

**Daedalus & Icarus**

I am made of ink.  
Obsessive etches, sketches—  
Only a dreamer.  
But for you, I bleed wax. I  
carve out the sky to make room for more sun.  
Oh, the worlds I would gift you, my son.

i breathe chromatic  
diverted crystal colors  
i am made of clouds  
of mist and winged sows i  
would crawl on my back just to see more sky  
oh what a world it must be to

fly