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Kites

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Kites

Sauharda Bikram Sedhain

The sun god, Surya, blessed the hazy Kathmandu skies
So that children can play and fly.
Fly kites.

Kamran, the only Muslim teen in my vicinity,
Bought the sharpest and longest string
To attach to the 15 Rupees-kite I bought.

His landlord, a wrinkly dark skinned man,
Gave us an approving nod
To go to the roof
Of his five storied building.

The wind god, Vayu, favors Kamran
As our spool spins, whirls and reels
And our kite soars, glides and cuts the strings
Of presumptuous challengers.

Their profane swears and curses
Fall quiet like their kites
While our voices echo:
“Changa Chet!”

Glossary

Changa Chet- an urban terminology; when you cut the string of another's kite you are supposed to yell '*changa chet!*' which means 'kite is cut'.