

BRAD BUCHANAN

ICARUS, FROM THE BREAKFAST NOOK

light stays aloft
but illuminated
objects fall to us
to be known
a leaf is briefly sustained
on its slow
erratic flight
as if flaming with grace
on its way to be damned
so we come to grief
ablaze with amazement
weighed down
by the looks
of expectant mourners
and earthbound mothers
we see in our children
dimmed eyes
and the distant
reflections of suns
that desired and died
in a life-giving instant
on fire, unaware

THE DEATH SENTENCE

no matter who
speaks it or why
or how misinformed
they may be
it is arresting
to be told
that grammar
and syntax do permit
your name
and death
to be mentioned
in the same breath
and that rhyme
may assist
in aiming that
utterance
towards remembrance
as though
leaping from
the thought
of disease
to its consequences
staying only
to weigh
the judgmental phrase
taking execution
for granted