

MUSINGS

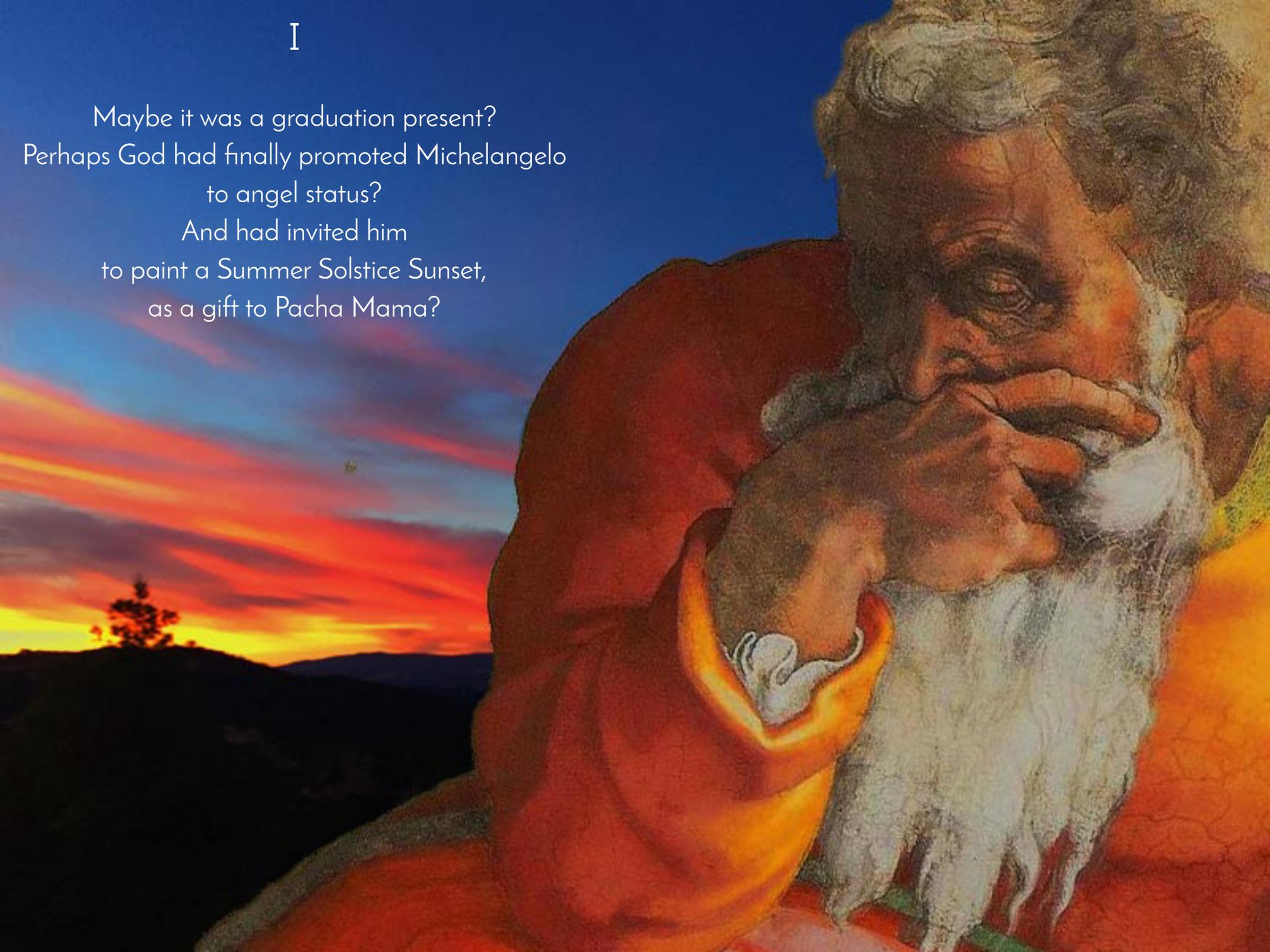
by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PhD - 2017 VOLUME 4



