

**Topic: Power**

**Hope For The Eagles**

Monmee Phukan

She waited, her violet eyes skyward turned,  
The rain clouds loomed a formidable gray;  
A thunderous clap followed, as a blazing streak burned;  
Calculating, she shifted her weight on the quay;

She was adamant, and fearless;  
Raring to go, and her own spirits measure;  
She took right off, and went straight for the clouds;  
To slash right through them, and into the fissure;

Powered by wings that were born of fire,  
She cut through the whipping air like a knife in butter;  
Her mute spectators, the sea and the pier;  
The roars and the voices, all reduced to a stutter;

She found that fissure, that slice of the azure;  
Coming through, she finally found her own;  
A warm orange glow, scattered crepuscular,  
An unmistakable shift, and a joy unknown.