

## Icarus

Jason Webley

I wake up every morning to the sound of motors roaring  
they are drowning out the voices in my head  
at night while I am sleeping I can hear the angels speaking but  
I can't recall a single thing they said  
I see their lips move clearly I feel their presence near me  
but each word they try to tell me just slips through the cracks

I push I strain I wrestle with my brain and then a voice from s  
omewhere whispers to relax.

I'll say a word for sickness  
she is my favorite mistress  
yes she knows my body like no other can  
my flesh and spirit keep colliding when her fingers are inside  
me  
oh my god oh my god, lady  
I'm your man  
Fever flu malaria come near me  
do not spare me  
I just long to spend another night under attack  
I wretch, I shake, I cry until I break  
and then I feel something release and I relax

I've banged my head for days against the walls inside this maze

I've never been to good at this damn kind of thing  
I'm in here with my father I'm just pacing but he's smarter  
he's been bulding a fantastic set of wings  
and like that I'm up and flying  
with the labrynth behind me  
but I go too high  
the sun is melting through the wax  
it burns it hurts I tumble to the earth and as I fall I feel my  
self relax.

Am I letting go? I think I'm letting go.  
I must be letting go.  
I've got to let it go. Let it go. Let it go. Let it go.

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