

Like Icarus and his Sun

I knew the myth
Before i even knew your name.
They warned me about wings made of wax,
About boys who mistake height for safety,
About suns that don't love you back.

But myths never mention
How quiet the decision is.
How no one tells you
That sometimes you fly
Not because you're reckless
But because staying on the ground
Feels like a slower death.

So I built my wings carefully.
Out of late-night confessions,
Futures whispered like prayers,
Hands that promised not to let go.
I tested them in small moments,
Laughing too hard,
Trusting too easily,
Believing you meant it
Every time you said my name.

You were warmth, not warning.
Light, not danger.
And when people pointed at the sky
And told me to be careful,

I thought they were just afraid of love.

The higher I went,
The more gorgeous you became.
The closer I got,
The more I believed
This time the story would change.

But wax doesn't announce when it melts.

It doesn't scream.
It just gives up quietly-
Like all pinky promises do.

I didn't fall at all at once.
I fell in seconds stretched into months.
In the way your voice changed.
In the warmth that turned distant,
without ever turning cold.

When I finally hit the ground,
Everyone called it a lesson.
They said I should've known better.
They say love shouldn't burn like that.

But here's what they don't understand,
I don't regret the flight.
I regret that the sun never looked back.

And if given that change-
If i could rewind the sky,

Rewind the warnings,
Rewind the fall-
I would still build those wings.

Not because i forgot how it ends,
But because for a moment,
I knew what it felt like
To touch the light
And believe
I was held there.