



High above and upon the invisible clouds mass is my pedal stool.
The wind is my gateway to reach where the king of the kite rules.
It was heavenly beautiful looking into the open sky.
It was Easter Monday my pain is a neigh.

I knew my prayer could fly, fly and fly way up to the unseen sky.
I could use my ears to sing I knew I was made to fly up high.
I could use my eyes to understand thy prayer of the wind I sigh.
I could use my kite frame to defeat the strength of pain as I cry.
I could use my heart to dance joyfully because my pain is in the past.
I could use my white kite paper to mop out the frailness of
my imperfection.
I could use my one thousand miles of twine to secure my tower of strength
to hold out for divine hope and security.
I could use my voice to cry out that my prayer to not falter for where is
life there is hope.

A prayer for all the children who are less fortunate with cleft lips smile.