

Mister Icarus

by [Josh Dugat](#) in the [March 2023](#) issue

The house was, what—a quarter-mile away
from ours? Elm and green St. Augustine,
two-car mirage. Assortment of machines
built to persuade weeds with blades. And an airplane.
Well, the start of one—a wooden bird
born bones-first and growing, rib by moonward
rib. A pterodactyl skeleton.
A cage to wrap an angel in.

Whose permission are you waiting for?
How long will you risk not plummeting,
leaving someone else's hero to the summiting?
The neighbors—let the neighbors stir.
The grave can have its gravity.
One bright day, and the garage was empty.