

# MUSINGS

The background of the entire page is a close-up photograph of two large, vibrant flowers. The flowers are a mix of bright yellow and deep orange, with some petals showing a gradient. They are set against a dark, out-of-focus green background, which makes the colors of the flowers stand out. The lighting is soft, highlighting the delicate texture of the petals.

by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PHD - 2017 VOLUME 2

California's  
Golden Girls

I

A California Poppy  
is standing outside my back door,  
between the Japanese Maple  
and the rose bush.  
She is the first of  
the Spring sisters  
to arrive.



Last year  
I watched her  
carefully remove  
her green, conical bonnet.  
At stages of the process  
she looked like a gnome  
with her bonnet  
tilted at a rakish angle.





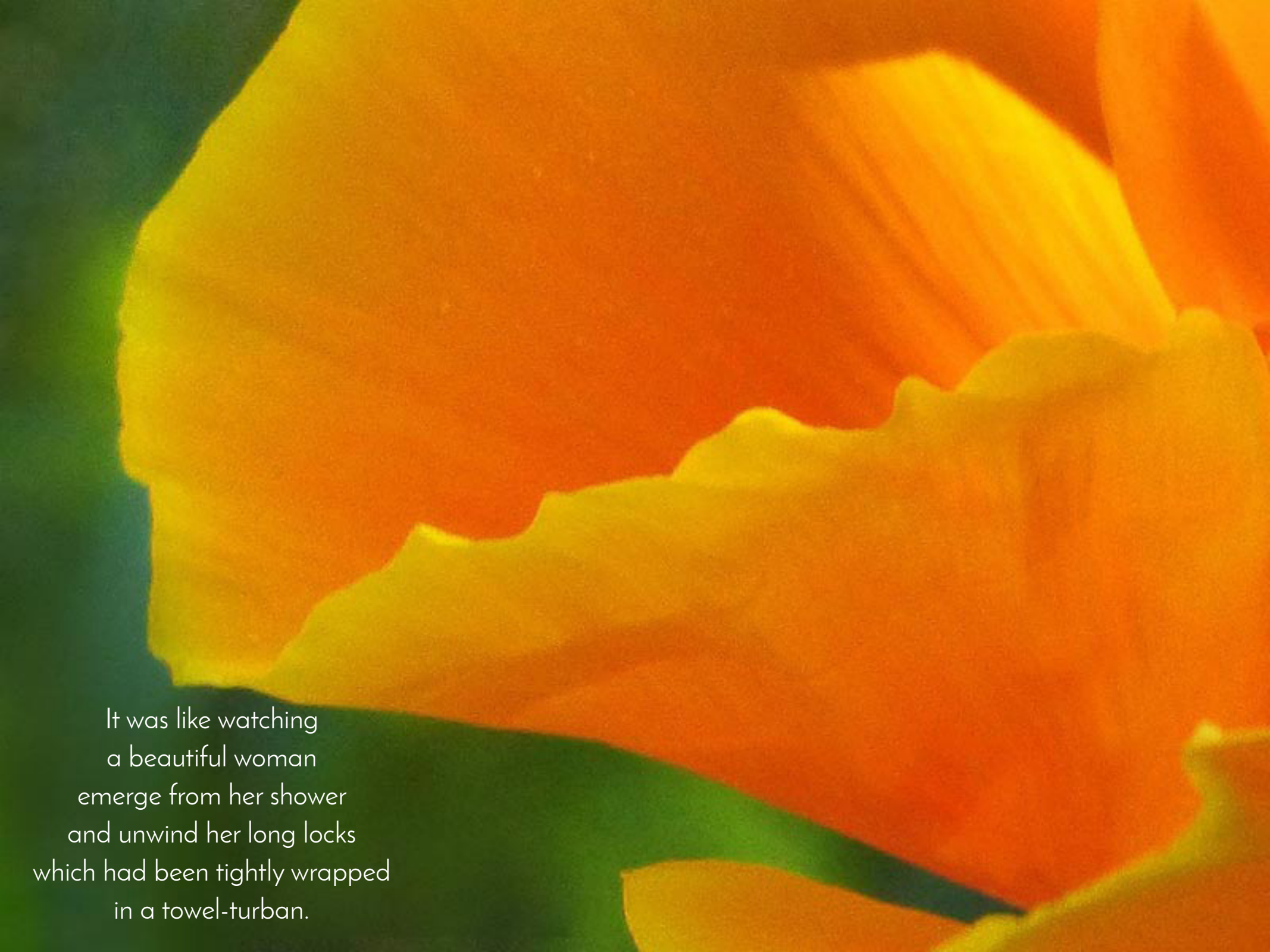


I had to sit in  
silent meditation  
for several hours  
as she completed  
this mystical mudra,  
gently easing it off,  
millimeter by millimeter,

...until she finally  
uncovered  
her thick  
golden tresses.






A close-up photograph of a sunflower. The petals are a vibrant yellow-orange color, with some showing a gradient from yellow to orange. A dark green leaf is visible in the lower-left corner, partially overlapping the petals. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green.

It was like watching  
a beautiful woman  
emerge from her shower  
and unwind her long locks  
which had been tightly wrapped  
in a towel-turban.



## II

Now she stands,  
feet firmly planted  
in the moist soil,  
but dancing,  
from the ankles up,  
and swaying sensuously  
when the morning breezes  
caress her body.  
She is on sacred ground;  
and she knows it.



But unlike Moses  
at the burning bush,  
she has no shoes  
to sacramentally shed,  
instead she has reverently  
removed her head dress  
and bowed to Father Sun.  
Like all beings, she is  
seeking enlightenment.





### III

Pollinating bees give her a full facial,  
tapping out their acupressure treatments,  
on her smiling countenance,  
in order to release her inner energy  
and further accentuate her beauty.  
She kisses their feet in a gesture of Namasté,  
and they wiggle at the tickle.



## IV

Father Sun will tell her  
when it's bed time,  
and then she will bind up  
her golden tresses;  
carefully wrapping them  
about each other  
as tight as a litter  
of cuddling kittens  
at nap time.

Daddy will give her  
a goodnight kiss and whisper,  
"sleep tight my little princess."

She does.

Nobody sleeps more tightly  
than a California Poppy.





# V

Within a few days, her tardy sisters will make their appearance  
and soon the area will have piles of discarded bonnets,  
like a school field after a graduation ceremony  
littered with tossed, tasseled skullcaps.  
Soon the ever-vigilant insects will discover them  
and carry them off;  
perhaps to be used as sleeping pods for their young  
or as bins in which to store their food.





## VI

Like all incarnated beings,  
my golden-haired California beauty will age.  
One-by-one, she will drop her yellow petals,  
and retreat into her etheric skeleton  
to await next year's spacesuit.  
Now she will stand gaunt, yet still elegant,  
in her naked form.

Her erstwhile lovers will also retire,  
but they will hold her sweet memories  
in their carefully sealed honeycombs,  
expertly capturing the color of her petals.

Namasté,

*Seán*

Tír na nÓg  
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Credits: Mystical Mudra Poppy - Mary Thomas; Creative Direction,  
Conical Bonnet Poppy, Poppy on Cement - Fr. Seán ÓLaoire, PhD;  
Photoshop Assistant - Kenny Hayes;  
Other Poppy Images - Pixabay.com.

