

As
Icarus

A Compendium of Mythsteps

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Always, to Shelia

As Icarus

And her feet, but barely touch the earth,
As she glides, silently, smoothly,
Through my dreams, my heart, my life.

And where they touch, they strike a chord,
Deep, deep, down, strumming my soul,
With gentle harmonies, of my heart's desire.

Higher, and higher, I rise like a phoenix,
Newly born, from the ashes of sorrow,
That did surround me, for so long.

Free, free, silver wings spread wide,
I soar and sail, high away from all,
That held me, bound and fettered.

And there above, I see her shadow,
Climbing towards the sun,
That glows ever hotter, ever brighter.

Then, as I near the gilded orb,
I see at last, 'twas but mere illusion.
But it is, too late, too, too, late!

Canyon, No Echo

Is life to be, but stories,
Untold?
Is memory but a fickle friend?
The hope and joy, that seemed,
As unlikely as it seemed so real,
Leave naught but a void,
I no longer seek to cross,
A bridge unburnt, for which,
I have no toll,
Of bells, that ring,
With silent appeal, unechoed,
By the chasm of my thoughts.

Will the honesty I seek, within,
Ever allow me to see,
To know,
I did, indeed, give my all?

For Still I See

There are no words, within my mind,
To speak beyond today.
Of maps and plans, a charted course,
Sure to haven safe.

A past, unpassed, for still I see,
All I've left undone.

The moments when, I should have tried,
Yet failed to take the chance.
For fear and doubt, constant chums,
Ever at my side.

A past, unfilled, for still I see,
All I should have done.

For ne'er a thought, crossed my mind,
That I was not alone.
That other's faced, a chasm
Even as did I.

A past, unlived, for still I see,
All I left unsaid.

Beyond the twists, of conscious turns,
A maze within the mind.
That you did walk, with certain step,
Whilst I fell ever lost,
Within the dreams and foolish schemes
That never came to light.

Four Lines

Crying softly, through the stillness,
Of early morning's gentle stirrings,
Come thoughts so sweetly, on gossamer wings,
Of the effervescent hope, of untarnished dreams.

Nested

Night falls silently, across a day of dreams.
Time spent in reminisce, thoughts yet, unknown.
Searching for certainty, in a life of questions,
Hours pass, unnoticed, unremarked.
Bit by bit, piece by piece, they gather all around me.

All

Words that flowed like rivers, from my fevered pen,
Winding cross the pages, in some demented rhyme.
Speaking thoughts, I would not say,
Breaking bonds, that never were in place.
And I can remember, without a moment's thought,
All that I let go, lest I had to be....

All that you saw in me,
All I hoped that I could be.

There Was

Memories, like shards of broken glass,
Lay scattered about,
As though tiles of an incomplete mosaic.

With neither form nor pattern,
Random moments, from bygone times,
Lost, from day to day,
Always to return,
Unbidden, unexpected
Unwanted.

Retrospective, of ill-used opportunity,
Brought to naught,
Of promise rife,
Of all I had thought would be.

And there seems, no single step,
No choice alone,
From whence, it all began.
Accumulation, of dusty dreams,
Scant solace, for where,
I find myself now,
At last.
With no more hours, days or years.

The face I see, unchanged,
Though unfamiliar, now.

Corners, without edges,
Halls, without walls,
A prison, merely of,
My own making.

All That Has No Meaning

Battered, bruised and blistered,
You've really been through hell.
Now you're coming back to me,
You're looking for some heaven.
But I'm not Jesus,
And miracles I can't do,
So please I say, don't look to me,
For favors you are needing.
My home is not a haven,
And comfort I can't give.

Once I would have given all,
Just to be with you.
Now the path is overgrown,
And I can't find the way.
I know I'll always wonder,
Just how it would have been,
If only you had stayed right here,
You hadn't run away.
But now I'm into something else,
I really had no choice.

The grownup games,
The childhood schemes,
Are dreams that have no meaning.
There's only love,
A simple word,
That says it all so aptly.
For what could you, give to me,
If you won't take my love?

Simply Me

And I don't know. Is it simply me,
Or is that the way it is?
One true love, once lost,
Is that all there can be?
A heart, once truly given,
Can it ever be free again?

Is it right, to ask, for what I cannot fully give?
Have I the right, to expect, from another,
What I have already given, to someone else?

Too much the romantic,
Princess's and frogs,
Pumpkins and mice.
How am I to go on,
In a world where they don't exist,
Can't even seem to be?

The bond, once forged,
I know,
I cannot break.

