



Whenever wind lifted off the river
and sent the trees to dancing,
I'd itch to fly a kite.

I'd race to the great Niagara,
plumes of mist rising from plunging waters,
wind licking at my face.
A boy like me knew, just *knew*,
which day would be perfect for flying kites.

On the day when winds blew fair and strong,
I wore my woolens thick to dull the bite of winter.

Against the sky, a confetti of kites already played.
Some boys stood on the American bank.
But a boy like me knew the wind's true course.
Canada was the proper place to catch the southwest breeze.





As if she knew
her purpose greater than to fly,
Union danced above the rapids.
She danced to heaven's gate,
and then she landed swiftly, safely, strongly
on the American side.

My Union held secure!
The prize was mine.
But better still
was my father in the cheering crowd.

A boy like me had joined two countries!