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My kite

My kite

I found you on the ground

deserted

trashed

trampled

spitted upon

almost without any value to others

I saw you

that you existed

Felt that you were worth something special to me

I took you in

repaired and patched you

gently and carefully

tied to you a ribbon in which I attached my heart

Take you to my beach

run against the wind

let you gain height again

loosen the line

You fly higher and higher

the winds caress you

trying to lure you away again

up to pink clouds of new dreams

the only thing connecting us is a thin band

will you land at me again

would you rather go where the wind tempts you with its promises?

meanwhile I see your dance

in choices and temptations

All that connects us

a thin line

will it carry you back or away?

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