

When contemplating **WAX WINGS**, consider the following:

1. Your *FATHER* made them for *YOU*. Candlelight is not kind to tired eyes. Gnarled hands toiled over oil so you and him could fly away.
2. *MINOS* rules everything but the heavens. Beeswax and thread is your only way out.
3. When your *FATHER* strapped the wings to your back, to carry with you through the infinite blue, he gave you a warning.
 - a. "Take the course I show you."

ADDENDUM: If given a choice, children will refuse to listen.

4. Avoid sunburn when flying too close to the sun.
 - a. In fact, avoid flying too close to the sun in the first place, as it seems that wax is oil is aqueous.
5. *YOU* are plummeting to your death.
6. Love is a *FATHER* watching *YOU* plummet to your death.
 - a. "*ICARUS*," he screams.
7. Love is freedom is freedom is wings.
8. Wings are:
 - a. life after death and
 - b. tenacity without apology.
9. *MINOS* rules everything but the heavens.
 - a. He cannot own you anymore.
10. Your *FATHER* loves you as erosion loves rock, as Andromeda loves us, as time loves space. There is no pinch-hitter to step in when your rotator cuff tears. Where does the love go in the absence of wings?