

The Eagle and the Wolf

by Eddie D. Wilcoxon

There is a mighty battle – it rages deep within.
the winner is as yet unknown – will it be good or sin?

On one side is an eagle knight, with vision long and soaring flight,
his talons sharp and judgment bright, a winged warrior for the right!

All actions made in honor, all notions straight and true,
lend wind beneath these mighty wings and lift me with the few.

For paths of rightness never need to fear the surging crowd.
It's cold and lonely, yet bright and clear, where the angels sing aloud!

It's there my eagle flies alone, with cares and trials below.
From valleys deep he soars aloft to mountains capped with snow.

The other warrior in this fray is dark and fright to see.
A wolf in visage - raging wild - the worst inside of me!

He feasts upon my failures and gorges with the pack -
his allies in this darksome meal - they feed upon my lack.

When kindness fails, and wisdom falls, and love forgotten lies,
these snarling demons leap to pull the flesh from hope that dies!

Wolf led, this cold-eyed pack stalks my weakness and my need,
their numbers strong with names to fear: sloth, hate, jealousy,
and greed.

There is an epic battle, its outcome still unknown.
Wolf or eagle - who will win? Which one will reign alone?

Within me lies the answer, the answer that I need.
I know the one to claim my soul will be the one I feed!

