

Joe Bruner  
Poetry Workshop II  
Poem of Address

Icarus' Plummet

I told you not to fly  
  too high.  
As we soared, the world  
was infinite.  
Below us, amidst the expanse  
of a vast blue desert  
  sat a jewel,  
abundantly green – with forests –  
and yellow, sandy beaches  
soaked in sunlight.

The wind swept your hair.  
It whispered in your ears,  
saying fly higher,  
  higher...  
It caressed your body,  
folding you inside its  
velvety embrace.  
The sky grabbed and shook  
your laughs, full and deep  
as the world's worries  
sank, inch-by-inch, buried  
and forgotten,  
in the sand  
of those yellow beaches.

But you flew too high  
  – I told you not to  
the sun rays melting that wax,  
*drip, drip, drip*  
and the feathers peeling,  
drifting lazily in the sky.  
I watched in horror,  
time freezing as the last feather  
*plopped...*  
off.  
Your laughs suddenly became screams.  
I flew helplessly  
onward,  
as you made  
your final descent.