

Poems About Eagles

This is a collection of poems - old and new - that have been written about eagles. Some you may recognize because they are included in anthologies. Others are from "Kindred Spirits" whose musings about eagles lead them to put pen to paper. Some have been sent to us to share, and we are happy to do so here.

If you have a poem you'd like to share about eagles, please email webmaster@eagles.org.

The Dalliance of Eagles

by Walt Whitman

Skirting the river road, (my forenoon walk, my rest,)
Skyward in air a sudden muffled sound, the dalliance of the eagles,
The rushing amorous contact high in space together,
The clinching interlocking claws, a living, fierce, gyrating wheel,
Four beating wings, two beaks, a swirling mass tight grappling,
In tumbling turning clustering loops, straight downward falling,
Till o'er the river pois'd, the twain yet one, a moment's lull,
A motionless still balance in the air, then parting, talons loosing,
Upward again on slow-firm pinions slanting, their separate diverse flight,
She hers, he his, pursuing. ~~~

The Eagle

by Edwin Curran

The dome of heaven is thy house
Bird of the mighty wing,
The silver stars are as thy boughs
Around thee circling.
Thy perch is on the eaves of heaven
Thy white throne all the skies
Thou art like lightning driven
Flashing over paradise! ~~~

Isaiah 40:31

KJV

But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their
strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they
shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not
faint. ~~~

The Eagle

by Isaac McLellan (1806-1899)

Monarch of the realms supernal,
Ranger of the land and sea,
Symbol of the Grand Republic,
Who so noble and so free?
Thine the boundless fields of either,
Heaven's unfathom'd depths are thine;
Far beyond our human vision,
On thy vans the sunbeams shine.

Borne on iron-nerved pinion,
Forth from Pole to Pole you sweep,
O'er sea-islands, craggy mountains,
O'er the blue and trackless deep.
Now thy winnowing plumes o'ershadow
Northern cliff and iceberg grim,
Now o'er Southern, soft savannas,
Thy unflagging pinions skim.

Him who feeds the hungry raven
And the sea-bird of the rock
Tempers the inclement breezes
To the shorn and bleating flock--
Leads thee o'er the waste of ocean,
Guides o'er savage wild and wood,
And from Nature's bounteous storehouse
Feeds thy callow, clamorous brood.

O'er the mountains of Caucasus,
Over Apennine and Alp,
Over Rocky Mounts, Cordilleras,
O'er the Andes' herbless scalp;
Far above their snowy summits,
Where no living thing abides,
He that notes the falling sparrows
Leads thee, watches thee, and guides.

Thou wingest where a tropic sky
Bendeth its celestial dome,
Where sparkling waters greet the eye,
And gentlest breezes fan the foam;
Where spicy breath from groves of palm,
Laden with aromatic balm,
Blows ever, mingled with perfume
Of golden fruit and honey'd bloom.

Green shores adorn'd with tropic wood,
Gay grottoes, island solitudes;
Savannas where palmettoes screen
The Indian's hut with living green;
A land like visionary dreams,
Delicious with its groves and streams--
Realms such as these behold thy sweep,
Careering in the upper deep. ~~~

Two Little Eaglets

By Jim Weller

Two little eaglets
way up in the tree.
Two little eaglets,
looking down at me.

You sit there in your aerie
staring at the sky,
and every time you flap your wings
my heart lets out a sigh.

Silly little eaglets
hovering o'er the nest,
Don't you know that you can fly?
Your wings will stand the test.

Do you care that I'm waiting here
to see you soaring high?
I'm tethered to the earth below,
but you, you own the sky!

If I were an eaglet
and could do what you can do,
without a moment's hesitation
I would launch into the blue.

(But wait! One's perched upon the edge!
It leans into the breeze!
It spreads its wings! Then hops back down.)
You're such a little tease.

I know that you are old enough,
your wings are sure and strong.
Dancing high across the sky
is where Eagles belong.

You're made for inspiration.
You can make the mute heart sing,
rejoicing in your majesty
borne on outstretched wing!

"Why don't you fly?" I ask out loud,
"When will you learn to soar?"
I know that you are ready.
What are you waiting for?"

