

## A Pack of Black Eagles

Black wolves sniff peach roses while looking at Green Diamonds in the Sky...  
    There are rainbows in the clouds...  
        The world is a quiet place...  
Only a lonely white dove touches the horizon between the mountainous cliffs and canyon  
    terrain...  
        The lion roars just to let you know they are coming...  
On top of the cliffs peak; spread throughout various locations, 5 black eagles await the  
    arrival of the white dove...  
        The white dove has an agenda...  
    The powerful black eagles have a concerted agenda...  
The red cardinal sips King Tea with the Mantis on a thin tree branch overlooking the  
    nation...  
Distanced miles away one hovering black eagle from an uncertainly high height sees the  
    dove creep diligently into the scenery...  
    The eagle cry informs the clan of the white dove's arrival...  
        Almost a war squawk for survival...  
The tribal team spreads their wings the Black Eagles were in Columbia...  
    Really there are only a few left...  
    The revolution made no sense...  
        Time for evolution...  
    The Black Eagles are on a higher plane now...  
    Serving a different scope of objectives.....  
    There are no crows in this world...  
        Death does not become us...  
            Life is above us...  
            The white dove flies high...  
Powerful and majestic black birds of prey await the dove...  
    There is a sense of love...  
    Carry out the destination...  
    Five climb high into the sky following a strict cadence...  
        An evidence of attraction matches them...  
Diving from miles high above the earth, eventually they meet the dove...  
    A nucleus of attention slows their driven momentum down...  
    Forming Voltron the oddity of this convoy is indiscreet...  
Startled by the event the red cardinal flaps, levitates, and darts to the air from off the loose  
    branch...  
Catapulted by the desire to aspire, his speed is more mature than the doves...  
    Natural relationships are impactful...  
    In times of need enemies contractually turn into companions...  
        At this time there are no dragon slayers...  
    Only prayers that the dove makes a safe landing...  
The black eagles manifest The Four Winds streamlining a direct route of air transit...  
    Nothing will; or can, stop the God's direction...  
    These birds fly tight for resurrection...  
    Watch as the Red Cardinal gets close to the crew...

With a burst of might the intersection takes place...  
The Red Cardinal stares the pack of black eagles right in their eyes...  
With the piercing sun ray vision light of the stars the Red Cardinal  
Now transforms into the Phoenix...  
Uncanny flames pierce throughout the bird's body...  
Majestically the Phoenix is impervious to any forces...  
Combined with flaming wings and torched sword-like talons the Phoenix now is in charge of  
the aerial cargo...  
They landed on the warrior's castle...  
Such a beautiful scenery of combined grace, strength, and artillery...  
Never a site to be seen again...  
The Mantis will be the only one to tell the story...  
For God is the glory...  
An angelic tone of Gabriel whispers throughout "The Four Winds" as the scene is  
crystallized, stamped onto infinity's back...  
The day reaches mid-point and the white dove barks out a song of completion...  
The white dove...  
She feels like dying...  
The black eagles...  
They feel like flying...  
The Phoenix...  
He feels like crying...  
The multi-faceted squadron glided past the seven seas and millions of trees...  
There is a breakage in the land...  
Where the White Dove lands...  
Where the black eagles do glide past...  
Where the Phoenix has to torch prior land and defined people...  
A definition of short stories...  
Only God deserves the glory...  
A castle is where the squad expects to go...  
Represented by "The Warrior's" breath...  
This represented an era to come of undefined change...  
Ensure you understand the picture...  
The Mantis overstands...

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