

# Children of the Day



I

In my home at Tír na nÓg,  
each day begins like a Celtic child:  
fair-skinned and blue-eyed.

It awakens to the soothing fragrance  
of the Mother's breath  
on its tranquil sleeping face.

Outside the window,  
clusters of busy birds chirp importantly  
creating their to-do lists for the day.

Long elegant fingers of pale white sunlight  
radiate across the fragile blue sky,  
like an artist's first tentative strokes  
on an expectant canvas.

## II

In my home at Tír na nÓg,  
each day ends like a Latino child:  
sun-tanned and brown-eyed.

It surrenders to the soothing fragrance  
of the Mother's breath  
on its tranquil sleepy face.

Outside the window,  
clusters of tired birds chirp importantly  
checking off items on their to-do lists of the day.

Strong determined fingers of bold red sunlight  
radiate across the confident turquoise sky,  
like an artist's final triumphant strokes  
on the heavily pregnant canvas.

III

Child of the Dawn...  
Child of the Dusk...  
Children of the Day...  
Children of the Divine Mother!

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Seán". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal stroke extending to the left.

Tír na nÓg  
September , 2015