*Painting the Summer
Solstice Sky*

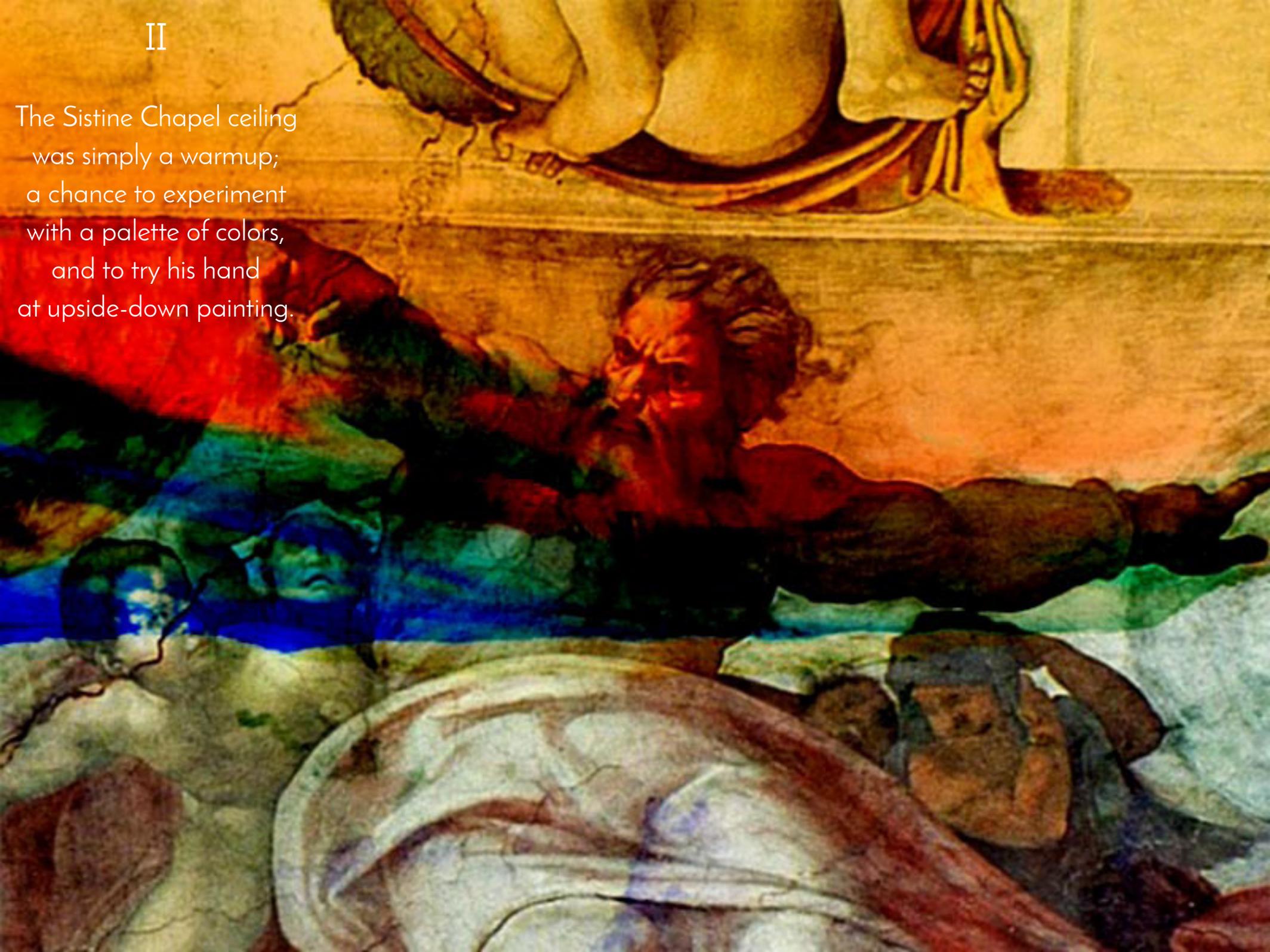
I

Maybe it was a graduation present?
Perhaps God had finally promoted Michelangelo
to angel status?
And had invited him
to paint a Summer Solstice Sunset,
as a gift to Pacha Mama?



II

The Sistine Chapel ceiling was simply a warmup; a chance to experiment with a palette of colors, and to try his hand at upside-down painting.





III

So, the Father gave him
this new commission
and said,

“Go for it, son!”

