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Eagles Never Share

When I think of Zelda and Scott
I remember the falconry in Welshpool,
The man with the fine plume
On his arm and a choice of obsessions:

He said, "There is nothing like
– the force, the aggression,
the unreasoning response,
there's no reasoning with it – it's an eagle."

And the mystery of the bird
Roosted on a small ring
The wings broad as ape's arms
The eyes jealous as vermin.

And shifting from claw to claw,
looking at you as if from a thousand feet
it might suddenly fall
And catch your heart in mid-beat
And eat it, still flying.

There is no point in asking why.
It's an eagle
An eagle is never done flying
And it only loves the wind under its wing.