

kite by julie fitzpatrick

we flew a kite today - scratch that - the guys flew a kite and i jogged around the huge park we'd gone to stopping every so often to gaze at them and film them guiding this gorgeous bird on a string which was flying up and up and over and down and around and back and twirling and winking and waving hello. it was painting these amazing shapes in the sky - dancing with the wind and fluttering in flair-filled glory, its tail laughing and shimmying all over that bluest of blue canvases until- it caught in a tree. its movement abruptly ended. stopped. over. it's over. done - all of it. shoot! the branches have it - oh no! oh no! we'll never get it down. we'll never recover. it will be broken- torn- the entire day, ripped up, ruined, just like that- the whole plan- our silly plan - to get fresh air. what were we thinking? trying to turn this whole thing around- this whole weird thing- this whole unwordable surreal time- this unprecedented/ unknown/ uncertain moment. why did we even come outside? we're all supposed to be inside anyway- aren't we? is this even safe? what's safe? are we far enough away from those people on the other side of the path walking with their dog? is this "socially distant" enough? when was the last time we hand-sanitized? 10 minutes? 5? is there a tickle in my throat? can everyone breathe deeply? my hands clench in a wave of panic. I stare at my shoes trying to catch myself/ bring myself back from plummeting/ get my spirits to rise again/ stay calm/ not claim disaster quite so quickly. come on, julie, you're stronger than this- come on! and then I hear a sound that shocks me- surprises me- makes my head knock back raising my eyes along with it. it's the sound of lift off! the sound of a tree exhaling- the sound of relief- it's the sound of a kite released- snapping into soaring again. the kite is flying again! I almost jump and shout- you, go, kite! yes! It's like there was an instantaneous agreement between the kite and the wind- *let's resume that flying thing, shall we?* and the branch said *sure thing, grand idea!* and simply let go- let go- and so the kite again flew. it swooped up and off that knotted branch like it had taken the tiniest of naps there and was refreshed/ ready to rock 'n roll once more. It soared towards the clouds with grace and nonchalance - *what were you worried about, child? a little branch or two, a little tangle-time isn't going to stop us from flight- from living- from this bliss.* simple as that- light as that- *wEEEEEEEE* I watched it in awe/ my breath slowing. yes, there's a virus- yes, there's fear- yes, there's question after question. anxiety/ doubt/ concern- will it get him or him or her? take me, please. not them. not them. but then, i must remember today and tomorrow and tomorrow's tomorrow that there is also, possibly, somewhere, an open field- a clear sky- and a kite that's flying flying flying

flying!