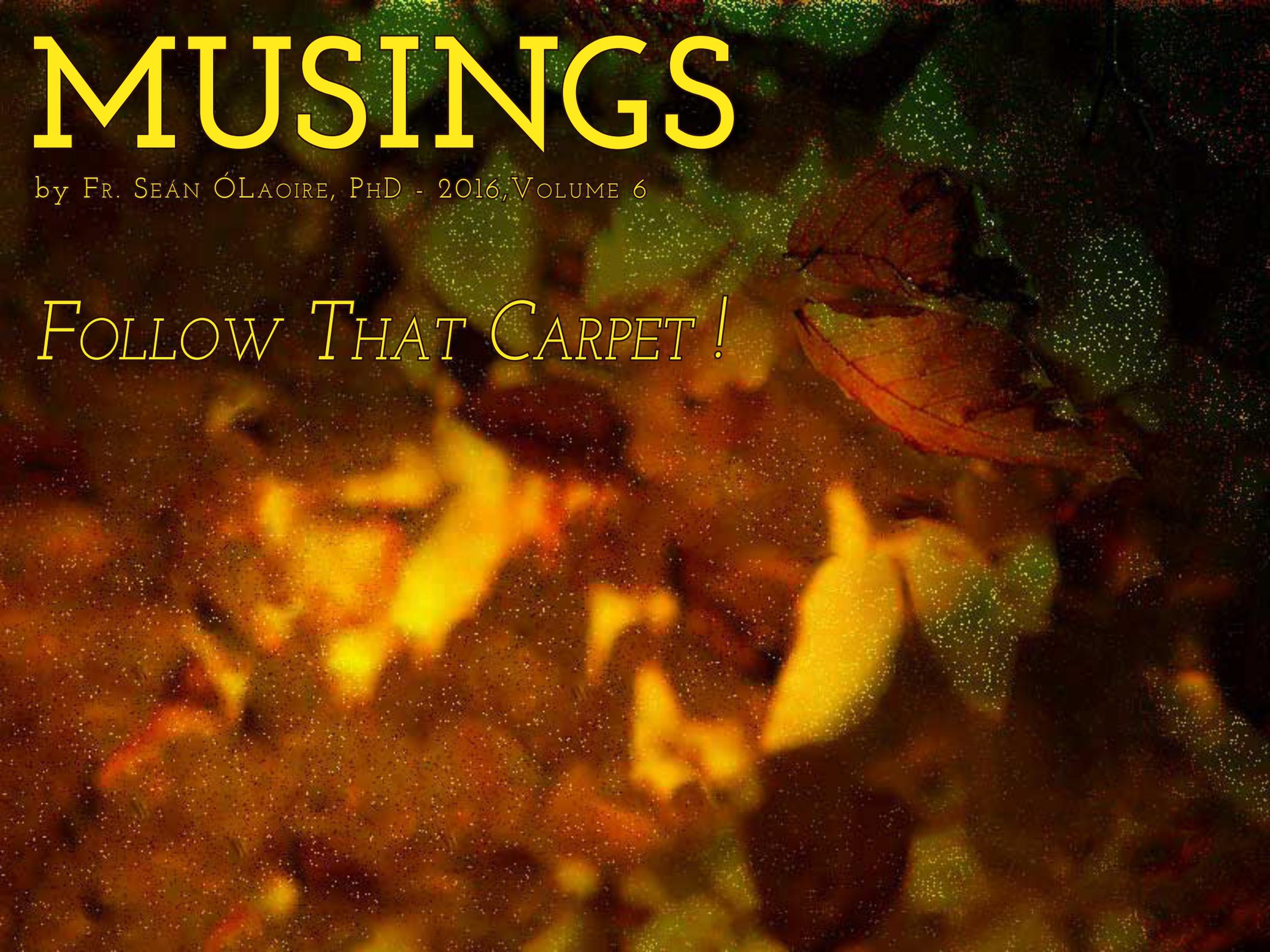


MUSINGS



by FR. SEAN ÓLAOIRE, PHD - 2016, VOLUME 6

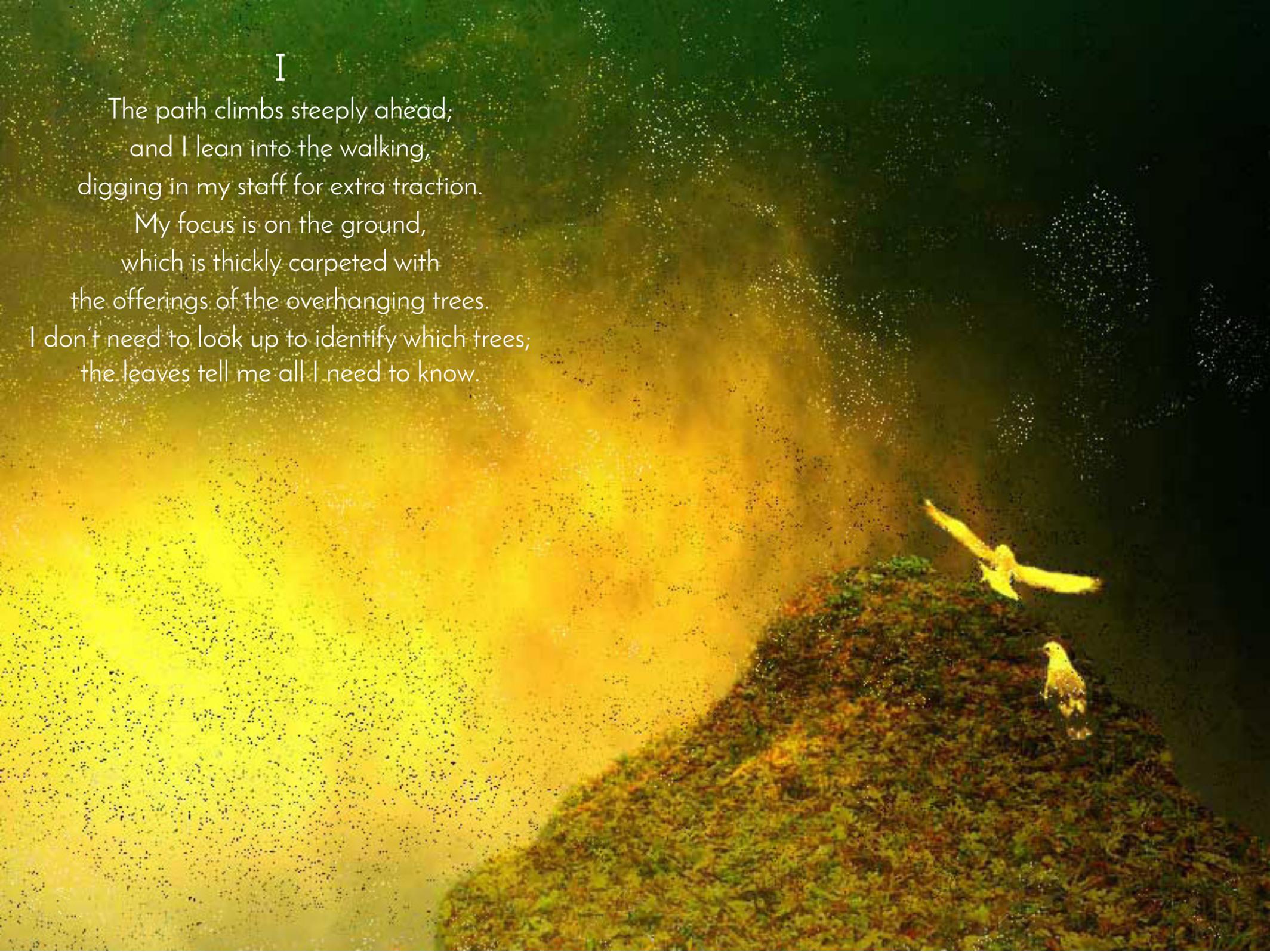
FOLLOW THAT CARPET!

I

The path climbs steeply ahead;
and I lean into the walking,
digging in my staff for extra traction.

My focus is on the ground,
which is thickly carpeted with
the offerings of the overhanging trees.

I don't need to look up to identify which trees;
the leaves tell me all I need to know.





