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## PENN KEMP

### Grazing the Face of Climate Change

The cedar the bohemian  
wax wings twitter among  
bare boughs on their way  
warmward.

Envy emulates flight,  
lights desire, douses  
doubt in fiercer certainty.

Icarus stretches his fine  
new wings, disarmed by  
possibilities plus.

"Beware the wax, my son. It  
cannot last in the face of  
strong Sun shine."

No fear. Bright day beckons.

"I'm on my way and who will  
gainsay the path to glory, glory!"

Damn the consequence, o'er-  
weening  
teen. Between  
between the elements.

High performance art starts  
here. Raising mighty arms  
he flaps. He flies.

Close, warming his face.  
Oh, the glow! Pride  
bursts, sun bursts,  
sun grazing.

Rising solar flare—  
sudden glare incipient—

may might may not—

Bright implausible wings dim  
before a brighter sun, too close.

Closer. Losing

altitude, attitude.  
Lost.

Farther from father into free  
fall.

(Hubris, they will say  
in that all-knowing future.)

The fall, falling. Spring  
springing.

A flutter of feathers  
catching the light  
light on the surface.

Follow their fine drift  
on the wind, winding  
down

through sub-lunar  
splendour onto  
sea sparkle.

Living sphere,  
Facing fear too late  
on a sea of metrics.

Facing ob-  
livion. (Immortal  
eyes can not cut it).

Dead last. Death lasts  
forever. Ever  
more.

Reflect, refract, reflect  
again and loss a gain.

Free to fail only  
once and then no  
longer

No longer boy but  
myth.

*Activist poet/playwright Penn Kemp is London's inaugural Poet Laureate, with twenty-six books of poetry/drama and ten CDs.*