

The Eagle

Light This City

He clasps the crag with crooked hands
Deformed from gripping the rock so tight
Close to the sun in lonely lands
But the wax never melts from his wings
Ringed with the azure world he stands
Emperor of the sky, lord of the ocean
The very image of a king

His outstretched feathers overwhelming the sky
And his innate pride to lead
Suggest power, not modesty
But he never kills without consuming
And though he is always watchful of his surroundings
As he skims the surface,
I suspect he doesn't realize the panic
His shadow induces
In the hearts of the creatures underneath
The overflowing surge of relief
They feel as he revisits
His distinguished position on the cliff
An immense wall of stone
Taking the place of a diamond covered throne
A shining ocean instead of a glittering palace
To signify his status

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls
Tiptoeing past the sentient, piercing eyes
He watches from his mountain walls
His mind once again boundless in flight
And like a thunderbolt, he falls
Racing heart, never a doubt
Or glance behind

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Guided by instinct, his conscience remains unburdened
Never having to reflect within,
He focuses relentlessly on the outside world
He manifests the answer to the oldest mystery
The meaning of life
Nothing more than just
To live