, taut on the end of the strumming string,

Sustained the red kite upon the restless breeze,

My bird of prey, its wings quivering.

Not for a second did my rapt eye

Leave that shimmering bird. For in that moment,

I held the wind. I earthed the sky.