

Lucifer and Icarus are of the Same Cloth

Kenna Lacount

oh how beautiful it must have been to be Icarus
the gift of freedom and the ability to see the entire world higher than any mortal could dream
wings fragile as porcelain and delicate as a daisy in the early spring.

a reverent restraint reverberating in his mind
to keep himself grounded,
but waging everything he has ever known against all he could know.
demanding his deliverance as he pushed his way from the earth and found himself surrounded
by a boundless cloud-filled sky.
uninhibited, untouched by the plagues of the world.
unrestricted, unrestrained by worry of what was to come.
did he know what was to come?

there was a moment filled with mourning as Icarus felt the weight of the world
pull him back to transience
there was a moment filled with regret as Icarus heard the screams of his father
begging him to listen

don't fly too close to the sun.

the delicate damnation as he fell from the sky
did Icarus know the name Lucifer, and perceive pious pity within himself to weep for the devil,
as he was falling from the stars?
fingers grasping at faithless fragile feathers as wax blackened his skin,
and the coolness of the clouds caressed him
and called him home.

oh how beautiful it must have been to be Icarus

to have the world at your fingertips and to take your last, grasping, breath
in the same sky that holds the Gods.