

# *A Kite's flight*

**By Evelyn Cheung**

Surfing through the clouds,  
I slide across the drunken face of Mr. Sun  
as quick as a cunning rat flips around my kitchen.  
Recall every busy morning, smoke scroll  
from fresh grilled banana wrapped in sticky rice.

I roll and roll  
under momentum of the jolly wind.  
Rising higher and higher  
I mock my competitors,  
without feeling the human's grip tightening me.

Rising too far, I boast with my head up:  
  
the championship surely mine.

I look for a familiar face,  
but see no one. Only the air to whisper  
and the cresting canvas of the sky  
I, restless, rise higher and higher  
No longer limited by the red string  
With zero-gravity upon  
my teal diamond body blown

by the frisky air motion  
into a swelling baby bump.

# Hatchlings

**By Evelyn Cheung**

Slope off into countless days and nights. I see:  
a flock of whooping cranes in the green paddy fields.  
Transient conical-hats hurry moving  
Bamboo shoulder poles full of golden barley  
I slowly glide towards those water buffalos  
Their ivory horns sliding ground in haste  
The wind blows me some miles further  
A bony kid crying under the bamboo hedge.  
A pair of sparrows flicker across my sight,  
then land on a tiny straw nest with three little eggs.  
The male feeds his mate, while she's hatching their seeds.

Thunder smashes the cajuput wetland  
Crystal droplets fulfill the hungry plants  
My wooden bones cracking  
at the sound of pitter-patter song  
My wreckage disperses, blurry  
In the nest, a new born baby breaks the cells.  
A piece of my body flies over the tree  
shadow above three fragile hatchlings.