Icarus as Teacher

ANN ZOLLER

When Icarus taught me to fly beyond the dream, I saw your face fade into a lace cloud; the cheekbone prominent, your jaw relaxed into a smile.

Below, the water swirls green foam, light becomes yellow air.

There is too much passion in the body, the room quivers.

What goes unsaid floats in the air, churns the heart until we turn our faces to find the light.

Where will our wings take us?

Are we too close to the sun?

All we have is a peach picked this morning sliced into a Waterford bowl, topped with yogurt.