Then deep within my spirit,
the eaglets speak somehow.
They say, "We'll take that leap of faith
when we hear God whisper, 'Now!'" 🦅🦅

Jim Weller (EagleJim) writes a blog post for the Eastwood Eagle Watchers, a group of eagle enthusiasts based in Dayton, Ohio. He often focuses on two of his favorite eagles, Jim & Cindy, reporting faithfully about their comings and goings. Jim's blogs and his eagle poems are treasures to read again and again! Follow Jim at eastwoodeaglewatchers.wordpress.com/

Eagles of Inspiration

by Jim Weller

A single eagle atop a tree
speaks of many things to me.
I see a sentinel brave and strong
perched up high where he belongs.
Diligent throughout the day
aware of all that comes his way,
with eyes alert, he views the skies
for any threat that might pass by.

A pair of eagles in a tree
speaks of other truths to me.
I see a bond that none may shake
and only death itself dare break!
Devoted to each other so,
yet year by year devotion grows,
through every trial that they share
in togetherness and mutual care.

But a pair of eagles on the wing
makes my heart both laugh and sing!
Together, high up in the air,
they soar along without a care.
In unfettered freedom by and by
they dance their way across the sky
until, at last, as I strain to see,
they're absorbed into its azure sea.

What a blessing to behold
this sight more valuable than gold,
this sight that sets my spirit free
to be what I was meant to be!
It snaps harsh tethers of earthly care
and sends me high into the air!

We're designed by God to be so much more,
with hearts to watch, and love, and soar!



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Photo: Woodrow Dawson

The Eagle's Nest Stands Silent

By Jim Weller (June 17, 2013)

The eagle's nest stands silent
Her annual labor done
She's proven herself trustworthy
Each battle fought, she's won.

As wandering eagles see her
Without a word she'll say,
"This territory's taken!
You'd best be on your way!"

Through the blistering heat of summer
While standing high and proud
She'll chant of former glories,
But not a word aloud.

Crowning autumn's canopy
She will breathe a quiet sigh
As her master and her mistress
Dance across the sky.

Speechless through the snowfall
Atop that barren tree
She'll patiently anticipate
The things that are to be.

Then just before the springtime
She will end her time of rest
And sing anew a song of joy
With new life in her breast!

The eagle's nest stands silent
Yet has so much to say
If we just pause to listen
As we hasten by today. ~~~~



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Visions of Eagle Flight

by Tamar D. Earnest MD

June 11, 2016

Soaring high, flying free
Spread your wings for all to see

Head of white, eyes of gold
Your picture's found on symbols old

Now your nest in Arboretum¹
Has Eagle Cams so all can see 'em²

From brooding eggs to eaglets flight
We watch by day and through the night

Eaglets fledged now "juvies" be³
They've learned to fly from tree to tree

Hunting takes a lot more time
If "juvies" learn they'll do just fine

When you return to nest next year
We will all be waiting here

Eagle cams we long to see
As you raise your family

We will watch by day or night
For visions of your eagle flight

Soaring high, flying free
Spread your wings for all to see 🦅



This poem is dedicated to the American Eagle Foundation⁴, the cam installers and operators, the chat moderators and to everyone who made this vision possible.

