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A MESSAGE TO ICARUS

"Icarus, your father waits on the mountain top."

The mind that built the Maze to hold the Beast
Has now contrived the means for your escape.
Ready the wings
Wait for the breeze
And leap-

The keening of wailing winds
Goes hurtling by your madly waving arms.
Your own exhilarating scream is lost
In the tumult of the buffeting winds.
The earth has you on her hook
And begins to reel you down
But then-
You leap
You jump
You scream once more,
And then you fly.

You lazily drift through cloud-covered dream worlds
Of half-seen haze.
The sea spreads out beneath you like the violet cloak of Kingship
As you gaze in wonderment at your new world.
The flying comes easily.
Soon you have mastered your wings
And you learn to dive
To swoop
To soar.
Not content with simple play you turn your eyes upward
And begin to rise.

"Icarus, you are go for throttle up."

Higher and higher
Taunt the distant dismal earth
So far below your shining wings.
Feathers and beeswax
Hydrogen and Oxygen
Such little things were made to mock the ground
When mastered by the mind of man.

Higher and higher
Greet the sailing shining sun
But then-
Too high
Too far-
Feathers and beeswax
Hydrogen and Oxygen
Such fragile things not suited well for Sol's uncaring test
Of all that men contrive

The earth soars to meet you
As you fall,
The sun stares down indifferently
While you plummet,
Darkness and silence engulf you
When you strike the surface of the sea.

That sea now bears your memory and your name.
Others will follow you into the sky.
Some will learn from your mistake
But some will go
Too high
Too far
As you did,
And seas of tears will bear their memories and their names.
But then-
New wings will be made
Adamant, gold
And men will rise once more to pass Sol's test
Of all that they contrive,
And Challenge the sun for possession of the sky.

1/4/86

Stephen Moore
St. Malachy's Memorial High School

Trial Run

Starting in medias res
patchwork feelings, paislied guilt

Splashes of colour on the calendar
cartoon balloons filled with a name

Jokes and paranola
trial runs and immersions

Always facing squarely
the blue-grey traffic lights

Anne Perkin

a colville

Smooth waters
no ripples or shadows
footless legs submerged
in the depths

Dogs and children
no wrinkles or stains
seeking eternity
in a backyard

Unperturbed surfaces
no ups or downs
beneath lies terror
on the canvas

Anne Perkin