

The Eagle's Hymn to the Light

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I soar in the light
I live in the light
I am light

there is nothing I may not see—as long as there is light
there is nothing I will not know—as long as there is light
there is nothing I cannot grasp—as long as there is light

my eyes are made by the light
my shape is shaped by the light
my wings breathe light

my feathers are spears of light
they impale me
they let me soar in the light

you can take my feathers
you can never take my wings
bodiless

I soar into the inner light
when I die

there the light reforms me
there the light loves me
there I and the light
are one