



BE MY KITE

By Wayne Visser

Be my kite:

Rise up from the earth
On a breath and a whisper
Dazzle in the sunshine
And tiptoe on the wind
Be brilliant in your beauty
And agile in your ability
Boldly fly your true colours
For your own delight
And for mine

Dart and duck and dive
As you streak across the blue
Leaving a ribbon trail
Swirl and shake and shimmy
As you sparkle in the light
Burning like a comet
Flash and flirt and flutter
As you perform your moves
For cheering terrestrials
And for me

Be my kite:

Stretch for your freedom
Beyond the ties that bind you
Feel the wind's desire
And the tug of remote intention
(Almost imperceptible)
Sail the rough sky-seas
Until you are all spent
Until you are ready
Ready to return

Fly for the joy of flying
Yet also for the pleasure of another





For without its flyer
A kite is like a tumbleweed
On a dusty track to nowhere
And strain against your leash
Yet not so hard that the bond snaps
For without its strings
A kite is like a leaf in autumn
At the wind's random mercy

Be my kite:
Resist the steady pull
Holding you back from the sun
until you feel the warm glow
Of pulsing exhilaration
And hard-earned exhaustion
Then submit to the safety
Of the solid ground below
To be gently caressed
By rough hands

Reach for the horizon
Yet do not fear being grounded
For just as there is passion in wildness
So too is there satisfaction in peace
And in non-striving
Push out the boundaries
Yet do not fear known places either
For while there is tension in resistance
There is also relief in submission
And in letting-be

Be my kite:
Test your limits
But also trust the signals
Of the one who keeps you aloft
For to fly without strings
Is to soar free and high
But only for a fleeting moment





Before you plummet and crash
Perhaps never to rise
And fly again

Keep asking questions
And listen for the answers
For your strength is your awareness
Your sensitivity to subtle signs
And gentle shifts
Keep an open mind
And do not jump to conclusions
For your weakness is your stubbornness
Your failure to read the wind's moods
And trust the flyer's skills

Be my kite:
And follow your instincts
For you were born to fly
To dance across the sky
Moving to the beat of the wind
And the song of your strings
Knowing that you can let go
Because there is another
Who is holding tight
And taking care

Fly across the seasons of time
Float on the summer breeze
And ride out the winter storm
Surf on the autumn currents
And climb the summer thermals
But when the air is still and calm
Return to me and rest easy
Gather your strength
So that you will be ready
Ready to rise again

Be my kite:





Fly high and swoop low
Kiss the veil of the clouds
And taste the salty ocean spray
Wink knowingly at the birds
And giggle at the startled butterflies
Be my eyes beyond the horizon
And my ears upon the breeze
Then come home and tell me all
All the secrets of the spheres

So let the wind tussle your hair
But not tangle your mind
For there is no direction without intent
And be sure to let the sun warm your face
But not melt your will
For there is no freedom without choice
And now be my kite
Fly for me
Fly to me
Fly!

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