Hello,

I'd like to submit this poem for the next Rice Paper issue. I had assigned students in class to think and talk about something that represents them, and what she came up with was very poetic. As it was work for class, I suggested minor grammar changes, but otherwise this is her original work. Her name is Amanda and she's a sophomore English major at Mianyang Teachers College, and I have her permission to share it. I've pasted it below.

Thanks,

Megan

Kite

万荣 Amanda

I am dreaming of flying in the midair and greeting the twittering birds.

I am dreaming of getting through the brushes and the jungles and never ending until I reach the wonderland.

I am dreaming of touching the blue blue sky and overlooking the struggling way I have passed, with bitterness, tears, and smiles.

Those are my dreams, so beautiful and so breakable.

So beautiful that I desperately thrive, at any cost, to achieve all of them.

So breakable that only one pull of the string might devastate all

of them.

I fall and fail; I wander and wonder. Deeply wrapped up in my thought, I find myself as the kite flyer, actually.

Instead of pulling back the string, I can choose to unwind the string and unwind myself and follow my heart.