

Eagles: spread your wings

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Walking on this mountainous hiking route is my favourite sport, especially in cool and windy situation. With Black coloured backpack on my shoulder and cowboy hat on my head. I want to see an Eagle, an Eagle with sharp eyes and beautiful wings.

Mmmm there you are, my Eagle, he is flying, around the mountain, above green forest. Apparently he knows that I'm here, he is flying to my position. Beautiful wings like aeroplane, big and tough body, sharp eyes, flying gently.

Ups .. he is flying over me, strange, normally he will landed to nearest stone or tree branches and point his eyes on me. Why eagle ? And … what is this .. I feel water on my right hand, mmm not water, it's red colour, mama mia .. this is blood ..

What is happening to you eagle ? why this blood on me ? Would you please come to me and tell me with your eyes about it ? .. Eagle ? .. uhh He doesn't listen to me .. doesn't listen to me any more. He is my friend, the only friends, now he has blood streaming out from his body. Please come to me eagle .. give me a change to wrap your physical pain, to stop the blood ..

Eagle still flying, flying around the mountain, above green forest, apparently he knows that I'm here. But he still flying and flying, with his pain in his wings and body, with blood streaming out, never ending blood streaming.

Spread your wings Eagle, but please remember, that even the strongest need some rest. Mmmm the Eagle say something to me, to my heart, with his eyes and not with his lips anymore, as the pain stops his lips to say something. He is speaking in silence, speaking with his eyes, I can see the pain inside, I can feel the pain inside.

He said with his eyes, 'Dear friend, I will flying and flying until my blood is empty, until my wings are becoming too tired. Would you please help me my friend ? one day if you see I'm landed, please come closer to me and burry my body, because in that time you will not see my eyes anymore, it will be closed forever. I'm flying without my body, only my soul, only my spirit to reach ...

The eagle still flying, but you know what ? how many eagle flying in the same time ? there always only one, only one eagle. I don't know what to say to my eagle … unless .. Eagle, spread you wings …

Manila February 365+3