

# **Theophany**

**by Neil Carpathios**

A little boy is flying a kite in the park.  
You ask if he tied the handkerchief  
to the tail for balance.  
He looks in your eyes, quite serious, says  
no, it is to try and dry the tears  
of the clouds up there.  
Then he hands you the string  
and says, here you try,  
it's not so hard.  
And together you both watch  
the kite dip and soar,  
up and down, back and forth,  
doing the impossible  
for all of us.