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## Kites

Leland Kinsey

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# *Kites*

Leland Kinsey holds an M.A. in creative writing from Syracuse University, where he was Instructor in English for two years. He now lives in northern Vermont and works for the Vermont Council on the Arts as a writer and printer.

We let them out more than a mile,  
 The line sags so the eye can't follow.  
 They are bridled well, climbed swiftly—  
 The one I made you and the one I kept—  
 And are almost out of view. In some lands  
 These kites would be gods, carrying away spirits  
 Or bringing them down. They are simple here  
 As we stand under them. I tie the unwound line  
 To a stone. At the turn of the century  
 Armies sent spies aloft in kites;  
 The Chinese did it twenty centuries before;  
 And the myth of Icarus might be  
 Balanced on a fact.  
 But you are bored, these kites carry  
 Little weight, and I stand here  
 With my foot on a stone like a threshold.

—Leland Kinsey