

Falling in Love

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Icarus and his uneven tan lines
always waiting to stretch out his own limbs, his own spirit.
The Sun wishing to be held by a lover
the way the Moon caresses the stars at night.
Icarus, littered with hopes of freedom, fingers coated in warm wax.
The Sun holding back the darkness. Icarus caught

in the space between the sky and the earth.

Pride, as it takes flight. Pride, as it spreads open its wings,
as it rises, golden in the sun.
Sunlight breaking through the skin, cracking
the spine and bleaching the bones. Do you know who you are letting in?
Who you have allowed to curl up in the space
between your third and fourth rib?

Icarus reaches up to the Sun, he cries, "Darling, why must we fall?
Why must we burn?" The Sun remains silent.
She witnesses the ocean as it chews and swallows,
and then she speaks: "Because, Darling, we must.
We must."