

Arianna, Timothy

Daedalus

Daedalus the man who drags my son
Into every madness mess I have done
I built the labyrinth with ease
So getting out would be a breeze
Trapped in a maze I have made
With my son sort of afraid

Hiding on the island looking in the sky
I got the idea to fly
Sending my son to get feathers
Outside in the perfect sunny weather
Building wings to fly far away
Studying the birds just above the bay

I constructed up many wing plans
While I built them in the sand
Weeks after escaping the labyrinth with my son
I was ready and the wings were done
Warning my son to fly a moderate height
If he did he would be alright

Too close to the water your wings will clog
We don't want to deal with with the sog
Too close to the sun will melt the wax
And you'll be left with no flaps
My son had just nodded really fast
He got the wings on in a dash

Attaching the wings to my boy
Warning him that this is not a toy
I ran fast towards the ocean
All in a very quick motion
Icarus copying his high flying dad
Went into the sky and looked so glad

I could no longer see my son
Realizing what he had just done
I heard my son call out my name
Looking up with at my son in shame
Looking for my long lost boy
Hercules had found him dead and destroyed