

Daedalus's Daughter

KATIE COAKLEY

On the day Icarus

flew too high

kissed the sun,

fell full-frontal into infinite death,

salty ocean arms

a fragile concoction of wax and seagull feathers

I, sister forgotten,

watched jealously,

aching to stretch my wings

soar into release.

His pride buoyed him higher than caution,

melting the wax, loosing his mortality.

Plunging towards the depths,

gravity laughed in his ears.

I escaped a stone cell only

to land in a bar-less prison

surrounded by

squalling young ones.

A boar in bed.

I remember the tangle of

limb and string and feathers,

wishing to fly

if only to fall.