¹ U.S. National Arboretum <http://www.usna.usda.gov/>

² Washington, DC Bald Eagle Nest Cam <http://www.dceaglecam.org/>

³ DC Eagle Nest FAQs <http://www.dceaglecam.org/pdf/DC-FAQs.pdf>

⁴ American Eagle Foundation <https://www.eagles.org/>

Untitled

By Don R. Wilkins

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. 🦅

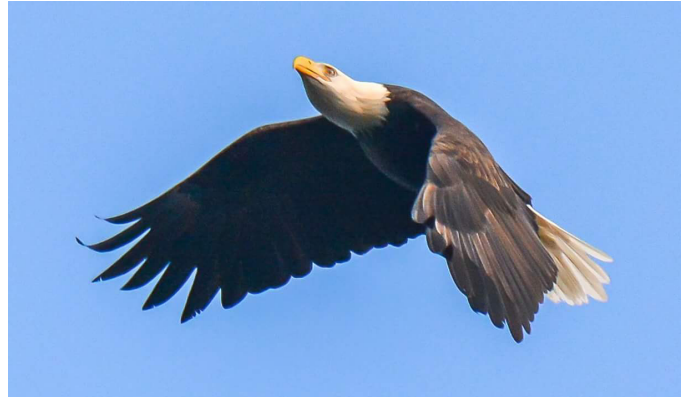


Photo by Scott Kelly - wild4photos.com

The American Eagle

Kate Watkins Furman

Great masterpiece, unfurl your wings
Soaring where the water sings,
Blue Heaven touches earth below
Where fruitful fields and flowers grow.

Where wars, now past, have set us free,
Sweet symbol of our liberty,
Fly on, fly on, your strength increase
God lift you up on winds of peace. 🦅



Photo by Scott Kelly - wild4photos.com

The Bald Eagle

Don R. Wilkins

Motley, MN

© 2007


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. 

Watchman of the Wild

By Cain Pence

Soar above
Oh Eagle of America
Symbol of freedom, guardian of the wilderness
Winged watcher, witness of pioneer dreams
Hunter of prey, hope of patriots
Protector of rivers, provost of river men
Bird of beauty, beast of majesty

Soar high above mountain and Mississippi
Soar high above fruited plain and delta
Soar high above foothills and blue lakes
Soar high above canyons and forest

Oh, great Eagle of America
Watchman of the wild
Remain vigilant and strong
Watch over our great land
And let America rise and soar
Like the mighty Eagle who guards
Her rivers and shores. 

Cain Pence is a writer based in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Mr. Pence is a graduate of Georgetown University and has travelled extensively throughout all 50 states. Mr. Pence grew up exploring the banks of the Mississippi River and has always loved the majestic eagles found along its banks. He wrote this poem to celebrate the spirit of freedom symbolized by the eagle and America. He can be reached at caino@cainpence.com.

Our faithful “Chatters” who watch our live streaming HD video cams often express their thoughts in poem and prose -- these are whimsical, beautiful and poignant, bringing back happy memories of seasons past, along with bright hopes of seasons yet to come.

Life In the Nest

From the Diary of a Dollywood Eaglet

by Nancy Huff

I am glad to be an eaglet
Born on Eagle Mountain
I crave sanctuary
I feel security
I obsess to be wild
I know protection
My doting mother *Independence*
She rules the roost
My watchful father *Franklin*
Stands proud sentinel in my midst
They have taught me well
I love fish and quail and any old rodent
I hope my feathers grow straight and strong
I desire to learn all the eagle ways
And take them with me when I fly away
You know I may soar back someday
My chatters and fans who watched me grow
I plan to give them a
Splendid
Magnificent
Awesome
Show. ~~~~

Untitled

by a Chatter who loves Eagle Mountain Sanctuary

Soft light falls magically on our nest at night
Babies sleep; parents close by, ever watchful.
Sentinels.
This is Eagle Mountain Sanctuary. This is their home.

Here they are protected, nurtured, loved.
Their parents — never again able to fly in the wild
- and restricted to a space on a shady, peaceful hill—
still find companionship and purpose for life, forming
bonds that will last their lifetime.

The cycle of life repeats each spring. Eggs are laid,
guarding secrets of newly forming life inside. The
parents guard them with their very lives, knowing the
value of what it is they are protecting.

A scratch, a tear, a tiny breathing space. And then
a small hole. Hours of work till finally the exhausted
tiny life escapes the small space of shell and enters a
world he will someday soar above.

Two others are hatched - all in the space of 30 hours.
Fighting for dominance and survival -
hard wired instincts. ~~~~



Fledge Day - A Conversation Between Eaglets

by Chatter/Mod "Carolyn STE" - 2012

Two bald eaglets, sitting on a pole
Should they be cautious, should they be bold
Said one to the other - "Shall we try?
Shall we sit here or shall we fly?"

"I don't know," said Griffith to Braveheart
We need to be cautious, we need to be smart
It's awfully nice right where we are
Fish in a dish, and we don't have to go far."

