



**...january 23, 2020...**

**now it's eagles that are flying  
deep into my beingness  
like harbingers – black on grey –  
shadowing the morning sky –**

**everything i choose to dream  
in wild possibilities  
soars the sky of inward eyes  
in visions i have yet to believe –**

**i soar on eagle wings to dive  
the mysteries of consciousness  
cherishing this spreading now  
of fogs and mists and endlessness.**