

DAEDALUS MOURNING

Bethany Hindmarsh

I see us back then, mirrored
in the open water, our happy ghosts leaning out
into the light. I remember the innocuous sheen
of your wings, Icarus, your body
arcing through space—

before the burning,
before the tide. You fell
and there was no sail, no simile
to catch your stained body. So,
in the water's threnody, I failed
to gather you. Grief is clumsy;
the heart has no hands.

When I die, I wish to go
carrying nothing but the hope of seeing you
once more
my warm-bodied boy
rising from underground streams.