

Eagle

By Kirstie Negus

We rattled along in that trolley
To the edge of the reserve
Where put-put motorboats
And rattling trolley cars
Faded to a distant hum
And we seemed so far
From anything or anyone
So that the clap from the tree
Startled us And we raised our
gaze, to see Wide wings gliding,
then settling.
Dare we move closer?
A lowering of that small, hard head
To inspect the feathered breast
And a quick flick of beak into plume
Before the laboured lift off
Took him up, beyond everything.