



### **Children are like kites.**

You work so hard trying your best to get them off the ground.

You run with them until you are both breathless,  
dodging obstacles, avoiding tangles.

They hit roof tops. They crash.

You patch things up, make adjustments and learn.

You watch them lifted by the fickle wind  
and pray it will help keep them up.

You assure them that someday they will reach great heights.

But they always need more string to soar.

You keep letting them go and with each distancing release  
there is sadness mixed with joy because you know-

too soon this precious lofty gift will snap the line  
that binds and fly as it was always meant to-

**free and alone.**