

Box Kite

by stephen hastings-king

The box kite floats high over the marsh. You follow the string and its downward trailing arc across an abstract blue field past curious geometrical forms of white and yellow & a cloud of mechanical birds that wobble machine trajectories through modalities of falling & you choose one and watch it to the point at which the air absorbs it while below on another level a human shape separates from the ochre and green of the grasses. It carries two long poles each with a red square and the red squares blur hesitate, blur hesitate, fragments of a message merging into distortion and distraction.

The box kite floats high over the marsh. You follow the string and its downward trailing arc across an abstract blue field past curious geometrical forms of white and yellow, following the line of time, the arc of things, life spans and trajectories, the tenuousness of focus on a thin white thread in the glare off the water from the sunlight of morning, your descent through oscillations of foreground and background which slow as your gaze approaches the rooftop you are perched on, the edges of your naked body & the string attached to a box kite that is tied to your penis.

