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The Kite As A Metaphor For Forgetting

by Paula Weld-Cary

Spring blew in and my brother put together a colorful kite, using balsam wood for cross braces, making the tail from a ripped, white sheet, then attaching the kite to a ball of string. The day was bright and filled with April gusts as we walked around the corner to Brookview School where we ran with the kite until the wind plucked it rippling from our hands. It spiraled upward, became a small white speck whose solid tugging presence helped me forget about my mother's mental illness. As I watched it billow, bird-like, it seemed that anything was possible.

I gave the string back and ran home to tell my mother: "Look up at the sky!"

She was in good spirits that day and came out onto the steps, gazing above the roofs until she found it.

"Wow," she said, and I felt connected to her energy, which seemed as strong as the billowing kite. It was at moments like that that I loved being with her, and I lived for those brief times. We stood together, no words between us, then she went back into the house, and I made my way back to the schoolyard, passing crocuses and forsythia's yellow blooms. The world seemed dazzling as I took the kite back into my hands, held it with all my might, wishing away the moment when it would have to come down.

Paula Weld-Cary writes fiction, nonfiction, and poetry. Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and has appeared in many journals in the United States and abroad, including *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Atlanta Review*, *Portland Review*, *Cream City Review*, and *Southern Humanities Review*. She lives in Rochester, New York and can be reached at pweldcary@yahoo.com.

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