

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.