And I don't know. Is it simply me,
Or is it truly there?
A bond I feel so strongly,
Yet one I cannot touch.
Is it real, or merely there,
Because I wish it so?

For I would not, expect of thee,
What I cannot give of me,
Not knowing if I can.

Everything

And in the end, I realize, I'm just a simple man.
Nothing special, nothing grand, just an ordinary man.

And there have been times, when I had thought,
If I only had this or that,
I'd be something more, than simply what I am.
And all I am, is just this man, you see
Right here in front of you.
Nothing more, nothing less, just me.

And in the end, I realize, it really is enough,
Just to be, who I am.

And I can see, there have been times
When my wants grew above my needs,
And both went unmet, unsatisfied.
And the feeling it left behind,
Became one to remind me,
Of really who I am.

And in the end, I realize, I really have enough,
Just with what I have.

A Spell

How is it that you've touched me so,
You've sent my senses reeling.
I'd thought that I was past all that,
Yet now I'm not so sure.

My life I thought, was mapped and planned,
In where I would be going,
Now the path has blurred a bit,
My sureness disappearing.

I know not why, the change has come,
You did it all unknowing.
At least I hope, I must believe,
You know not what you're doing.

Is it you're the wicked witch?
Or one of good intentions?
For surely must this be a spell,
That has me all befuddled.

So It Goes

Now you know,
That's the way that it goes.
When it floats,
On the words of a song,
That was wrote,
For the way that I feel,
When I know,
What I feel is for real.

Of a time,
When the words always rhymed,
To a tune,
That played in my head,
With a beat,
That was built in my feet,
Till I found,
What I feel, is not real.

It's the time and the place,
That we find to unwind.
From a day,
Without end,
Where trees whisper,
Soft and gentle,
To the sounds,
That might,
In the night,
Make it all,
Golden bright.

Can't Believe

I can't believe I stood there,
And took it all in stride.
I can't believe I acted,
As if I'd never tried.
I thought that I was over,
Brief and hurting flings.

For I had seen the writing,
So plain upon the wall.
Still I kept on plunging,
Knowing I would fall,
Hoping not to shatter,
Like some ceramic ball.

I'll wake up in the morning,
And start it all again.
I wonder when I'll ruin,
The love I have to give?

Lost at Sea

Like waves that lap so gently, upon a distant shore,
Your scent comes drifting to me, across the crowded floor.
I watch you as you weave your way,
Amidst the reefs and shoals.
Your hair a tawny halo,
Like rings around the moon.

I wait the moment, you arrive,
Your smile a welcome light,
And wonder at the hidden depths,
It seems there are in you.

Bits and pieces of you, like flotsam on the beach,
Call to something in me,
Awaken dreams and memories,
I'd thought where now long past.
Whilst hints of all, that you could be,
Leave footprints in the sand.

I know so little, yet so much,
It leaves me wanting more.
Becalmed so far, away from shore,
Am I lost at sea?

Medley from the Bar - (going down fast in '82)

Am I reaching blindly,
For something that's not there?
Are you who I'm seeing,
Or merely what I want?

No answers are forthcoming,
Mute, you stand apart.
You give me every reason,
Yet give to me no hope.

I wonder is it only me,
Your smile could it be false?
Or are you being honest,
And I am simply scared?

Questions there are many,
Answers though are few.
For how can there be answers,
To questions you can't hear?

Shadows on the wall,
Is all I see of you.
Never what is real,
Not one part of you.

I know you're in there,
Somewhere,
The you, you never show,
Always casting shadows.

Is it that you fear the light?
Or merely shun the glow?
Tell me are you ever more,
Than shadows on the wall?

A sea of smiling faces,
Can't you see my want?
I'll never ever tell you,
It's up to you to see.

I try it almost every night,
Though I won't say I do.
It would be so demeaning,
To say I feel it too.

Though often times I wonder,
Did you feel it too?
For none want to look foolish,
Just because we care.

You know it's always funny,
And usually kinda sad.
You watch'em all 'asmiling,
Wondering who are glad.

They'll always be 'asearching,
They're always looking cool,
You wonder if there's any,
Who know they're being fooled?

The Mat

It seems they should be coming,
Once a week at least.
To change me for a new one,
Clean beneath their feet.

I lie here with such grace and charm,
They never know it hurts.
I wonder if I'll ever,
Rise above their dirt?

It's a question of philosophy,
One that I should know.
The answer's not forthcoming,
I don't want to know.

No Deposit, No Return

No deposit, no return,
That's how you took my heart.
You took it all is what you did,
Of you, you gave no part.

But times will keep on changing,
And shoes fit other feet,
What once came easy to you,
Won't always be the same.

