

I am still alive.

Stiff sheets

Crisp and clean as fresh paper

They brush my skin

A sterile scent, bittersweet

Clinging

Beeping echoes

Out of time with the clock on the wall

A pendulum out of place

Veins string from my arm

Telephone wires, suspended to the machine

They are not *my* veins.

Breeze, cold and bitter

Curtains dance in pale moonlight

Laughter

Solitude

White walls, white sheets, white floors

Empty

Void

I rise

Leg bound, arm slung

Hobbling, a broken toy soldier

Paint chipped, limbs lost

Towards the light

The window

Cold air fills lungs

Stars dance from outside, smiling

Stumbling,

I call to the stars, reaching for what frames them

I beg them *again* to take me

I cry to them again

And again

And again

Closer

Breath heavy

Hand clinging to the windowsill

Pain falls down cheeks

Burning

I reach out

Clasp what holds me here

Begging it free me

My hand rests on metal

Cold, stubborn, strong

The window is barred.

Icarus

A tragedy

A song unfinished

Youthful pride was his demise

Life ripped his wings away,

Brought his death,

*Loved him.*

Life never gave *me* flight

And now it will not let me have death.