

Icarus and the Lighthouse

An angel
Of his own
Invention,
He is
Icarus:
A Lucifer
Shining
Like the
Sun
He chases.
His eyes are
Infinite and intimate
And I ache
For the lifetimes
Behind them.
We are fire-forged
And battle-scarred,
Star-crossed
By our own
Expectations.
He is restless,
Eternally empty,
And I know now
I could never
Save him.
There's poetry
In our paradox
For once again,
We are
Strangers.
Salt-soaked wings and
Self-righteous silence,
He is Icarus,
Chasing the sun
Of his own creation.
And I am the lighthouse,
Bearing witness
To conflicted memory,
Still learning
To let him go.