So go a little slower,
And give a bit of thought,
Tomorrow's round the corner,
Is yesterday forgot?

Descent, without Falling

Whispering softly, into the falling light,
Words as tender as all you make me feel.
There's a magic in knowing you,
I'd never known existed.
And I can't help but wonder,
How it came to be, me,
That felt your touch, so soft and warm,
Upon my heart and dreams.

I look upon the brightening stars,
And say a little prayer,
That never could say all I wish,
Of how I feel tonight.
Gently touching, all my senses,
In ways I'd never known they could,
Be set afire, and feel so right and good.

And I shall follow gladly, where it is you lead,
For I have naught to fear, safe within,
The care of your guiding hand,
I know shall take me,
To where I should have always been,
And waited to so long.

Caught within a moments glance,
A vision I can't shake, nor ever wished to miss,
Knowing now, there is no other path,
That I can ever take,
Once begun.

I can see, now,
That it must always be,
Give your all,
Or naught at all.

For love must be,
Surrender,
To belief.

Trust and hope,
For all my days.

Is how I choose to live.

Something More

And there before me,
A vision? A puzzle? A quest?
Or could it be, simply a gentle person,
Worthy of attention?

Does it always have to be something more?
Something deeper, more mysterious, arcane?

Might perhaps, that shall come,
Undiscovered, unsought,
But simply to unfold, within the course,
Of quiet conversation?

What is it, within me, that has to seek,
To uncover, a meaning unneeded?
What is it, within my perceptions,
That requires, something more?

Why is it, I can't simply accept,
The natural beauty, that stands before me?
Why is it, I can't just enjoy the moment,
For all, the moment is?

Am I too wedded to romance,
Of myth and tale?
Of notions beyond,
Loving?

Simply Is

And there you are, again.
I try, but I just can't stay away,
And I don't even know,
Just what I'm trying to do.

Red flags, like a May Day Parade,
Flutter in profusion all around you,
Yet I'm helpless to resist,
And powerless to act.

So many reasons, too many excuses,
And to what avail?

So much, so easy to imagine,
Can that be so wrong?

But I'm just another geezer,
Mistaking simple kindness,
For something other,
Than what it simply is.

Looking for the Magic

She knew she didn't mean it,
But she said it just the same.
She didn't want to feel it,
But she felt it just the same.

The light of love, so hard to find,
That's almost always false,
We run, we hide, we try to fight,
For all cannot be winners.

We seek the safety of disdain,
Remain aloof and cool,
Never reaching, always wanting,
More than what we have.

But oh how true,
They're playing cool,
Just as we are too,
Fearful some might notice.

For love once torn asunder,
Can never be the same.
Feelings that are shattered,
May never heal again.
We're looking for the magic,
We're sure we'll never find.

Sugar Bear

Touch of feelings,
Long thought past,
Fall across my cheeks.

Eyes that smiled,
Once thought dead,
Light the darkest night.

Fall of leaves, of autumns past,
Though never quite forgotten.

Tears of silver, bathe my eyes,
Though never can they cleanse.

Away the memories,
All the fears,
That lie so still and ready.

Waiting! Searching!

An opening,
To enter!
To strike!
To wound!

Leave us! Leave us! Let us go our way.
Your smiles, your joys, your happiness,
I can bear them no longer.
I must find, the path, the change.

Now!

Now!

Now!

This is now, not then.
Let me be.
Set me free.

Please?

Can't you see,
 You're killing me,
You tear my heart apart.
I see your tears,
I see your smiles,
I see your face aglow.
With all the joy,
You can't hold inside,
 You're killing me.

Your tears I once shared,
Your smiles I once felt,
Your joys I once gave.
How? How the question,
To make you see,
 You're killing me!

I don't want you!
I don't need you!
I don't love you!
I can't, believe me!

Can not,
 Should not,
 Must not.

Knots.
I'm all tied up in knots.
My feelings, my desires,
All I wish to be,
I can not,
 Should not,
 Must not!

Allow myself to see?
All I yearn, how to earn,
All the trust,
You place in me?
 Misplaced?
 Displaced?
Last place, is where I see,
Is where I long,

I think, I wish to be.

No more chances,
No more giant leaps.

I shall not fall again.
You won't have me to kick around.
No more, this is it!

I'm on the fence, I'm riding high,
So don't you call me Humpty

FASTEN SEATS BELTS
NO SMOKING

I'm on the way, here I go,
A never ending flight.

Flight of fancy, to the blue
Away! Away! All of you.

Someone?
Anyone?
Please?
Save my life tonight?

