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To the Sun, Flying

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My reaction came swiftly, and I was totally unprepared for its lack of feeling. I had thought that I understood myself, but I was wrong. It was as if I were on a train, thinking it bound for a destination, only to find myself going in the opposite direction and finding that I had really wanted to go there all the while. I began to be warmed with the insight and the first penetration of an almost metaphysical truth of feeling. Everything suddenly came flashing brilliantly into focus for me—the day, my wife, our daughter, and for the first time in a long while, myself. The car whistled down the winding ribbon of road, and we were all laughing.

TO THE SUN, FLYING

For roles I’ve played, my life has spanned a too-short time, And now before I’ve studied it or barely read the script, I find myself playing Icarus, son of Daedalus, And feel beneath my feet the Minos soil.

How long it seems, since in the Labyrinth of Crete, Which Daedalus built to hold the Minataur, Icarus watched his father mold Pasiphae’s wooden cow Marvelling at his art with no prescience or fear, Not knowing that the charmed and royal life would end. Out of the darkness, he had come to know the Sun, The God Who walked above the mountain tops With sandaled foot so light it failed to shake the clouds, And wrapped in draperies of such golden gleaming brightness The men of Crete must turn or shade their eyes. He played in groves whose trees in crowded closeness Threw shadows of so symmetrical unreal a straightness, They seemed as unreal as those that threatened him, And forced his father to turn to making wings.

It was a golden summer day when he, brought to the seas, And bade to stretch his hands arm-high into the air, Was lashed onto snowwhite wings with furious speed. How hard to stand on feet that longed to fly! There was scarcely time to hear the stern-voiced warning, ‘Don’t fly too near the sea! Beware the burning sun!’ Icarus, who’d known the wind and rain and flowers, Had petted small wild furry things and wild, caked birds, Now felt himself a brother to all things fleet and wild, As he lifted like a home-hunting, mate-seeking spider, Or thistledown, or small gray twilight bird. The feathered wax curled thin and strong and light, Reflecting rainbows like high summer butterflies. Boy, still, although a god. He side-dived past a cloud, And dashed pell-mell against a foam-topped wave-crest, Then, godlike, pointed skyward, and flew straight towards the sun.
Screams fell on Crete, and echoes rank in Labyrinth;  
Daedalus flailed the air, and charged into Icarus' sky-wake;  
But Icarus flew on, and laughed at melting wings.  
They fell away, a rainbow west of Samos,  
Forever lost in the surging Icarian Sea.  
The script is old and I can read no farther  
So I must block in words and bits of business,  
For plays should end with a triumphant curtain.  
I must think upon the Sun, the Icarus-loved Sky-God.  
I know that in Him gods find their completion:  
And soaring on forever, look down on Crete with pity.  
Under folded cellophane wings I hesitate off-stage.  
When the house-lights dim, I shall be Icarus of Crete.

Barbara Troy

kuru

yes father jackson
i believe in the trinity
in the father
(picasso shubert and shakespeare)
in the son
(pierrot the unfinished and king lear)
and in the holy ghost
(eadimo)

and i believe in satan
(magnificent in sin)
and i believe in you father jackson
(in kuru the creeping horror)
(in kuru the laughing death)

Max Steele