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## Flight of Icarus

Manu Satyan

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**OV-307 ICARUS**

Emily Zamelin

For Chris

The mission was to escape.

They cheered when he burst free from Earth's atmosphere,  
wept with hope as he crested Venus,  
and begged for him to turn back at the periapsis of Mercury.  
The shuttle sparked like microwaved aluminum  
and our bold and adventurous moth of an astronaut roasted inside.

Mission accomplished.

**FLIGHT OF ICARUS** Manu Satyan

**THEN AND NOW**

Elise Holland

The world,  
7 billion people,  
Some wealthy, some poor,  
Some smart, some not,  
Then there is me.  
Separated yet connected,  
There may be others similar,  
But they are not me.

Belonging but isolated,  
Bonds shattering then rejoining,  
Becoming stronger,  
While also weaker.

Haunted by ghosts,  
Shadows, illusions,  
Growing as it drags behind me,  
Becoming one with me.

Hollow, a crystalline shell,  
Tossed and battered by the waves,  
Broken, shattered, crumpled,  
That *was* me.

Blinded by light,  
Pulling me out of the darkness,  
Waking me from my Nightmare.

Given home, shelter,  
Providing warmth and comfort,  
Accepting my weaknesses,  
Nourishing my strengths.

Vanquishing demons,  
Dwelling only on misery,  
Shrinking into a speck of dust,  
Finally separated.

Life filling in the hole,  
Shaped smoothly by the waves,  
Restored, fixed, secure  
This is me.