

Senior Poetry Division

If Icarus had a sister

Mary Germaine, St. John's

she'd say, Oh brother,
don't break your neck
trying to get air.
Don't build your ramp
on to a pile of glass.
If it looks too dangerous,
don't be afraid to bail.
Don't pick your road rash,

Ic, you'll scar. Dimples, you
leave girls' hearts with a flutter—
at every turn, another turn
teases you. Your face is turning red.
(You should have sunscreen on.
The Crete sun is merciless.)

Oh, don't be mad, Icarus.
There are no monsters left,
and you aren't really a fighter,
so don't make a scene.
You look like Wile E. Coyote
waving your arms in empty air.

Don't drop out of school.
Don't smoke pot in your room.
Everyone knows
that's not the way out of here,
dumbass.

Don't call me jealous.
Just because you got wings
and I got the raw chicken,
fresh plucked, doesn't mean
I'm stuck here. I'm never grounded.
I never totalled the car, so
no one cares if I'm out all night.

When you do take off,
pack light. You'll be glad
you brought something to see by.
Even if you're heading straight
for the brightest thing you can
think of, and my advice sounds

useless against the rush
of wind or whatever's ready
for you, honking and flashing high
beams into our living room.
I know you gotta go, but listen:
pack light. You'll need the buoyancy.

Listen, take my laugh—
I'll split it with you.
Any one of us would,
if you'd only listen, and
I guess even if you won't.
You can pocket our joy even if
you just slip on your headphones,
hop the back fence, start walking
on the train tracks to town.

Oh, Icarus. Don't look down.