



4-1-2024

Icarus

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Recommended Citation

Allen, Tristan (2024) "Icarus," *Calliope*: Vol. 53, Article 5.

Available at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol53/iss1/5>

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Off in the corner of a canvas,

We see a falling boy.

His name well known to the masses;

A tragedy, unfortunate and coy.

Yet from this scene we know

How fast a young life can go;

Fleeting, though it may be,

There is no feeling like that of

being free.

To take a chance, to soar to Heaven

To grace the foot of God.

And find a spiritual leaven

In the subtlety of his gracious nod.

Yet, let this tale to you be

A story viewed cautionarily:

The young of body and of heart

Have oft to let their mind depart,

When pride and pleasure come between

Their natural, progressional routine.

But of this, I'm sure, you've known
yet done.

You've climbed too high—
descent's begun.

So, go on my wintry daughter,
And fight on my weary, war-born son.

For soon, you'll see the fast
approaching water.

Icarus

TRISTAN ALLEN