Daedalus' Quill

The fast cars you invented sit in unmanned garages,
fossilizing, just like the fuels they fed on.
The great ships you built are adrift in the ocean,
silent arks with no flood coming.
Your jets lie in formation on cold tarmacs,
deplaned and pilotless.

Perhaps, it is never too late to learn the lesson of Icarus.
We are all mere passengers
that flew too close to the sun
not respecting its mighty benevolence.

Yet the rivers still flow.
The mountains still stand tall.
The trees still reach out and grow.
The seas will constant waves to the shore.

And yet you wonder—
as the ghost ship of a million souls
leaves this broken harbour,
as the birds take wing outside your window,
as the weeds grow under your feet,
why you are still alive?

Even Daedalus kept on inventing
and reinventing after the burial.
The wax, still warm on his weathered hands,
filled up a lone feather with his inky tears
and turned it into a quill.

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