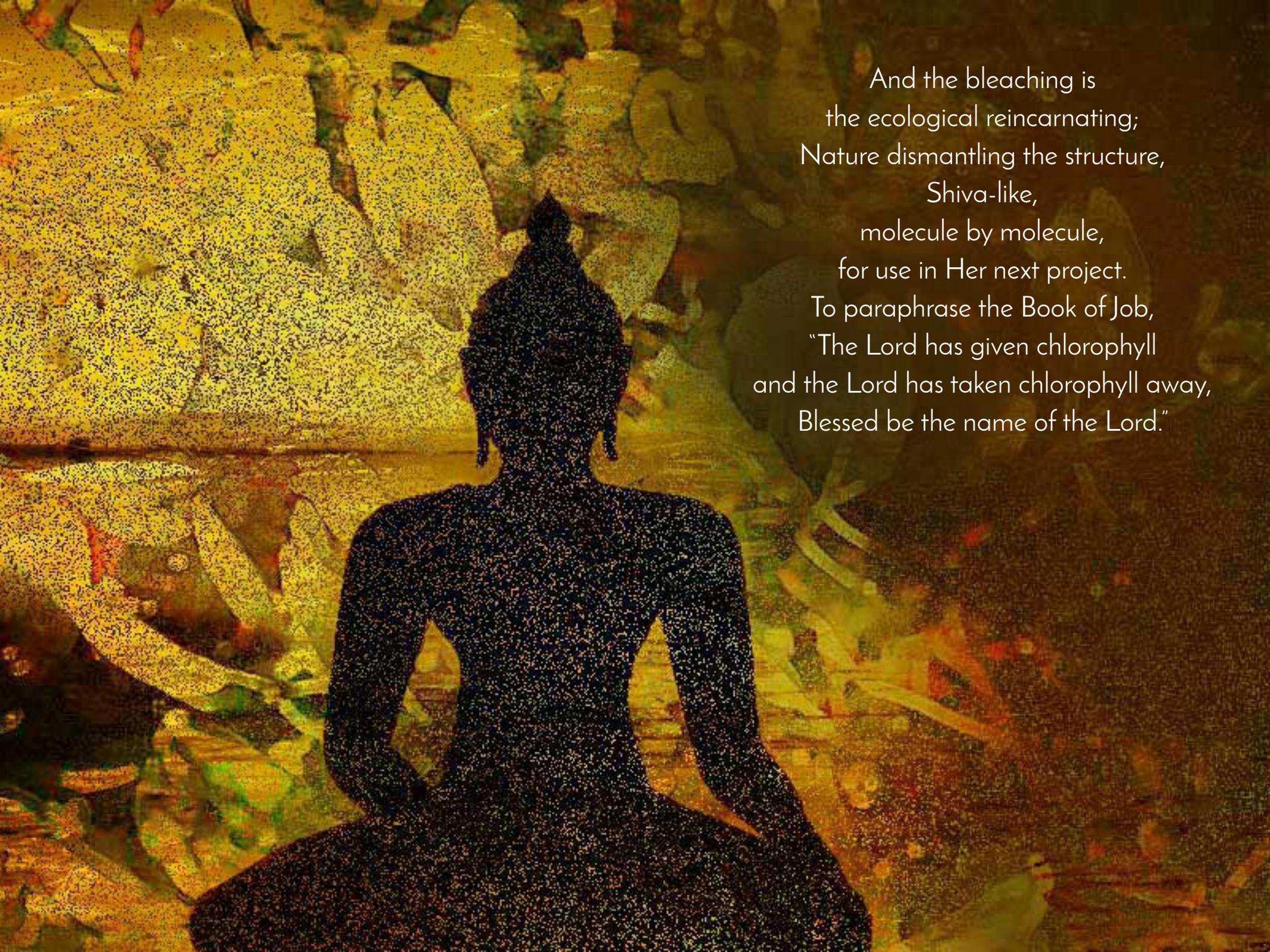
II

Mostly, the rug is woven
of Madrona leaves
which are white,
if they land on their faces;
and green-yellow
if they land right side up.
Most of them have
developed "liver spots",
a recognition and
an honoring of their aging.

II

But the sun
that greened them
through photosynthesis,
when they lived on the tree,
is now bleaching them
of their chlorophyll
as they lie on the ground.
The leaf is the medium
and the color is the memory
of the cycle of birth
and life and death.



