

God the Recycler



Uh, oh! I almost touched it; it looked so lovely I wanted to stoop down and stroke it. It was as thick as my middle finger and slightly longer, and its entire surface area was covered with white fuzzy hair like a hirsute slug with a buzz cut. At first I thought it *was* a slug. Then, at the last moment, just before my right hand made contact, I remembered: at this very place, five days ago, I had spotted a deer poop of exactly the same dimensions. I drew back my hand and instead I sat on my haunches and inspected it. Each fuzzy filament was of equal length, engineered with a precision that a Swiss clockmaker might envy. Obviously, this was the work of microorganisms left over from the gastrointestinal conversation between the deer and some local vegetation. The deer had grazed gratefully, chewed contemplatively, digested delicately and pooped politely. This had not been a food-grabbing raid but rather a deeply-spiritual symbiotic contract in which the grass agreed to be consumed so that it might be liberated to reincarnate in a new spacesuit. As a bonus the deer cocooned it in an organic, pesticide-free fertilizer to ensure the ideal environment for growth.

Now I examined the spores which had germinated and festooned the dropping with hundreds of hair-like follicles; last night's dew had put the finishing touches to the arrangement;

every follicle held aloft a perfect spherical water droplet, in which it invited the sun to make rainbows. Each follicle was a prism that created the distinct hues of the seven chakras.

The lowly deer dropping was a fiber optic light show, intent on impressing nobody but God. *Full many a turd is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the forest floor.*

If beauty be in the eye of the beholder, how great an eye hath God!

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sean". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the left.

Tír na nÓg
September, 2014