



A KITE

I often sit and wish that I
could be a kite up in the
sky,
and ride upon the breeze and
go
whichever way I chanced to
grow



SUMMARY

- The narrator of the poem is a kid, who wishes to be a kite and says if he/she were a kite, he/she would use the breeze and go anywhere he/she would get a chance to go.

NEW WORDS

Often

Ride

Breeze

Blow

See so many beautiful kites



THANK YOU