

The Contemporary Tragedy of the Modern Icarus

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One... two... three... four... how many liquor bottles does it take to fill a recycling bin?

How many recycling bins could you fill in a day before it became a noticeable problem? Before I was old enough to reach double digits, I knew the answer to that question. Unspoken rules with painful consequences littered across my life like volatile landmines -

One misstep, and everything would go off.

A person's soul is their essence, a culmination of experiences

A mixture of good and bad, right and wrong, truth and deceit.

By eleven, I had gotten good at deceit: a mastermind.

"No, I just fell down the stairs; no, I just ran into a wall; no, you must have misheard," I'd profusely proclaim in my personal stranger's defence.

Give an inch for them to take a mile;

Tell the truth to lose the fluttering life line barely fraying along.

There's a sharp violence to words.

Raging soliloquies come with nightfall;

Listeners with bated breath and poets with scarlet faces.

There are unspoken rules if you're in the audience:

Don't move, don't blink and if you must blink, don't blink too much, don't speak, don't sit the wrong way, don't breathe the wrong way, don't turn your head, don't look suspicious, but don't look happy either, and most of all, never ever show any emotion.

Much like you should not provoke a rabid beast, you too shouldn't feed the crimson poets; Emotions like ammo to smoking guns pointing carelessly at your head baiting you to fall out of line.

So many unspoken rules.

Lines in imaginary sand etched with fire.

Fear is a powerful motivator and pain a constant reminder: never fall out of line.

It's a quietness, alone in a room, head to knee.
A silhouette against a lifeless background.
There's a particular ambience to isolation - a loneliness.
A helplessness with a hunger that is insatiable.
It ravages the essence and decimates the soul.
It is a trapped freedom; a voluntary cost.
Blame, alcohol, regret, alcohol, shame, alcohol.
A knife in hand and a pierce to the back, yet you wonder why I bleed?
A blight against the unblemished pearlescent carpet; stained images and facades
of innocence.
Blood soaks the lost pleas, negotiations, and false reconciliations swept under the
carpet. They are alone for all eternity.
I wonder if they, too, think: "hit me so I know you love me."

Light blue eyes and light skin; half savage, half human.
Just light enough to have humanity shine through: "we can rest easy."
Yet hearts stop in summer;
Sun-cursed skin encapsulated in golden jails paired with almond eyes and hooked
noses of inherently villainous characters.
I am a chameleon; I am whatever you contrive of me.
A beast of your fruition; white flags absent at the teetering edge of Sounion
Theseus to save me from perdition
Balance the scales of injustice to choose the lesser evil because there is a part of
me that will never be a part of you.
A conditional belonging drenched in the shackles of assimilation.
Failure justified on the condition of intrinsic deficiency fabricates the inescapable
angel of perfection.

One... two... three... four... how many labours before I reach the sun?
How many of my feathers will scorch before I fall?
Down... down... down... I descend; will Daedalus catch me?
The angels of perfection, all fallen from grace.
A sacrifice of body for flame: the dance of the crescendo -
One final misstep before the silence.
The liminality between love and hate; ice and flame

Burn my body to illuminate your unventured paths
Eagles a miniscule sacrifice for your self-serving will
A frayed life line incinerated; where is Ariadne to guide me home?
Threads of shattered possibilities fluttering too close to the sun
Close enough to waltz with fire:
Only Icarus can grasp me