Braveheart replied, "I'm telling you
Ranger was brave, and we should be too.
He jumped and he pranced, and he finally flew high
His wings flapped so strongly as he sailed in the sky.

We must have courage, and we must take our chance
Nature is calling us to join the Big Dance
How far will we travel? What sights will we see?
What does the future hold for you and for me?

It's a wide world out there and we have to be strong
And careful, and caring - we can't get it wrong.
We have journeys to make, a soulmate to find
So we can raise eaglets & have more of our kind!"

Said Griffith to Braveheart - "I hope when we nest
We'll come back to this place - for sure it's the best!!" ~~~~~

A side note: Ranger fledged first, on Aug. 14, 2012. He actually landed in the lake (first flights are not easy!) and was rescued. It was observed he had an injury on the bottom of his foot, so he was brought back to be treated - and was subsequently released later after his foot healed. Griffith and Braveheart did not fledge right away - hence the "conversation" in the poem between them. They both fledged the next day! Ranger (patagial tag F2) was spotted Feb. 27, 2014 near Lake Erie, so AEF is very encouraged about his ability to survive in the wild. No sightings have been reported of Braveheart and Griffith, but we hope they are well.



Braveheart and Griffith took their time (until the next day) before they decided to fledge. Eventually they did, and we hope they are having great adventures and doing well.



Ranger was spotted in 2014 near Lake Erie. In this photo, he is a 2-year-old juvenile.



'Twas the Night Before Pip Watch

'Twas the night before pip watch, and all through the nest
'Not a creature was stirring, not even a pest.
The eggs were all nestled, so snug in their bed,
While visions of hatching danced about in their heads.

Romeo on his Houdini Branch, and I on the nest,
Had just settled down for a long night of rest.
The moss in the nest bowl we placed with great care,
With hopes of the eaglets who soon would be there.

When out in the Hamlet, there rose such a clatter,
I sprang to the nest rail to see what was the matter.
Out in the distance I saw such a flash,
I knew in a moment that thunder would crash.

The wind and the rain and the lightning showed fury,
But I knew our nest tree was strong, so no worry.
Our two eggs were safe and warm underneath,
As I looked like a centerpiece in a nice Christmas wreath.

The very next day, when the rain came to a stop,
Into the nest Romeo came with a hop.
As I flew away, to Romeo I said,
"I must go dry off; I'll be back when I've fed!"

As Romeo sat there, the dutiful Dad,
The bright sun came out, and this made him so glad.
As he paid attention, and got up often to see,
It wasn't long before he heard a soft little 'squee.'

When I returned home, and the squees I did hear,
I knew in an instant that hatch time was near.
I nestled and bowl dozed, and rolled those sweet things
I listened for peeping, all sounds amazing.

After hatch of our eaglets was a bountiful meal:
There's White Bass, there's Squirrel, there's Coot, and there's Eel.
As I looked around at this beautiful nest,
I couldn't help feel that we were quite Blessed.

And on Christmas morning, when the eaglets awoke,
It was then that my Romeo had finally spoke:
He said to the bobbleheads who started to squee
"One day you will grow up, and you will fly free."

*~ By Lori Staudt and Cindy Grudeau
December 2013*





Christmas in the Hamlet

Twas a few days before Christmas, and the Hamlet's abuzz
For the nest bowl's complete and is full of down-fuzz!
R and J always keep their priorities straight,
And carefully tend their 2 eggs, then...they...wait.



Their nest is built strong with sticks, big and small,
And the crib rails are high, so the Bobbles won't fall!
They share incubation and make sure the nest's lined,
With the softest dried grass and gray moss they could find.

They defend their nest fiercely, getting rid of all dangers;
When the Bobble-heads come, they'll chase away strangers.
They care for each other, sharing nibbles and beak-kisses,
Sometimes Romeo brings a treat home for his Missus!

Then, just when you think you can't wait one more day,
You see a spot on one egg that just won't go away.
Then the cam zooms in close...the spot's actually a pip,
Now we join R and J on a magical trip!

