

**After Icarus Fell,**

after Pieter Bruegel's *Landscape with the Fall of Icarus*

1560

oil on canvas

28.9 in × 44 in

our ships would never dock. When no one on the island seemed to notice, we thought them all dead. On Sundays, we'd trade women. On Mondays, we woke drowning. On Tuesdays, we'd spin in the sea, sails heaving and twisting in the wrong directions: We were each our own sick hurricane. On Wednesdays, we'd dream of wine and wake too bloated to swab the decks. Each Thursday, our ailments confronted us like a pet that needed feeding. On Fridays, we'd bring our dead to the edges of the ships and loose them into the sea. We'd watch them sink into the red algae, admiring the soles of their feet. Saturdays, they'd all come back again.

When the winds finally fell and the sails stopped their mournful billowing we were too weak to paddle-in the ships. We still have hope we'll run aground.

**He wrote to me in first person with first lines from first songs  
that I cannot remember but I shouted at him anyway**

wearing satin or sateen : *don't touch me cyclone hurricane poetry machine I hate you  
dream cow oppression crossing the bridge*

*FAKE FIRE*