

Poetry

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Falling is Just Another Means to an End

Icarus wanted to burn. He never saw the sun as gold,
or life,
or even a warm afternoon. He was one of the few that,
since birth, thought of the sun as a post-fire
boiling death. How you can love someone you've never met;
deep, one-sided love:
that's how he loved the sun.
There's something wrong with the way we tell stories, as if lying is only
tangential.
Nobody ever tells you that
Icarus wanted to burn.
Instead he made wax rain down onto his insipid father
who built him paper wings
and would ruffle up his hair, saying
"The gods have plans for you, young one."
So he concentrated as he fell, plucking death from the skies
moment by moment
piece by piece
until it was enough to put in his back pocket
and save for a rainy day.