

## A Kite of a Whale

As I looked out the window, the cerulean sky was nearby glimmering and shimmering with the flaring sun up high. The tender grass with specks of drops sitting on the leaves and laying their day, before it comes dark and ruins the day. The pleasantly sweet, sharp scent of wet grass conjured up in the air, and around the recreation ground. Tender grass whispered secrets to the breeze, A canvas of morning promise, where dreams found ease.

There was a sprinting boy running out to the park, he looked like he was ready to play another day in the sun. His smile shined bright and he looked so happy like never before. His mother followed along, carrying a bag with a kite in it. The boy unfolded the kite that was covered in brown paper.

It was a whale as big as a door.

There it was, revealed against the azure expanse, A whale kite, majestic and improbable a cosmic dance. Its tail, a rudder steering through invisible tides, As if the boy held the strings of the universe, where wonder abides.

As the evening hues began to tinge the edges of day, the whale kite's journey seemed not to sway. It danced above fields of gold and green, a spectacle of joy in the tranquil scene. The boy's eyes sparkled with reflections of twilight, his silhouette a stark contrast against the fading light.

The mother watched. Her son's joy lifting her spirit, a celestial thought. Together, they launched the whale into the boundless blue, Its paper skin catching wind, soaring higher than they knew.

The whale dipped and soared, a mythical creature unbound, Its flukes brushed stardust, its body a vessel spellbound. The boy's smile mirrored the sun, radiant and true, As if he'd harnessed the sunbeams to chase skies anew.

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So let the cerulean sky remember their flight, Where dreams took wing, and the ordinary took flight. For in that golden moment, as the sun and kite aligned, They painted magic across the canvas of time.

The boy's laughter echoed, a chorus of wonder, as if the whale kite understood the language of dreams. They wove stories together about the boy, the kite and the fading sun.

And so they flew, the boy and the whale-kite, until the stars blinked awake. The cerulean sky remembered their flight. In that golden moment, as the sun and kite aligned, they painted magic across the canvas of time.

"Tomorrow," the boy whispered to the kite, "we'll fly again."

And they would be chasing sunsets and dreams, forever bound by the cerulean sky and the whale that defied gravity.