Don't know where I'm going,
Can't remember where I've been.
Will I ever know,
When it all will end?

There's a laughter in your sorrow,
I can see it through your tears.
It makes me kinda happy sad,
For I am only human.

And memories, memories, memories,
Come flowing over me,
Drowning me in wave after wave,
Of pity?
Of regret?
Of longing?

For the rainbow I've been searching for,
It's not reflected in your eyes.
Though I can see it in your tears.

All the nice contrivances of script,
Glimmering on the screen.
Where all the actors have a role,
Know, just who to be.

If it can be, upon the screen,
Then surely must it be,
Possible, in life.
Rings upon the fingers,
Chains around the necks,
All the actors wore.

Upon!
Around!
Surround!

Encircle me! Enfold me! Engulf me!

Take me in, so tenderly,
So softly won't you hold me?
Your caress, your touch,
Just this once, won't you please,
Give me all I ask?

I won't believe you will.
Even should I feel it.
Even should I see it.
Never though.....to believe it!

Are You There

Among the free and kindred spirits,
Thou has't no secrets,
Which must be hid,
In thy innermost self.
Locked in safety,
Free from pain.

Traveling along, above the rest,
Flying so high,
And so very much alone.
Giving not of that,
Which is of you,
Only that which is about you.

Like a wounded bird,
No longer safe,
Upon the ground,
You circle and spin,
Above it all.
Watching? Waiting?

Can it be, that the clarity,
Of our vision is naught,
But just a blindness?
A mask to penetrate it's deep disguise,
Just to find, it's not a mask at all?

Each and Every Day

There, like the infrequent blazing,
Of a timid sun, on a cloudy day,
Flashes of that, which is hidden,
Each and every day, from those,
Who would see, but cannot understand,
Shine forth upon a few,
Who, reaching and searching,
Find care and comfort,
In their display.

How Could It

And where, have the years gone?
Like silvered glass, I gaze at a reflection
Of things long past. And wonder,
How it could have come to this.

So much, left undone, untried,
And realization, like a thorn,
That won't dislodge, digs,
Ever deeper with the passing seasons.

Was this how, it was meant to be?
To remain, an ethereal memory,
Floating on gossamer wings,
Always just, out of reach?

So much to give, that lies,
Untaken, unused, unneeded,
Like a casually discarded rag,
Soiled, beyond cleaning.

Yet, the blame lies with me.
Loving love, forsaking it's living.
Smitten by romance, unable to move,
Beyond the thought, to the deed.

Was but simple fear of falling?
Or something much deeper,
Something I can't see,
That's a part of me?

Waiting

Lost within the sadness,
That hangs across his face,
Dark as evenings shadow,
Silently he waits.

In solitude of patience,
Made heavy by the years,
Spent in lonely vigil,
Listlessly he waits.

Above the din and laughter,
Apart from joy or grief.
Alone as then, alone as now,
Still alone, he waits.

He'll always be,
Or so it seems,
The will for more departed,
Leaving him, forever,

Waiting.

Forever is a Word

Softly 'midst the falling shadows,
Caught in silvered web,
Tangled ever, path confusion,
Direction ever clear.

All that's dear, price so high,
We alone must pay.
Where to turn, all that burns,
Inside, forever!

And

The years, like darkened glass, reflect back, all that was,
And never meant to be.
In stark contrast to our rosy glance, it's image, razor sharp,
And not to be avoided.
Mistakes, made ever larger, with the march of time,
And never to be corrected.

Time passes, and I, go on,
And....

12/20

Little did I know, that frosty morn,
That once I passed through your door,
I could never truly walk through it,
Again.

Choices made,
Though unvoiced,
Unacknowledged,
Unaccepted, for so long.

Understanding though,
Brings no comfort,
Only stark answers,
That lighten not the heart.

With neither redemption nor forgiveness,
To look to, there is only acceptance,
Of a self-made future never sought,
Yet, so avoidably deserved.

And, if once I believed that there could be,
A time for us,
I have learned, that was but the least,
I gave up, that frosty morn.

For as Icarus fell because he dared.
My descent was because I did not.

Icarus Revisited

It was, a love too real,
To hope, to exist, outside of dreams.
An ideal, so deeply desired,
Yet, beyond, the reality of unmown grass.

Too set in ways, that would never mesh,
The moments together, unhindered,
By naught, but notions of romance,
Unchecked by time clocks or tax bills.

For you, saw in me, who I could be,
Whilst I, was too aware, of who I was.
And I could not find the bridge,
Twixt, one, and the other.

As Icarus, I rose, only to fall.
Never quite willing to admit,
It was, but of my own doing.