

Take Flight

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October 13, 2009

A Single Glorious Hawk
Maintaining altitude and stance with steady, strong wingspan
In the morning sky,
In the Hot California Ojai Oven still air morning,
Brilliant new day hovering
Perfect conditions
Glorious

A Single Shriek! From Red-Tailed Hawk,
Wings outspread, dark against the hot blue sky,
Circling, alone, calling,
Come,
Now

Shriek! The piercing sound draws my heart and yearning soul.
I am captured in the sight and mystery.
I hear Great Mother's call through Hawk's voice,
Learn to fly in Ojai Valley, Moon's Nest, Nest of our possibilities,
Fly free into our spiritual selves, into our bodies, into our actualities,
Sacred realities spiraling.

Balanced in space, Hawk Calls again, an answer comes as a distant echo, shriek.
Poised steady in the sky, again, SHRIEK,
And a timid answer from the edge, from the safe green shadows, shriek.
SHRIEK, across the sky;
shriek, from the dark, from branch and leaves, from sheltering oak, shriek.

Is it mother? Is it mate? Is it territorial challenge? Yes, all. It is time.

Mother's voice is clear to me, She cries, Now! Come on! It's time.
The nurturing, encircling safety begins to bind. Join me, Out of the Nest.
Feel the Wind. Shriek! Incredible! Shriek!
Let your wings respond to the currents, flow, blend, dance,
Feel the air slip through your feathers...and, ah, to your skin. Shriek!

Hawk Mother calls.
We're doing this today - now! You're ready! I know you can do it!
Just do it! Shriek! You have prepared; you have grown strong, quick and keen, Child! Shriek! I am
waiting. COME! Shriek! The view is great from up here! Shriek!
You will love it! I know that you are ready. Shriek! I know these things. You are
Ready to Fly.
Take Flight.



Come. Now. Fly.

From the side shadows, S H R I E K! Blue morning sky welcomes the young one,
Joining majestic maturity, no longer solitary waiting,
Two awesome wild things soar on the heat of Gaia's Body,
Suspended, held steady by the iron core of Her Heart.

Glorious Flight. Joyous young SHRIEK! Two voices call and answer and shout for joy,
Circling together, higher and tighter, wings outstretched, 'round and 'round
Climbing invisible thermals, riding the spiral with no apparent effort,
Gliding upward into expansive blue.

Exuberant dips and tags, a bit of rough and tumble,
Mother enduring her child's play of assertive maneuvers.
Space opens between them, steady again, soaring in duality, tracing figure eight loops,
Passing each other at the center point, silent sweeping in eternity.

Beings of Air slip into parallel formation, wing-tips touch, aligned side by side
Across the sky in tandem, high touch, soaring, cut across vast blue,
Glowing bodies, tail and wing sunlight flash, sunlight, thrilling.
Together climbing now, gaining altitude, perspective, higher still and higher. Awe.
There is a knowing remembrance in the fledgling flight, as if born to it.

Mother Hawk tucks and takes a steep-angled dive, slicing through eastern blue, stunning,
Pulls up and turns, still high above this earthbound human, climbs again to meet the hovering
fledgling.
Come now - she takes another dive, the last technique of the day - dive home.

To the West she streaks, a compact bullet of g-force sleek, intense focus, so close and fast.
Her flight takes the air and sings her song of strength and sure direction,
Home to a skillful, silent landing, she waits.

Oh yes! Fledgling dives in mother's confident wake, another steeply-angled whoosh,
Exhilaration guiding home.
Cutting not so neatly through branching arms and leafy hands,
The green applause is audible, like congratulatory back-slaps coming into the finish.

Wings pulled up high, arching, flapping back, to stay the force of impact.
An awkward air-jig of knobby knees and gangly pink legs flailing, suspended, Talons stretch,
scramble, seek for the branch of home,
The frantic, noisy, dancing homecoming of the fledgling, the darling beginner.
All attempts count and add up to experience.

Compassion, Hope, and Joy take flight, soaring in the spiraling realities of all Life.
Thank you, dear Mother, for showing your Child your ways.

