

Eyes of an Eagle, Ears of an Owl

By Harriet Norris

She was born too soon, or too late from her perspective.
Problems at birth, a damaged brain suspected.
But hardly true since she excels with words and ideas.
A symptom of the damage? Or maybe it's a gift.
She sees and hears with uncanny clarity.
She has the Eyes of an Eagle, the Ears of an Owl.

I named her Rachel, lamb of God,
after she who wept for her dead children.
Her name fulfilled a legacy of three generations.
It was a gift from a grandfather she never knew.
Her other name suits her best,
Eyes of an Eagle, Ears of an Owl
It came with her, floating in the air.

It was clear early she had many gifts.
She knows things, she sees and hears things,
she has the Eyes of an Eagle, the Ears of an owl.
Did she inherit a connection with a spirit world?
Something from a distant past,
Cherokee or Blackfoot from her father's line,
Chickasaw or Croatan from mine?
Science could check her DNA,
but what would that reveal?

She has the genes of Old Believers,
paleo women migrating across Ukraine,
Romani, fleeing for their lives, surviving on instinct
and insight other peoples lacked,
eyes like eagles, ears like owls.
Her genes are from the far North, raiding parties or traders.
And from those already here,
watching for the boats, ready to trade.

She is from people waiting for contact foretold in dreams,
And those with a vision of a far off place to live free,
People who would merge blue eyes and brown to make green,
ancestors of the Lumbees. It makes her different.
She is old beyond her years.
She sees things and hears things others don't.
She has the Eyes of an Eagle, the Ears of an Owl.