The pip in the egg's growing bigger each minute,
Before very long we'll see just who's been in it!
R and J still keep rolling their eggs forward and back,
Then suddenly we see the pip's turned into a crack!
Its egg tooth and feet push till the crack opens wide,
Then out pops the Eaglet who's been growing inside





Great joy fills the Hamlet, news spreads near and far
“Our first Bobble-head’s here, oh how grateful we are!”
Then we look in the nest...R and J still keep watch,
We almost forgot...Bobble-2 will soon hatch!

R and J still continue rolling egg number 2,
But Bobble-head 1’s already looking for food!
So, Romeo flies in with a freshly-caught fish,
Juliet takes a break...Romeo, at last, gets his wish!
The new Eagle Dad finally meets hatchling-1,
“Hi, little eaglet, are you a daughter or son?”

Juliet returned quickly, but R was focused on his task,
“I just love my nest duty...maybe she won’t even ask...
Maybe Juliet will let me stay longer, and not quibble.”
Just then, J tweaked his head with her beak...Ouch! What a nibble!
Romeo got up fast, and perched in the nest tree,
His duties aren’t just Hubby and Dad, but his family’s safety.



R and J take turns feeding Bobble-1 with great care,
And egg-rolled Bobble-2, still in his shell under there.
Then, just when we thought our Joy couldn’t be greater,
Bobble-2 pipped and hatched, a mere 2 long days later!

Once again, everyone in the Hamlet could see,
How the Eagles gladly added to their Family Tree!
“We must be sure all friends of the Hamlet are told,
We’ve added 2 more Bobbles, who are more precious than gold!”





The Town Crier grabbed the scroll listing AEF's members,
To review all their names, like he did last December.
So he untied the scroll and the first name to see,
Is our much-loved, "King Eagle," dear Al Cecere!



He then saw the names of the Zoomies and Mods
And he said to himself, "They're all blessings from God!"
For each name he read made him think how each one,
Did whatever was needed to help AEF run.
There's Gretchen, Glenn, L, beach, pc, debi, grt, woo, and squee,
And jerry, babyhawk, peanut, rick, mocha and jc;
Next is clawpaw, pfern, Sparky, bluemeanie, cg and cyn,
Mollykate, James, (the tech guy), otd, and Carolyn.
There are so many listed...every single one matters,
Zoomies, Mods, Volunteers, and don't forget all the Chatters!

He knew time was flying, no more time to read lists,
"I must spread this news fast—2 more Bobbles exist!"
Then it hit him: the best way this great news should be spread,
Is to open up Chat and post it there to be read.

He rushed to the room where the keyboard was placed,
And he typed out this message with a smile on his face.
"I have joyous news from the Hamlet's Eagle residents!"
(It might even be better than their other Christmas presents!)
He continued, "We've been blessed with 2 Bobbles so sweet,
They're all fluffy and gray and have the cutest clown-feet!"





He posted the message, then had a quick afterthought,
How did I not remember—this just can't be forgot!
“Dear AEF Friends, in your own way give pause,
For these “gifts” we’ve received weren’t from Santa Claus.
Two more eaglets are here...2 sweet Bobbles to love,
They are both surely gifts that were sent from above!”

The Town Crier was relieved; everything was done right;
Now AEF’s Hamlet can rejoice this Christmas Night!
Romeo and Juliet have been tucked in by G,
Their 2 eaglets are safe...asleep in the nest tree.

What a great way to share the Holiday Season,
With friends ‘round the World, coming for lots of reasons;
To rejoice and learn about Eagles and their nest in this tree,
Many post heartfelt “Thank You’s” for Mr. Al Cecere!

It’s because of this man that AEF got its start,
And forever we’re grateful for the love in his heart.
His humility wouldn’t want praise to be regal,
But, if it wasn’t for him there’d be no haven for Eagles!
Our Country’s proud symbol wouldn’t be so well known,
And imagine not knowing where Challenger’s flown!

No place for injured Eagles and other raptors would exist;
Without him, Eagles would still be on the Endangered List!
Imagine our Country without Eagle Mountain,
Or without Dollywood and AEF’s friend, Dolly Parton.
Education and breeding programs for Eagles we’d lack;
Imagine not having Douglas Lake nor Eagles to hack!
His AEF works tirelessly; hard-fought battles they’ve won;
We’re so grateful for him, and all that AEF’s done!





