

## A Beleaguered Wife Pleads With Her Husband About Icarus

Look, I know you're tired of having this conversation, and I am too, but you need to listen to reason. You're going to get yourself killed. Yes, I know I've repeated the same damn story a hundred times and that you know all about the flying, the burning, the crashing, the misery and folly of the whole thing, but I'm going to repeat it anyway because it seems like none of it is sinking in. Look, I know this is a boring life—our little house, our ordinary family, our simple existence—and I see you staring off into the sky, closing your eyes and imagining what it's like to be a bird, to be a cloud, to be something heavenly and not just a speck of dust chained to the earth. I get it, I really do. You think there aren't days where I want to be more than this, where I think about leaving it all behind for some adventure? I want nothing more than to go off like a pioneer, to find a hidden valley just for us, to let the kids discover their own lakes and claim them with homemade flags, to climb a mountain and name it after us, to make love under more stars than I could possibly imagine. But that's not how life works. We have this farm and all its chores, we have these legs to walk the land, and we have these hands to work the soil, and the best we can do is find blessing in this drudgery. So please stop killing the fowl for feathers. Please stop letting the crops wilt while you make wings in the shed. Please stop chopping down our trees so you can have wood for the frame. Please stop jumping off the house, the barn, the water tower to test out your inventions. Please stop falling asleep outside looking off into the sky. Please stop holding a flame against your skin to build a tolerance. And please, for the love of God, please stop spending every second of every day imagining how you will leave us destitute so you can experience a few minutes of ecstasy before you get consumed by the fire and dropped back to earth like a fallen star. Please just stay home with me. We can make love under the stars tonight, and even though the clouds are starting to come in and the porch lights will soften their glow, it can be enough, can't it?