

Icarus

I am a good daughter
I pulled you from a hurricane
drank in every drop of rain
to let you grow sideways

I am a good daughter
I can make masterpieces crawl from the earth
I can breathe life into you
I can bury the knives you used

I am a good daughter
do not take too little
I can ration my sunlight
I can pale, turn brittle
I can glow so divine

I am a good daughter
I have freckles along my nose
which burn when I lie
adorn the corners of my eyes
and make me feel alive

I am a good daughter
I stand on cliff edges
and only fear the sunburn
I fear flying higher
I fear crashing to the earth

I am a good daughter

I call you earth angel
I call you savior
I believe in you, trust you
do you remember?

when Icarus fell to the sea
on gifted wings of wax and faith
because somehow he knew
his father wanted a shooting star that day

I would touch the sun's rays for you
those red, orange, yellow, even the blue
I would coil their light around my arms and legs
would kiss the glow, feel them burn my tongue

and I would let the sun creep in
through my fingernails, my calluses, my nose
I would fall from the heavens
I would drown in the shallows

I am a good daughter
one of feathers and sunlight and warmth
of melting and falling and laughing
of Icarus, of a shooting star

I would fly for you
until the sky got too thin, the sun too close
and I am a good daughter
I just wanted you to know