



# The kites

Up in the air  
See the kites fly,  
Like coloured birds  
In the wind-whipped sky.

I wish I were small  
And light as air,  
I would climb on a kite  
And sail up there.

Then I'd drift upon  
The paper wings  
And hear the songs  
That the wild wind sings.

What fun it would be  
To look right down –  
Over the park  
And the rooftops of town.

The people below  
Would stand and stare  
And wish they were me  
High, high in the air.

Daphne Lister

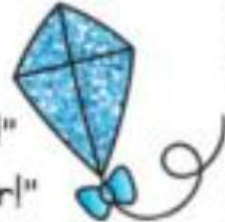
# Five Little Kites



Five little kites up high in the sky.

The first one said, "Look at me fly!"

The second one said, "Watch me soar!"



The third one said, "Let's do it some more!"

The fourth one said, "Let's go to the sun!"

The fifth one said, "It's Springtime fun!"

Then WHOOOOSH went the wind,

And it blew all the kites!

Then they danced in the sky and

flew out of sight!

