**Kite Dream**

Greg Friedmann

We agreed: you can’t fly a kite without smiling.

We took turns holding the string, feeling its persistent tug,

our eyes following the long curving arc of string

up to that rattling dancing burst of color.

Strings also, strung on our guitars. You’d accompany

me without complaint, even on schmaltzy songs.

I wish I’d learned more of yours—the drinking tunes,

the gritty ones, the real ones like Prine’s.

You missed Trump and his insurrections,

but how we’d’ve enjoyed talking politics

into the night, finishing each other’s sentences,

playing music when words were done.

A sudden tug on the string. I look up:

you’re gone, no kite dancing, just string—

taut now as wire—pulling hard into nothing.