The Death of Neil

Duncan Browne

The only dream that Neil had was to fly on self-made wings
To realise the dream of man, become the king of kings
To have a private world alone where no one else could be
Entered through a secret door, and he would have the keyHe worked alone till night and day became just dark and light
The outside world a distant haze with two-dimensional sight
They thought that Neil was off his head and laughed so he could hear
But Neil could smile at what they said, his [arrÃªtÃ©] was nearHe built his wings like those of old, with pedals, strings and wheels
A universe he'd soon enfold with stardust on his heels
He'd fly across Lorentia and touch its mountain peaks
Atlantis he would soar above and find what memory seeks
From back to front of ages' words by candle light he read
From dead alerts the reason why brought Icarus was dead
With geometric line and curve his plans began to shape
A pair of wings that soon would serve to accomplish Neil's escapeSilent now, the people watched and no one laughed or spoke
A memory in their souls was touched, was no longer just a joke
And through their midst a path was cleared for Neil, a golden way
That lift-up and his dream he neared, no longer far away
He stood alone with wings unfurled and watched the rising sun
Apollo and another world he'd soon have lost or won
He spread his wings, unfurled them lift among the gods he peeked
By silent lips his soul was kissed, and Neil at last was free

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