

i'll give you a large sum of money for finding my kite. thanks.

by Molly Keegan Kuhn

we tied the kite around our wrists. so tight. that our skin grew pink zebra stripes. dug into our skin like silver razors.

we were well equipped with our innocent jeans, bent over to adorn the earth with our childish grins and unspeakable charm. four hands holding one plastic spool. licking our shoes for luck. collecting rabbits, lavender, and warlock dust. quickly running with our thoughts knotted into yellow bows. love drifting in the air with only our directionless directions. safe. we thought. safe up there and pretty. mango-berry, nutmeg, butterfly wings.

dazzling, sparkling, shifting, sliding, slithering through the bright tiger sky. no rain. no thunder. moon. or bear would take our diamond bird.

the other kite fliers were terribly jealous. throwing their frowns up in contemplation. wondering what would make theirs fly better. plump little girls stood dangerously with their fingers on their hips. graying men spat on the ground. dogs barked. pigeons gawked at us. amazing. they said. but unbelievable. even we were amazed at the expense of our great soaring creature.

but we grew cocky.

after awards, vacations to Mauve Beach, crisp rainbow sand underneath our nude bodies, trips to the harbor, Adventure Park, free vegan coupons, tours of the wonder girl cottages, week long easy passes on highways, 75% off Charlie Cards, and dinners with

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fancy violin playing aristocrats...we started to take it for granted

we closed our eyes. we stayed still. we turned the other way, and danced as our kite (a lone sole) floated unwatched.

beaks nipped at its silk pattern. airplane wings cut through the string. and soon the spool slipped from our hands unnoticed.

calm at first. we thought of rescue plans. we'd find it somewhere. we looked through lions mouth, dug through snail swamps. asked hornets, and dragonflies. have you seen it? road through the burning rays. dove through the worm trenches. into a sloths tongue.

but our hope started to diminish when failure got repetitive. with wet eyes and soggy answers. we hid our emotions. it was only a kite.

desperate we found a new one. the man promised its glory. and sure enough, it was a beam of holiness. soaring only the way an angel could. unlocking the secrets of wind and feathers.

but our eyes grew bored. and as the new bird did the work for us...we still dreamed of finding the old one. like an ex-wife, a lost pet. a mother who never found her baby. we had nightmares. sometimes we saw it in the sky. we'd stand on invisible stairs trying to reach it. running like frightened geese. we were going to catch up with it. grab onto its string. pull it down.

our kite.

left a ghost. stain. elephants on our bodies. so thick and demanding that we grew tired of any reminders. we got tired of looking at our reflections passing glass buildings, and tired of looking at each other. and the once comfort of the the others soul. the ardor grew terribly displeasing

our minds once connected by a kite, split as if our stone attachment was merely a rinkydink mimic of earlier engagements. barriers that we built. mazes we hid in. relished gardens. blossomed fortifications. were all blown over. we were in awe at how easy something so tenacious could break so easily. but our shock didn't impede our solitude.

we returned to the world that had greeted us previous to our meeting. empty as it seemed. we tried to carry on like. no big deal. brain washing ourselves into. it's for the best. and. it's meant to be. like our departure from each other, and our kite was all right. it would be OK.

ignoring the guilty conscience and suppressed the feeling. blaming the other one for no ones mistake.

sitting on the sidelines watching the thousands of kites take flight. we tried to warn them. no. stop. but at the same time. their orange passion lit a fire around us and fire flies tried to convince us to play the game again. just one more time. we'll find you a new one. tempting we said. but we weren't swayed.

holding onto a twisting, churning peg. i hold her in my fingers. feeling her again. smooth, delicate. boundless energy and freedom. exploring hungrily. the vast terrain. sailing through heights. i could probably never reach. my body up against hers. bridging the gaps between flesh and air. mending the wounds. cleaning up the forgotten, dying death of her. bringing her back to life. lifting her up. letting her go.