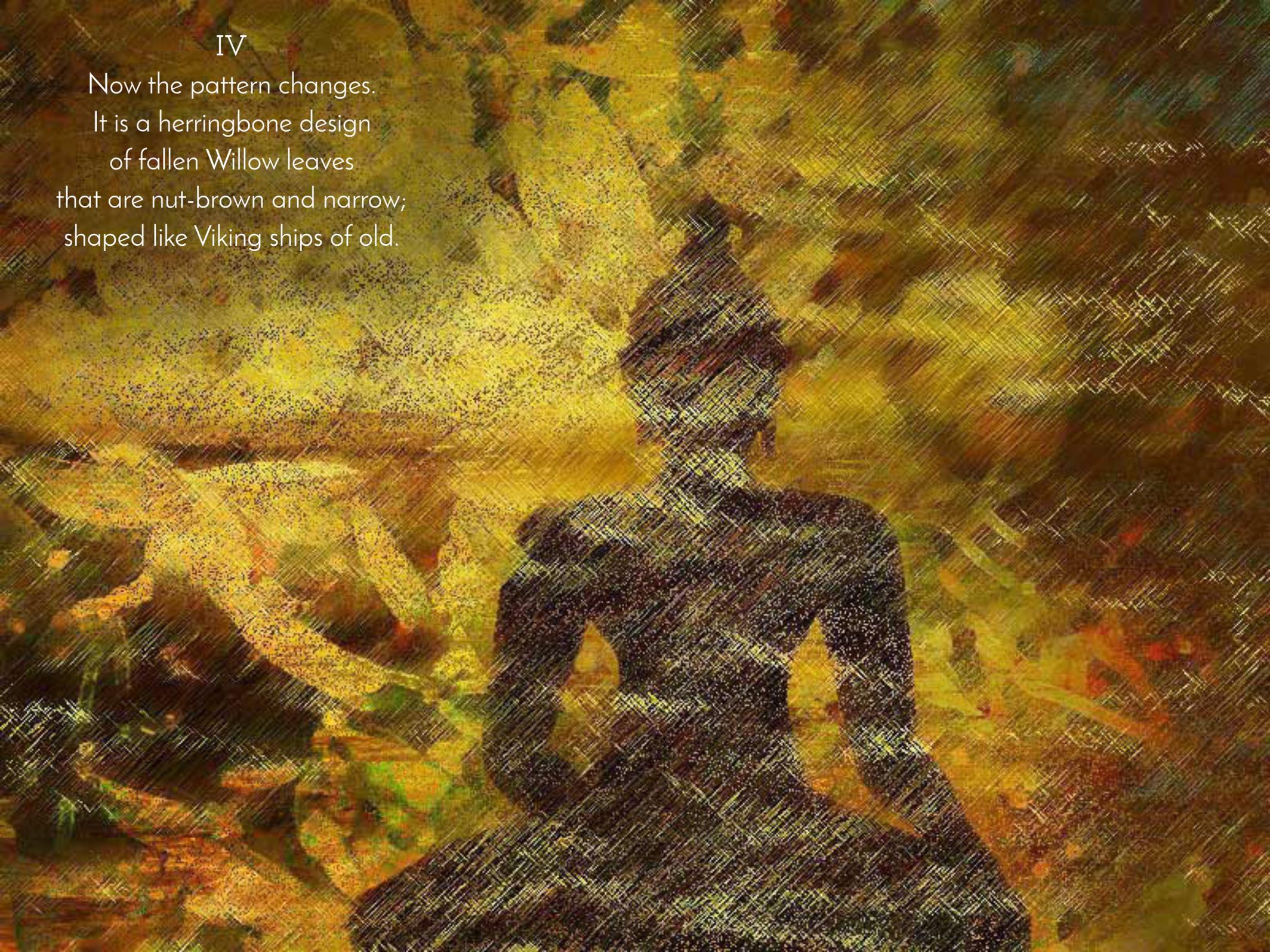


And the bleaching is
the ecological reincarnating;
Nature dismantling the structure,
Shiva-like,
molecule by molecule,
for use in Her next project.

To paraphrase the Book of Job,
“The Lord has given chlorophyll
and the Lord has taken chlorophyll away,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.”

IV

Now the pattern changes.
It is a herringbone design
of fallen Willow leaves
that are nut-brown and narrow;
shaped like Viking ships of old.



V

And, suddenly, there are no leaves
and I know that I have reached a clearing.
The trees have stood back, temporarily,
from the path.

Soon they will crowd in again.

But in that space,
the brown earth,

moistened by today's rain,
offers to record my footprints.

Grandmother God will then archive them
in Her Akashic Records.

Long after time has ended,
She will show them to a visiting Avatar
and say,

"See, Seán passed this way."

Namasté,

Seán

Tír na nÓg
2016, Volume 6