

MUSINGS

by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PHD - 2021 VOLUME 1

A Day
in the Life
of a Poppy

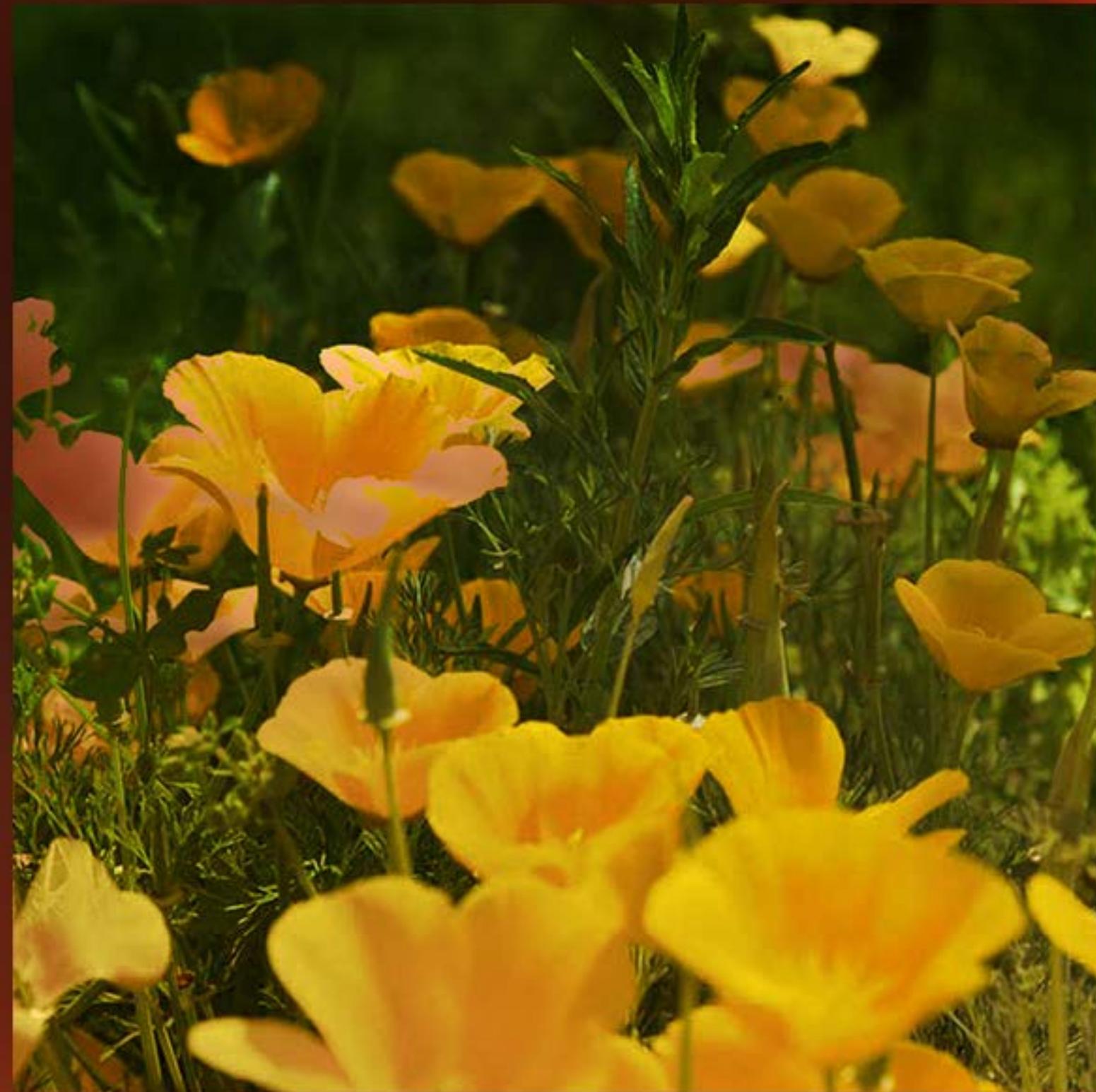


Lauds

The solar winds beat rhythmically
on the Ozone layer
- that thin membrane of a drum
stretched tautly around our planet
- to awaken the slumbering flora.
A cluster of California Poppies
is answering the music
of the sunrise's faint rays.