All the Hamlet is quiet, everyone's tucked-in tight,
Before we all know it, these 2 Bobbles'll take first flights!
So, let's savor each moment with our Eagle Family here,
Hopefully, we'll be blessed with more Eagles each year!

Now, it's time to join our Eagles, and get some well-deserved sleep,
For tomorrow will be filled with more memories to keep!
I hope that my tale about the Hamlet was done right,
All that's left is to say;
"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL—HAVE A WONDERFUL NIGHT"!

With LOTS of Eagle Love!

By Donna Hartman
"K-9Pal"
12-09-15



Nestorations at the Florida Nest of Romeo and Juliet were in full swing when Hurricane Matthew struck the east coast of the United States October 7, 2016. Florida was threatened, and the safety of Romeo and Juliet, and the integrity of their nest home was on everyone's mind. As human residents evacuated their homes, our hearts were heavy with worry. Remote Cam Operator Jan Wendler's poem, written over the course of the Hurricane, is a heartfelt memory of that event.

Oct. 7

We wait and we worry, we pace and we pray;
 For our 2 special Eagles who are in harm's way;
 We secretly know they will weather this storm;
 And the nest they have crafted will be in fine form!
 How have they stolen our hearts so completely?
 By tending their young and each other so sweetly!
 The Lord knows they're special and He hears our prayers;
 They'll soon fly to the nest with some sticks for repairs.
 They'll weave and they'll tuck and they'll make the best nest;
 Then they'll tend to the bowl and give it a last test;
 Soon eggs will appear and they'll share incubation;
 In front of a watchful and most anxious nation;
 When autumn is over and a New Year finally starts;
 We will meet their newest hatchlings with very grateful hearts!!!

A Continuation: Oct. 8

Wait...news is now coming...the nest is okay;
 Cams firmly in place awaiting a new day;
 An eagle seen soaring...Gretchen on her way;
 Soon we will know...we continue to pray;
 She declared she will tuck when she gets home tonight;
 Once she sees her precious R and J, all will be right!

It's been a tough week, they've been put to the test
 But our team has come home and now we can rest
 They've brought us the best news we could ever request...
 Our 2 Special Eagles are back in their nest
 There's work to be done and power to restore
 But with this much good news, who could ask for more?
 The season's a Go, there are eaglets to raise;
 Trust the Eagles and Trust God...He deserves all our Praise!
 And they lived Happily Ever After . ~~~~



Our DC EagleCam Nest at the National Arboretum was featured for the first time in 2015-2016, and the nation fell in love with this family of eagles! Millions of people watched daily and got an up-close-and-personal look at the lives of 'Mr. President,' 'The First Lady,' and their offspring, 'Liberty' and 'Freedom.'

Flight Envy

Standing in my nest
As safe as I can be
Almost fully grown
For all the world to see

My eyes are black and serious
My wings are strong and wide
One day I'll be so curious
And fledge the nest with pride

Other birds are chirping
They're also flitting by
I wonder how they do it
I wonder how they fly

I'm curious enough to do it
These wings will carry me
Above the trees so high
I'll do it one day you'll see!

Cold and wet the days
When I was just so small
Now are warm and green
And now I stand so tall

There's something crawling next to me
With legs and wings, oh my!
It flies around the nest
Oh it's just a silly fly

At first I'll fly with grace and strength
The landing not so true
It will take some practice
Believe me just a few

I'll be ready in my time
I'll be like the rest
Then you'll be so proud of me
Fledging from the nest

My life will be all mine then
But not so much alone
I will look so forward now
To a family of my own

~ D. LaFleur ~
5/25/2016



Becoming Eagle

by STE

Hidden treasures
carefully tended
artfully turned
kept warm
and safe.
Weeks pass.
Storms threaten.
Rain pounds.
Parents cope.
And then
a pip.
Effort beyond effort.
An exhausting
relentless
struggle
to break free
and become
EAGLE.