**In The Sky, With Diamonds**

Yoda Olinyk

Dad shows me how to grip the rope

so that it doesn’t slice my finger off.

He takes the first turn, cracked heels

planted firmly in the grass. Loosens

a few feet of string and starts sprinting.

 *Up, up, and away!* Sometimes I cannot distinguish

my laugh from his. People always say

I have his nose. But today I know

I have his heart. He darts across the yard.

Cackles. Waits for the lime-green fabric

to catch the wind. More string. More sprints.

I cheer him on and we name our kite Lucy.

Dad sings to our viridian, diamond sun. Dad used to

lecture a lot. Used to swear a lot. But today I know

he misses his first kite. How he’d rush

home each day to fly it. How each time it broke,

he’d mend it with glue. It eventually got too heavy

to fly. He eventually got old. Had me.

 *These new fibreglass kites are fine,* he laments

as he passes me the bridle, shows me

how to release just enough string; how to

remove the tension so the kite can glide

all its own. Reminds me to hold on tight—

 *but not too tight*. Kites, Dad says, want to be free.