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The Separation

Two eagles
talons locked
hurtle towards the ground.
At first glance
they are fighting,
bleeding.

Yet they are unaware
that their fierce, otherworldly love
has begun to tear the flesh
of the other.
Instinct begs them
to release the hold they
have on their mate
before they hit the ground
and shatter what once was
so graceful, so perfect,
so right, so free.

The separation will be painful
The healing will take time.
Perhaps they will touch each other
again one day,
without tearing what they hold
most dear.

In the meantime, this flight is
seared into the memory of their souls.
It has changed them forever.
They have each breathed in the spirit,
the essence of the other.

They release just in time,
rise and soar upward.
Each on their own path
Until...if...the currents of air
bring them together again.