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Icarus to His Wings

By HOWARD SYLVESTER

See thou, O my wings, the pale horizon
Already glaring faintly with the fire
Of coming day? Apollo greets the dawn.
His stallions surge at the sky, where clouds
Reflect the heavings of their flaming sides,
Where waits the fiery chariot that speeds
The blinding day across the heavens.
This moment is our last of envy. No more
Shall we vainly long what men have dreamed of:
The heritage of birds! To sweep in flight,
To feel the cooling rush of air, to dip,
Then swiftly turn—and earthward slowly drift
Two shining feathers. That dream is ours alone,
My wings, and we awaken. Today we fly,
And like a gull who skims the crests of waves,
Or as a hawk whose spreading pinions cleave
The mists, our souls shall merge to greet Apollo's
Grace. And then the night, when darkness blending
Shadow into shadow, softens even
The harshest outlines of this coast, and She,
Diana, speeds her gleaming shafts to tip
The waves with silver, we shall soar beyond
The stars. Our dream is ended. Come! Apollo
Lights the way. We two, my wings, are one . . .