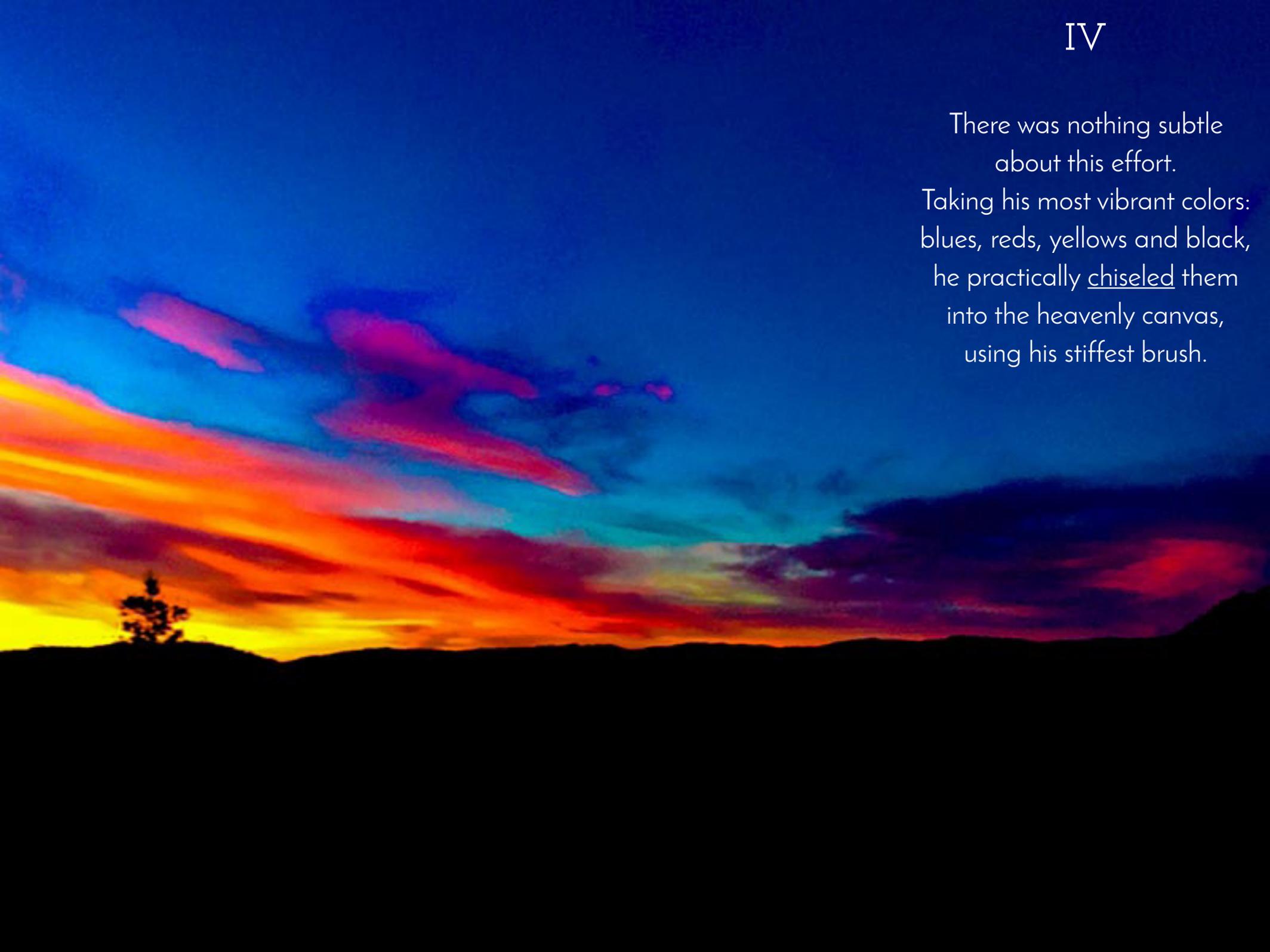
The result made even God
suck in His breath,
in admiration.

And it sure as hell

- sorry, I didn't mean to say that -
took my breath away.

IV

There was nothing subtle about this effort. Taking his most vibrant colors: blues, reds, yellows and black, he practically chiseled them into the heavenly canvas, using his stiffest brush.





V

Realizing that he was quickly
running out of daylight,
he feverishly, yet brilliantly,
spent another 20 minutes
improving on it.
With deft, determined strokes,
he deepened the colors;
building to a stunning crescendo.



VI

As he had done
during his previous incarnation,
Michelangelo painted himself,
surreptitiously,
into this latest piece:
under a great pink cloud,
if you look closely,
you will see a pastel-pink angel,
hands and wings extended,
flying horizontally
across his masterpiece.

VII

A brave tree wiggles its way upwards
from the horizon,
like a tentative sperm
penetrating the great, heavenly egg;
seeking to forge a love-connection
between Mother Earth
And Father Sky,
in a compassion-conceived covenant
to give birth
to Tomorrow.

Namasté,

Seán

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