

“She Eagle”

The great female eagle glided upwards slowly and soundlessly in the spiral of warm thermal air, wings outspread, flight feathers curled gracefully up in communion with Father Wind. She Eagle whispered:

"Father, I tire of life,"
"Rest here now with me," answered Father Wind.

After a time, the thermal began to diminish and she reluctantly banked out and began a descent. She came to light on the high branch of the tallest pine on a small hill above the frozen river. Hunched slightly, wings folded closely over her thick winter down, her sharp black eye scanned the brown and snowy terrain below. A human female sat at the base of the tree and now looked up at She Eagle with awe.

Father Wind blew his cold winter waves, moving thick clouds slowly past the sun, and caused the silvery mist to curl and dance around She Eagle and the form of the woman below. The deep gray flow of Mother's icy river tumbled softly over its shallow rocky bed. Bridges of ice did not entirely encasing its flow; a trout slipped by in a wink not unnoticed by the eagle who yet had no will to hunt this day. "The world lies in winter sleep beneath the ground," thought the woman with sadness, "far from the rebirth of spring."

"My love,..." said Father Wind as he blew the lightest waves of cool breeze, "Return to Peace..." but She Eagle and the woman beneath the evergreen only sighed.

"Perch there for a time then at this riverside. Open your wings and flap them free of stiffness, dust and the sorrow that imprisons you. Perch there for a time, call out to me for I am everywhere, and you **are** my deathless heart, inseparable, you and I," said Father Wind.

She Eagle and Woman both listened to Mother Earth sing her rushing and watery song from the misty river beneath. The eagle slowly unfolded her great wings and flapped them once or twice. The human female slowly got to her feet and leaned against the tree to see the great bird better.

She Eagle lowered her great sloping head, called out a high and haunting shriek then leaped. Father Wind sent a strong draft of cold air upward to support flight and her great wings unfolded to engage. She rose briefly then swooped down into the draft that held her and re-entered her domain with a whoosh, thrilling the woman below.

She circled and gliding over the river until the next strong draft of wind took her high above. She soared and rode the winter sky in joyous celebration of life and once more called out her piercing cry.

A single wing feather came loose and descended in a tiny spiral to earth. With a laugh, Father Wind blew it into the open hand of the woman who stood breathlessly watching below.