

## **Bald Eagles**

by George Vukelich

In the virgin pines, the Indian and I  
watch for eagles in the sky.  
His grandfather first brought him here  
to see the eagles nest and fly.

Without guns, we come each year  
to glimpse the great birds and to hear  
them screech like old rusty hinges.  
They have young and they have fear.

This eagles domain is beyond the fringes  
of all places where man impinges  
on the rights of lives to be alive.  
Now, in this place, one man cringes.

For hours, we watch them soar and dive.  
The Indian remembers when he was five.  
I ask can these eagles truly survive.  
He says that these eagles cannot survive.