

Icarus

November 10, 2008

I wished upon a star last night
As children often do
Hoping in their innocence
That their wish might come true
I crossed my fingers and took a deep breath
And said, "Star light, star bright,"
Then went to bed, quite confident
My wish would be granted that night.
I found it hard to go to sleep
Because I was so sure
That my wish would surely come to pass
Before passed one hour more
But finally I fell asleep
And when I opened up my eyes
I turned my head around to look
And to my great surprise
I saw sleek feathers, as long as my hand
Burnished, golden things
I stretched, and felt new muscles wake
As I unfurled my wings!
Great feathered vanes, each eight feet long
With muscles like bands of steel
Amazed, I reached my hand to touch
And rejoiced that they were real
Elated, ecstatic, joyous, I sang
That I should be allowed
To mount on wings like angels do
And soar among the clouds

I raised my wings and took to the air
As a speck against the blue
Covering miles with each mighty flap
Flying, my heart, to you
I soared over city and country and town
Over river and valley and hill
The wind in my hair and the sun on my back
All paling beside the thrill
Of knowing that soon you would be in my arms
And my wings would bear us away
To a place in the clouds, twixt the moon and the sun
Until the universe fell to decay
I would drink your sweet lips as I have in my dreams
Touch with fingers where my fantasies touched
We'd make love in the light of an unfettered sun
And at night in the dark's gentle hush

Then something went wrong and I started to fall
My wings melted to bare ivory bone
Then even those vanished and screaming in fear
I fell to the earth like a stone
I felt the sharp impact on my hands and my knees
Collapsing, I lay there in pain
And inside me I knew my miraculous wings
Would ne'er bear me skyward again
Then I opened my eyes to the bright morning sun,
I was lying beside my own bed
I had no great wings, hadn't sailed to the stars
It had all been a dream in my head
Then I wept not for wings, not for freedom nor flight
Nor forever being barred from the blue
But that a cruel fate deigned I must be here
Instead of, my sweet one, with you

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