

## **“I, ICARUS”** ***ALDEN NOWLAN***

There was a time when I could fly. I swear it.  
Perhaps, if I thing hard for a moment, I can even tell you the year.  
My room was on the ground floor at the rear of the house.  
My bed faced a window.  
Night after night I lay on my bed and willed myself to fly.  
It was hard work, I can tell you.  
Sometimes I lay perfectly still for an hour before I felt my body  
    rising from the bed.  
I rose slowly, slowly until I floated three or four feet above the  
    floor.  
Then, with a kind of swimming motion, I propelled myself toward  
    the window.

Outside, I rose higher and higher, above the pasture fence, above  
    the clothesline, above the dark, haunted trees beyond the  
    pasture.  
And, all the time, I heard the music of flutes.  
It seemed the wind make this music.  
And sometimes there were voices singing.

