

# Hair Like Eagles

Seven times I roam in soft-breathing fields,  
Drinking sweet morning moistness,  
Tasting herbs, berries the dank loam yields,

Pausing, sleeping in smoldering grass, leaves,  
Mosses from barkbase of sparse trees,  
Feeling slow warmth of deadwood burning into earth.

My fingers claw into the birth  
Of my existence  
And touch small roots of flowers.

Seven times I am knowing of all kingdoms kneeling.

*Ben Jacques*