



On flying a kite today, which I haven't done for 1,000 years

Today I visited the sky
 well me and my trusty old
 pocket sled kite.

No stick. Fits in your trou like
 a hankie.

Only this one flies.

And we almost got to the end of the string, despite tricky
 ground flutters,
 disturbances,
 wee gusts not playing
 too.

Still, the string got out
 and we touched
deep sky for a moment
 well, almost

and shared the company of a
 winning hand,

splayed just fine, of
pocket-sized fair-weather
cumulus

our card in the sky today

seagulls and I (we) made
eye contact,
the three of us soaring

the kite came down
 back to my hand
 (a quiet kite-flyer
 achievement)
and was pleased with its flight
 so was I
and pleased to be re-united
 so was I

And the day took on a quietly pleasant character

Here I am learning to relax again
 can't be that hard
but it had been
 for too long.

And the kite was OK to fold its wings like a bird
 coming home to nest
I should have been working on
 the engine, the autopilot, the toilets
 but no, not

Lesley you made a wee GoPro
 film of an event
 that wasn't eventful

No. Yes. It was.

And...

