

## Icarus

## The Staves

Ideas hang before me,  
All but a breath away,  
They flicker into being  
And then begin to fade.

And when I'm tired of sitting,  
I drag my bones to bed,  
And when I'm tired of sleeping,  
I think of them instead.

They're only words.  
Don't have to shout to be heard.

I have not seen the light for days.

Like Icarus before me,  
These wings are not my own,  
And I am soaring skyward  
Just to tumble home.

Moment has gone.  
I'm not the best at moving on.  
Nothing to say -  
No-one would listen anyway.

Anyway.

I have not seen the light for days.  
I have not seen the light for days.  
I have not seen the light for days.  
And nights.  
For days.