

# The Eagle of Red Mountain

By Saraiya Ruano

Within the deep valleys,  
Cradled between mountains high and low,  
Twists a river of tumbling greatness  
And rock -strewn hills capped in snow

Conifers blanket the rocky slopes  
In spruce needle coats  
Snow lies like fluff upon their boughs  
Yellowed aspen leaves drift down river like boats

Lying naked under bitter clouds  
Scorched from a long past fire  
Sits the bare clay of Red Mountain  
Soiled face crimson with ire

Sides clad in bushes of yellow and orange  
Peak powdered in blatant white icing  
Molded and scarred by the blows of erosion  
A postcard picture no less than enticing

A tall, craggily pine of unusual erectness  
Holds upon rough barked limbs an eagle  
Looking nobly over the changing land  
In stature both royal and regal

Yellow eyes that spy intently  
Watching the river, the mountain, the sky  
Ruffling not his stately regalia  
Uttering no sound, no song, no cry

The eagle-the strong one  
Who waits out his winter in snow  
The eagle-the sure one  
Who snatched fish in a single blow

Every look of the eye radiates life  
One clench of the talon brings death  
Each beat of the wing stirs the atoms  
Each turn of direction takes new breath

The eagle of Red Mountain  
Emperor of the oppressive cold  
The eagle of Red Mountain  
One tale that never grows old