

Shoe Music



I don't know whether I opened my eyes or my ears first, this morning. I think it may have been my ears that *alerted* my eyes. When I looked out through my bedroom window the entire area was shrouded in a thick, white fog. I felt as if I were in a space capsule flying through fluffy clouds. The moisture in the air was running off the roof into the gutters and dripping into the downspout: Drip, drip....drip, drip, drip...drip in a frequently changing tempo. But that was simply the cover-up, the front for what was *really* happening; for soon I became aware of the music behind the dripping.

I knew, in an instant, that a local leprechaun was working with his leather and last and hammer, not 50 feet from where I lay abed. He was timing the hammer blows to coincide with the dripping dew in the downpipe, so as to conceal his activity. So, in fact, the sound was: Tap, tap....tap, tap, tap...tap rather than: Drip, drip....drip, drip, drip...drip. Very occasionally he mistimed his strike and then the drip and the tap were out of synch. When I realized this, I said aloud, "*Aha, gotcha!*" Now, though I still couldn't see him, I could *intuit* him. So he spoke to me, telepathically, and said, "*The tempo of the tapping is very important; it creates the energy of the finished shoes and hugely affects the mood of the wearer. I wasn't just using the timing of the dew drops to disguise my shoe-making activity but, rather, I like to align different shoes with different*

dances of nature. The recipient of this pair is going to feel a mystical connection with the approaching transformation of our planet.”

I was secretly hoping that he might be fashioning these particular shoes for me.

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sean". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal stroke extending to the left.

Tír na nÓg
May, 2014