

THE ETIQUETTE

~ interlude ~

The Father travailed day and night
With visions of overcoming the mystery of flight
The Child faithfully observes with eyes so bright
As He is enlightened beyond delight

Years go past and the Father becomes old
The mystery is conquered and her secrets unfold
Made of wax are the wings that are hardened by the cold
To soar amongst the spheres now His ultimate goal

The Child now a Man honors his Father fore He too understands
And with a second set of wings He devises a plan
As the Father is acknowledged throughout the land
Day and night the Son toils with the Father's tools in hand

Now the Father old and grey
Asked His Son to soar with Him on His last day
And the Son edified in His own way
Embraced His Father and suggested they put on a display

The multitude assembled from far and wide
To see the two soar over the country side
Against better judgment the father complied
To soar at noon with the coming of the tide

2 of 2

Everywhere was silent at the start of the show
With each aerial feat the cheers began to grow
Therefore the Son became bolder as His Father flew below
Disregarding the pleas reminding Him to fly low

As the Sun raced across the sky
The Son gave chase much to everyones surprise
At that moment the Father gave a devastating cry
Because this would be the day His Son would surely die

Behold now falls the Son the Child the Man
The Father watches His greatest achievement and realizes His Son's end
"No" say Appollo "this is not His end"
"Behold the Son the Man the God to whom there is no end"

Out of the Sun the Son flew toward the Father
No longer wax, His wings were made of something much harder
The Father swelled with pride because His Son had and would travel farther
And the mystery was no longer a bother

May You Too
Live Free And Prosper

Victor J. Javarez

December 21, 2019