



Figures One and Two: Eagles on Spanish Banks, Vancouver, BC. Photos courtesy of Sandra Filippelli.

## **Eagle at Beach Event**

**By Sandra Filippelli ©**

Shuffle a mile up the beach along the gravel path.

Wear a hole in your sneakers.

Mentally calculate the altitude of the snowline on the Northshore Mountains.

Imagine you are a seaplane pilot coming in for a landing beside a charcoal cargo barge loaded with cuisine items from your favorite Far Eastern country.

Salivate.

Perch your shoes on a driftwood log.

Shiver.

Remember: it is late winter. Cool; warming up.

Run barefoot into the ocean at low tide and collect shells and coins lodged in the sand to distribute to retired diviners at your local seniors' home.

Plan to take out a life insurance policy in case of unsolicited geriatric anger attacks.

Muse.

Pray for love and protection from the god(s) of your preference. Anticipate their advice and blanket them with flower petals.

Make preparations for the final event then determine its nature.

Who will you invite? Will there be revelry or silence? Will it be a/wake?

Note the immeasurable magnitude of time.

Inhale its essence and fleeting nature.

Sense that you stand knee deep in tangled kelp and consider calling for help.

Remember your lifesaving instructor's lesson on releasing head and leg locks in uncharted waters before sharks sidestroke in.

Scan the sky and identify the whereabouts of the sun for future reference in the event of permanent immersion in the kelp-infested waters.

Exhale.

Scrap your evening plans because you realize they have little value and you won't make it to your destination now anyway.

Count the cirrus clouds floating through the powder blue sky.

Spy a pair of bald eagles admiring one another in a nearly naked tree.

Know that this happens to be the visual event of your lifetime.

Implant the awareness in your mind.

Adopt their native language and call out to them.

Ask them to tell you what they are chirping about.

Demand to enter their conversation.

Refuse to take no for an answer.

Remind them that you, too, have wisdom and, therefore, would like to compare translated editions of the analects of time with them.

Begin by dis/entangling yourself from the kelp.

Interrupt the eagle talk and request telepathic assistance or a benevolent fly over and rescue.

Upon release from the murky waters reflect on your existence.

Determine if the eagles have ever been your father and mother in a previous, or even future, lifetime.

Anticipate that DNA testing may be necessary to find out, but conduct your own research investigation in eagle-ese you learned in high school foreign language class.

Select a buried family secret and hedge around to discern if one or both of the eagles know it.

If you discover they might, prepare a list of pertinent questions to ask them:

How old are they? (Gauge your age differences.)

Did they live in proximity to your place of birth?

Did they nest near your home?

Did their offspring catch worms in your neighbourhood while you trapped tadpoles and caterpillars, or had urbanization already culled these tiny creatures?

Who were their grand/parents?

Could you have crossed ancestral blood lines?

Accept no/answers.



Figure Three: Eagles on Spanish Banks, Vancouver, BC. Photo courtesy of Sandra Filippelli.

Hear the eagle perched on the lower branch calling out to his partner on the upper limb.

Recognize words your parents spoke during your childhood and respond in

eagle-ese utterances.

Note that their binding love locks them in an ethereal embrace, apparent only to you.

Take no offence when they do not/pretend not to hear.

Listen to your father's voice echoing off the branch and shooting down into the earth through sand you stand upon.

Mesmerize when your mother's cry rings from the upper limb skyward.

Earth bound/heaven ascending, words travel then conjoin in silence.

Eagles are neither your father/mother.

Your mother/father are not eagles.

They vanished

long ago.

Attune to quietude.

Note the waves lapping on the shoreline.

Feel the gentle pounding.

Flex your own eagle feathers.

Visualize a flight path.

The eagle is an eagle.

The tree is a tree.

Sea surges ocean.

Fly away.

Clip the waves with your wing tips.

Assail a mountain.

Inherit the sky.

Inhabit a star.

Cease/being.



Figure Four: Eagles on Spanish Banks, Vancouver, BC. Photo courtesy of Sandra Filippelli.