

With smoke coming out of both ears my eyes are handling it now but my brain is fighting a true seperation by flashing back and forth. But I'm not going for it as I concentrate on widening a gap I think is there. Just when it feels I'm very close to true seperation the jetliner is out of my sight and I'm left with a soaring Redtail against the brilliant blue sky with the soft clouds floating in our lazy way. What a fucking relief! I think I'll wait awhile before I try that again. Then to top it all off the hawk starts playing with dives and climbs and rolls and one scream as if to ask how could I compare him or her to a metal giant with toxic tails. I agreed completely as I wondered how many aspirin to take.

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