

The Bald Eagle

Don R. Wilkins

Motley, MN

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My Aerie, built on craggy cliff,
or in a tree top high.
I soar above the reaching hills,
on lifting winds I fly.

I raise my young with tender care,
until they fly away.
Their destiny to fly alone,
it is but Nature's way

My prey I seek with piercing eye,
grasp with talon strong.
Then lift into the endless sky
to sing my victory song.

By strength of wing will soar on high.
My future yet to be,
to glide beyond restricting Earth.
Eternity to see.

My place in Nature is secure.
I'm viewed now with respect.
A Symbol for the strong and free,
I fly with no regret.

With courage yet unquestioned,
there's challenge in my cry,
I lift to heights, unhindered,
An EAGLE... flying high. ∞∞



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