



Wings of Dawn: An Eagle's Freedom

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Open Access

Manuscript ID: BIJ-2025-OCT-086

Subject:Poem

Received : 19.08.2025

Accepted : 06.10.2025

Published : 31.10.2025

DOI:10.64938/bijri.v10n1.25.Oct086

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On a gorgeous groovy morning, I saw an eagle soaring high,
a single curve of silence against the tender sky.

The dawn had just unfolded;

dew trembling on the grass, the sun laying gold upon the hills,
the river whispering its secrets to the listening stones.

And above it all, the eagle rose,

wings wide as horizons, cutting through the light,
a breath of infinity stretched across the sky.

How weightless you seem,

yet how fierce, carrying centuries of wind in the bones of your flight.

Each beat of your wings is a psalm,

each circle above the earth a musing on freedom and autonomy.

I wondered then,

do you fly for the hunt, or for the joy of the height,
or simply because the sky, the blue royal way,
is made for you, as the green earth is made for all of us.

And yet, watching you dissolve and dissipate into clouds,

I felt the unfettering unshackle,
as if it too could rise above fear, above hunger,
above the blare of the world.

Eagle, teacher of solitude, messenger of strength,

you leave no path behind you,
only the memory of wings and the silence of spectacle.

You are not bound by the weight of soil,

nor by the noise of crowds.

You rise, and in your rising teach us the language of freedom.

Dr. Suresh Frederick