

Poems and Kites

by Nancy Martz

I think that I shall never write
A poem airheaded as my kite.
A poem depends upon my wit;
A kite's too willful to submit.

Like a sled dog, I dash with my kite.
To send it aloft I unleash all my might.
Sweating and twitching my muscles are tight,
While the kite flops along in the dirt without flight.

Whereas poetry always lies down and rolls over,
A kite's an obstreperous headstrong revolter,
Flitting amuck where withal the wind blows--
Sluttish and tawdry and thumbing its nose.

Careening and tumbling a kite takes the lead,
But words in my poems never dare to secede.
They burst from my brain as I summon them hither.
I trade and reject them and ne're do they dither.

As poet I think and choose and erase.
A kite is a reckless apostate disgrace.
Impulsive and thoughtless it strains to sail free;
Shifty and flighty, it snags on a tree.

I pull and twist to rescue its frame,
But the kite is tangled beyond reclaim.
I see through the branches its angular spine.
I yank once more and break the twine.

My poem lives on paper and plays in my head.
That kite in the treetop is certainly dead.
Until I can't run, I'll fly one again,
And when my mind falters, I'll write until then.