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Being 20 now, do I only get
7 more years?
Won't that be when I'm at my
best?
The permanent age, a club
of influential artists
What's more inviting?

But when the ticket's price
is your life, is it worth it?

Artists burn bright
without having to burnout.

Following blown-out
candles that came before
creates roads of misery
many have followed
Their results:
always the same.

Yet too many travelers
still believe happiness
kills creativity

The bottom of a bottle
not nearly as intoxicating
as the bottom of the heart
their art touches

Johnson, Jones, Joplin,
Morrison, Cobain, Winehouse

All flew too close to the sun
like Icarus before them
and crashed

Is it worth the tributes
you'll never see?
the recognition you longed for,
now meaningless,
 six feet
 below

to leave your family
grieving, collecting extra
royalties to pay for your funeral

Therefore I wonder:

Why can't we be more like
Daedalus, flying just close
enough to feel the sun's
warmth without the
fall.