**Icarus**

Nervous excitement,

Legs bend,

Feet push,

Arms strain,

Launching

Feet free,

Air below,

Can it be?!

Not too high

Not too low

Just in the middle is where we go.

Flying upwards,

Gliding back,

Wings outspread,

Feeling exultant,.

Pushing harder,

Straining further,

Flying higher,

Warnings unheeded,

They don’t apply to me, I am a God.

Getting warmer,

Anticipation boiling,

Touching sun,

Fingers scorched,

Wax melts,

Feathers fly,

Arms flails

Mouth screams.

Descending.

**Blackness...**

**Nothingness...**

**Death.**