

# Eagle Released

By F. King

There was something of the eagle in him,  
Something that spoke of flailing wings against the sun,  
Of darkening hills upon a chilly, spring-time sky.  
And when she listened to him talk of common things,  
There was the rush and sweep of greater things to come,  
Of glory glimpsed, soon to be realized.  
And when he rose into the wind from out her opening hands,  
She stood below and wept beside the empty cage  
For all the beauty lost upon unfeeling sky.  
Coward that she was, she told the bird to leave,  
Fearing the clever talons and the searching eyes,  
Wary of claims the eagle might demand and soon attain.  
Thus she lived her life under sheltering summer trees,  
Hidden in haste from cliffs and the beat of wing,  
Longing for the lash of claws in the early spring.

# Autumn Twilight

By Anne McDonnell

On my lips the sad bitter taste  
Of moist autumn air.

Along the shadowy earth of twilight  
A wraith-like mist.

Trees, black against white grey sky  
Stilly stand.

Deep in the grey light behind the mist-  
skirted trees  
A faint rose glow sinks lingeringly.

The mist expires,  
The grey glow fades,  
And the black trees  
Melt into jealous night.