

# Tears of Icarus

KAYRA YILDIRMAZ

*11th grader, Sainte Pulchérie French High School, Turkey*

A single droplet of tear  
marks his cheek  
long before the wax on his shoulders  
marks his death  
for helios is beautiful  
but freedom even more so  
a longing so pure  
it calls for a feast  
for the life and youth  
of this very beast  
a familiar voice in his head  
“don’t fly too high,  
and don’t fly too low,  
the wax may melt  
and the feathers might fall”  
icarus, he had said, don’t do anything stupid  
for everybody has limits  
but what are limits  
to the foolishness of gained divinity  
too late, icarus thinks  
wax burns into his skin  
death caresses his cheek  
yet helios is still beautiful  
the smile vanishes,  
one tear turns into many  
the once brave young boy will now forever be  
a cautionary tale for many. ■