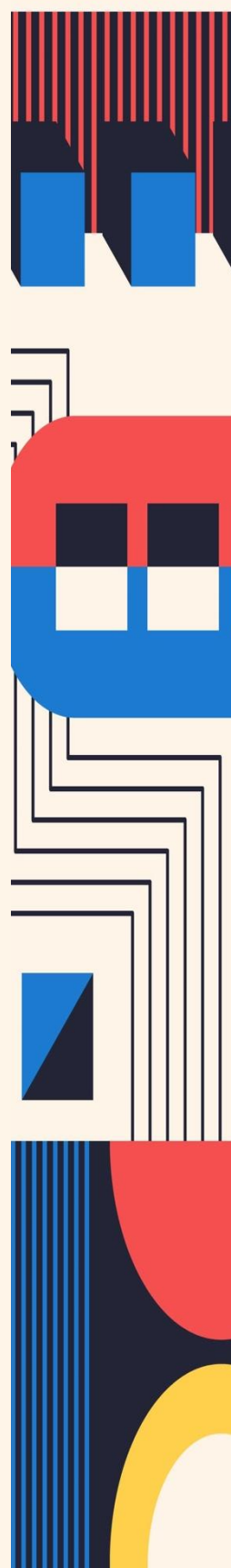


02

Petar Sakač

**The Tears of Eagles (and a
bit of Tempest)**





The Tears of Eagles (and a bit of Tempest)

Atop the peaks, the mountain spines
painted with trees of pine,
Feather, wing, sharp eye, and beak
Mother eagle and her eaglets
is whom you'll find, if you seek.

Mother eagle, the panopticon,
she sees, she's the life force,
the forest - one - .
She's the air that she glides.
the holes in the ground
where the darkness hides
she's the horizon,
all four sides.

Mother eagle, she's the queen,
Under her,

The decrepit bear,
His empty stare,
His claws are bare,
he kills, he roars, he scares.
A barely present fool,
An ever-useful tool,
The silent demon,
The forest's protector,
Unless given a drop of nectar.
Barely a thought





In his skull.

Please don't mind,

if you would, his drool.

(Who would've thought,

you could buy a bear with honey,

like men's souls with... umm... money?)

The builder beavers,

The architects

Building dams

And whatever next.

With sharp teeth

and sturdy tails.

They create.

They destroy.

Whatever brings

Their queen joy.

Little demons,

her hoi poloi.

Many others,

Many otters,

Many here,

Many there,

A lot of rabbits,

A few hares.





Many critters,
Holding hands,
Inside the rivers, rocks,
Flower, grass,
the wind, the sand.
They make the blood.
of the pine-forest flow.
Each alone,
They are together
so much more.

Above the mother eagle,
There's but the sun;
There is
but sky undone.

She lives in line with
and keeps in line
all the critters, movements, beings, time

for she gazed
for so long
all she sees is
all as one.

What she sees, she wants to teach,
all her younglings, all, and each.
The years are lessons,
She remembers.

As she cries,





the tears roll off her
eagle eyes,
slide down her beak
into the nest
the younglings drink
the sadness, joy,
the beauty, zest.
Great lessons,
for the blind kids,
for they must learn,
to see like her.

The natures critters,
too guidance seek.
The little critters
Worship the beak,
beak all-knowing
kind and meek.

Her voice carries many lessons
Her melody carries
echoes of generations.
After all,
the ancestors
are stored
in the ground;
they are the soil
that births new life.

(Did you think





the ground is dead?)

For when she sings

when she flaps the wings

The dirt can hear it

the dirt breathes

whatever life

the ether brings,

whatever life

slides off her wings,

To ground it seeps

and bends the forests

to the queen's needs.

(This is the secret)

Nothing ever changes

in this machine,

every critter, river, rock, and tree a cog

with a spirit within.

Until one day

From afar

She hears

joy and laughter.

She sees

bloodlust and fears.





Her tears stop,
she puts the eaglets to sleep.

The men,
They are moving,
once again.
They sow wrath
along the paths they take
and they take something
in what joy they make.

The forest gives
about enough to live.
the green breathes,
the blue flows,
the critters, well,
they make a show.

Man inhales,
man consumes,
at time destroys,
what he should love.

He fails to see
And just assumes
it's fine to grip, to grab, to strangle,
when letting go is
what he can't handle
(oh, such pain these children have).





Before they wreak havoc,
Shave the trees,
Pollute the rivers,
Kill the beings,
Steal the fruits,
Claim the ground,
Dig out the roots,
And what they don't eat
they turn to boots,
and coats and hats
and pants and suits.

Before the men
start to rape,
to pillage and to overtake,
To steal the kingdom
The mother sees, she hears, then speaks:
A piercing song from her beak.

She flaps her wings
calls up the winds
calls up the storm,
Clouds, skies and more,

Creates a tempest
that carries men
to create a distance





between them:
landing softly,
(for the queen is kind)
and far apart
she sees their folly
and holds hope
for healing hearts and healing minds.

Men fragment,
some cry, lament,
some have fun
and although swept,
they stick to the forest
like wet cement.

Surviving this
was enough to some
to try again, to restart,
they leave the forest
with a changed heart

Some thinking they
saw death then,
they might change
or might not
some run in fear
without a thought.

Some stay
to feast some more,
“Gust of wind?”





What a snore.”

For those she calls the beaver workers

“Build a feast

made for them

tables seats

for the brave men.

Give them fruits of wood,

something to bite on,

like you beavers would.”

Fragmented men

Fragment their teeth

For the men

Found fruit to eat.

The beaver’s feast

does not sit well,

they run and cry

home to the dentists there.

Gluttons run,

still gluttons some

in the forest,

they refuse to run.

The eagle queen

resorts to scare

the good people





with the bear.

The forest must stay untouched,
the queen knows at least this much.

The bear wakes
the earth quakes
the men, the most, they run in fear.

Few still stay,
think to slay
the drooling bear
it's only fair.

Luckily (for them, at least)
at least one man is smart,
his backpack holds honey,
the key to the bear's heart.

At the smell of the sweet delight
the bear's a puppy and ceases to fight.

Mother eagle came prepared,
she knows the bear.

The bear was there
just to scare.

(She saw, sees, and will see all)

The few who stayed passed her test,





they will now see more than all else.

Queen eagle flies and lands,
just next to where the men stand.
They feel the regal - sans the crown,
on one knee they drop down.

The tears slide down the queen's beak,
they drink the tears and go to sleep.
When they dream,
she starts to sing, to speak.
In the dreams they see her vision,
which cuts into their hearts with precision.

Opening the hearts of men
is what out of them she wanted.
They now see with what her tears are haunted.

The men now know the dream.
And it's there when they're awake.
Sent back home as wisemen,
To prevent men's mistakes.

She sees so much,
for so much pain,
lines her eyes
when she cries
day out day in.

Tis the burden





few can sustain.

It was all
in her plan.
The kingdom stands
clean of man.

As much as she could,

It was all
in her plan
to purify
the heart of man.

Her child now stands where she stood.

Nothing changes, men sow and reap,
The regal eagle always weeps.
Only ones, truly sane,
are the ones
who see through pain.

