

Eagle wisdom

Reflected sunset in a crystal ball,
Golden shards of light in my eyes,
Drifting in and out of focus and
Leading me away from this place –
To somewhere where there is no place
To somewhen when there is no time.
This is always the place of meeting,
And I find myself, as ever, in the sky,
Soaring with my friend nearby,
Wingtip to wingtip and mind to mind.
Below I can see dark forest lands,
White mountains, green grass and silver –
Occasional glimpses of streams and lakes.
My soul is open to my friend; all my problems
And my questions are as trivia to him.
He will not give me answers, but help is allowed –
Guidance for me to choose the right path.
I ask the same as I have asked before,
He turns to look at me - his beak is close now –
We fly lower towards a silvery lake,
And I see with the eagle's vision: both surfaces,
The shimmery reflection of the sky in the water,
And the movement below, perhaps a fish or frog.
We swoop together and he has a fish in his talons,
While I caught a frog – I let the frog go back.
A picture comes to my mind from childhood,
Searching in rockpools at the beach with a bucket,
Again, the water hid so many secrets to a child –
Shells, tiny fish, shiny stones, sometimes a crab,
All wonders to me and the pleasure of searching.
Is this my answer to look at the problem anew?
Use an eagle's vision to see beneath the surface,
Of a person's outward feelings and emotions?
My friend looks at me and we soar high above,
Now, I feel something rather than see a picture,
That the landscape below covers many lifetimes,
And my friend's thought comes to me overall.
Do not seek the answer of many lifetimes during
The course of a single lifetime is my feeling –
Sent, of course, to my mind from my friend.
You and your soul mate were always so from life to life,
You were always with her and she was ever with you.
With that feeling, my friend and I part – he and his fish
Towards the white mountains in the distance.
And I fall, to surface again with my crystal ball.