

Jean-Pierre Ardoguein  
**No Man but Icarus Is**

Islanding is my dream  
Shadowed by the deep rippling of itself  
Si deus me relinquit –  
Has he thrown me into this world?

Silent sweeps of the sun have cast me forward,  
The dust of a moment, toward the gap  
From the sparrow lilies.

Ego deum relinquo –  
But i can't blame the sun.  
His eyebeams see me casting about, incessant,  
Never pausing to rest in him.

A shadow requires at least two:  
Light, subject to desire,  
Object.

And i've never left the sea, no matter how hard I've  
pushed against the waves.

Tolling bells cast in blue will blanket my sleep  
And only sleep will let me float, sun-ripened  
Blue raft for tomorrow's stragglers.