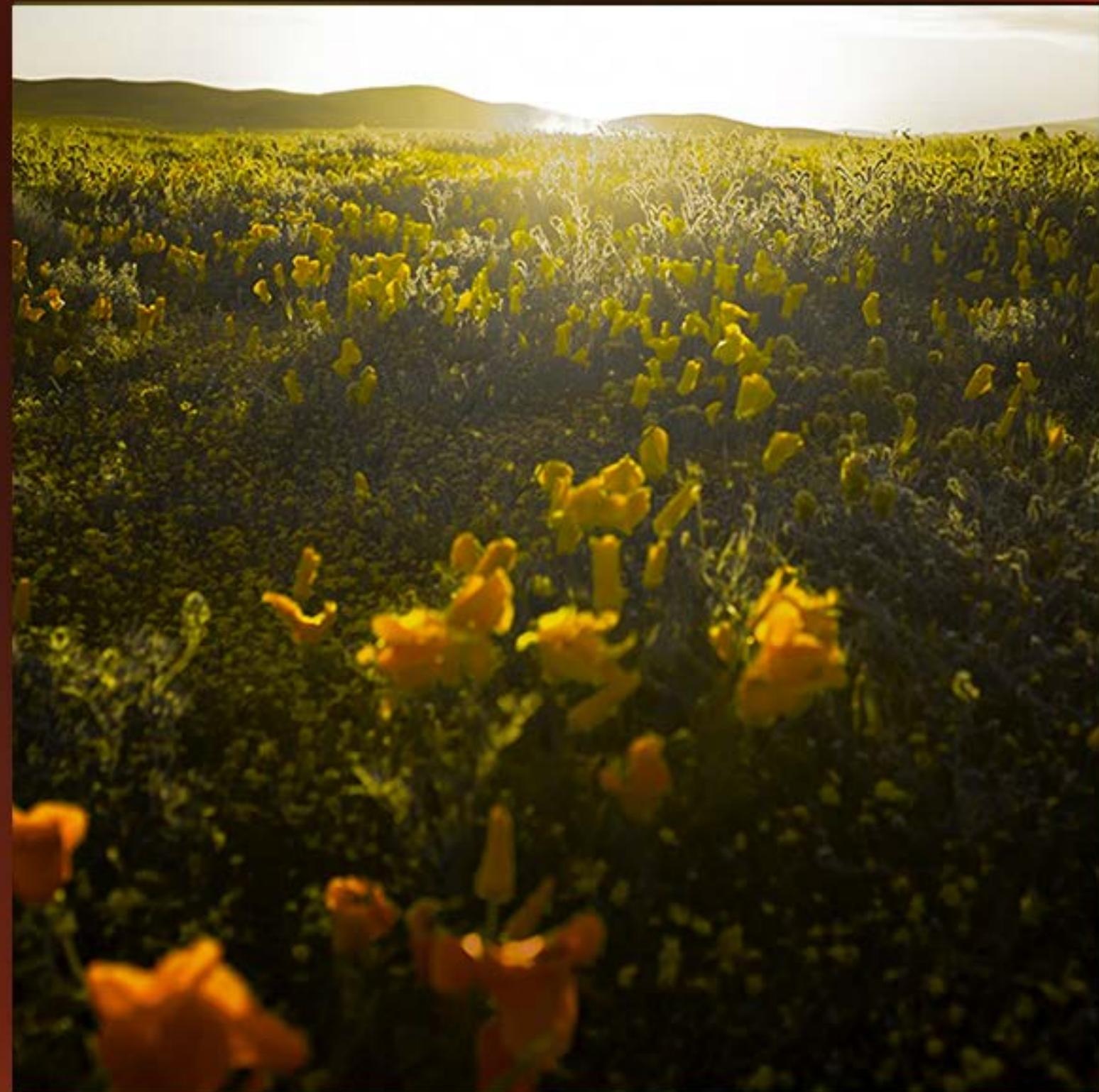
First, their etheric bodies begin to pirouette,
enticing the four golden petals
to unwrap themselves,
and open their mouths
to sing their morning Matins,
in memory of the resurrection
of the Sun of God
and
of the Son of God.



Vespers

The sun is dipping in the West.
It will bathe in the soothing waters
of the Pacific Ocean
to cool its fevered brow.

And so, the poppies
begin to re-wrap themselves
against the evening chill.



Huddling in the warmth
of a self-embrace,
they settle in,
to dream of tomorrow.
But, first, Evensong,
their Gregorian chant,
under the baton of a whirling-Dervish breeze,
praising God for the day just spent.



Compline

As mystic, God-enfleshed monks,
the poppies travel through the Astral realms
visiting their soul-selves,
storing the memories of the day
in the Akashic Hall of Records;
and consulting with their mentors
about tomorrow's mission.



Laila Tov,
Lala Salama,
Codhladh Sámh,
Sweet Dreams.

Namasté,

Seán

Tir na nÓg
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