

**Halie Faus**

The labyrinth is dark  
The threat awaits us with a spark  
We inch along the walls, searching for a way out  
Slowly, slowly we go, aching for control  
Alas, we have many steps to take  
In hopes of escape

The world greets us in bright  
The light filling up the sky, showing us the way  
Darkness has worn off, giving new hope  
Birds sing in tunes of glee  
Happiness in our hearts, breath in our lungs.  
We reach for the sun

We are bored, our escape not yet finished  
Our hope has yet to diminish  
With hearts of fire, we light up our brains  
Ideas come at us like trains  
Wings will fly us off this wretched plane  
Freedom beckons us out of our pain

Wings made of wax, wood, and feathers will do us good  
Taking us far as such wings could  
Fly too high and you will fall  
Tragedy strikes, taking one's life  
My newfound strife has left me feeling devoid of life  
It feels as though I have been ripped open with a knife

Gone is the one who ventured too close to the sun  
Careless and unafraid, he strayed towards the rays  
His youth became the death of him  
Death called and beckoned him  
His body is a grain in the vast waters of rain  
The waves obscuring the boy from tearful eyes of torment and strain

Hercules must boast, as he finds a body along a coast  
The waters are gray, the birds no longer gay  
Beneath the sand, lies a lad  
His dad is awfully sad  
Most could not understand, the pain he holds is grand  
He wallows in the sand, tears pooling into his hands