

An Elegy for Icarus

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you were always one to reach for the stars

your dad gave you wings and
hoped you'd be content with the sky
he was afraid
he'd lived long enough to see
young boys like you
set their sights on the
North Star only
to become a lost boy
who would never land

yes, Daedalus had seen
smart little boys like you
tumble into a grave of
seaweed and coral with
a weight on their back

but Daedalus knew that
a dreamer like you
would not be happy at an
altitude any lower than the clouds

your dad knew the world was afraid
of you
of your flight
of your dream to reach the stars

