



Circle of life

**With the softest crack, it begins,
under the shell, new life beckons,
mother, tired and sore from sitting,
senses movement, beneath her down,
the urge, the surge, maternal yearning
rises up, she sings her song,
to inform the absent father,
off foraging, to feed the family,**

**Minutes pass, the carapace cracks,
first beak, then neck, the world awaits,
once pulled apart, the mother sees
still wet feathers, waiting for the sun,
to the nest, returning home,
father presents his prized fare,
to his new son, an heir for the air,
a new king of the wing is born,
but for now, he waits to grow
as next in the nest another crack echoes.**