

Braid, Wax Wings

wax wings
on mine fearful flier
unalarmed in gravity's charm
and starter motors hum
ballads of ballasts
am i reaching?
wax wins i surrender

and this makeshift design
will ground me
and without the air's arms
around me
i'll surrender the sky
to your dumb machine

wax wings
prepare for takeoff
with the engine beneath the ribs
and the wind sings
ballads of balance
can you hear me?
wax wins i surrender

and i know that icarus
loves me
and there are no stars
above me
i melt into the sun