

Catharine Lucas

RUNAWAY

(for my son at 16)

A white string zips along my path
I clutch at grass and gravel—too late!
 someone's yellow kite hops the shoreline
 jonquil gone crazy
 staggers like a sunny drunk
 into low rushing fog,
 dips, water bound—
 —but no!
a gust tosses it high to where another wind
 plays it up into clear blue

I console myself—
Who knows how much of sea
 how many birds and heaving whales
 it will salute before its certain death?

I thought kites were programmed to plummet
 when the string is lost—
But today, an aerodynamically impossible kite
has revealed a new world order:
 some days, some winds
 some kites unanchored soar