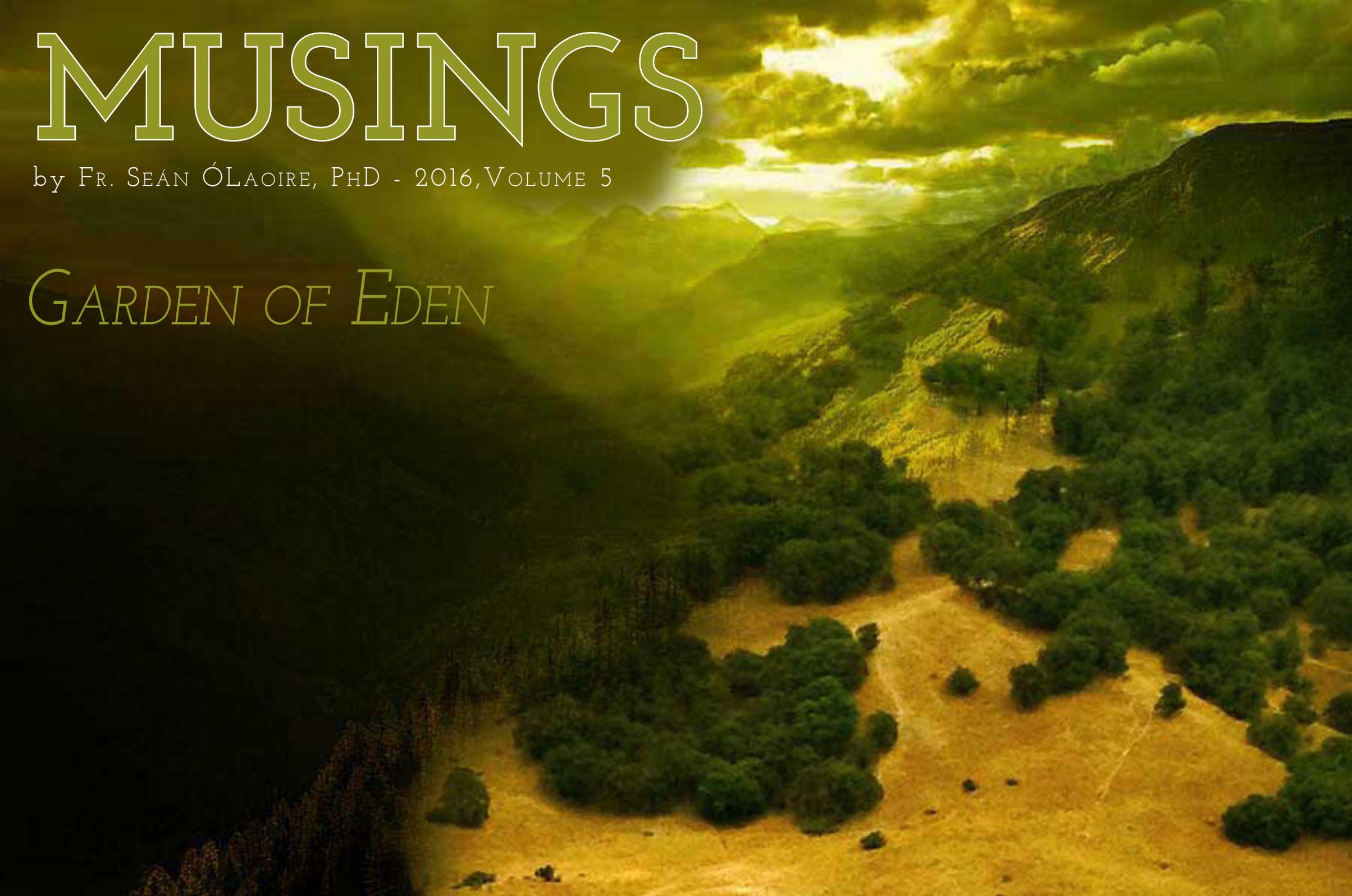
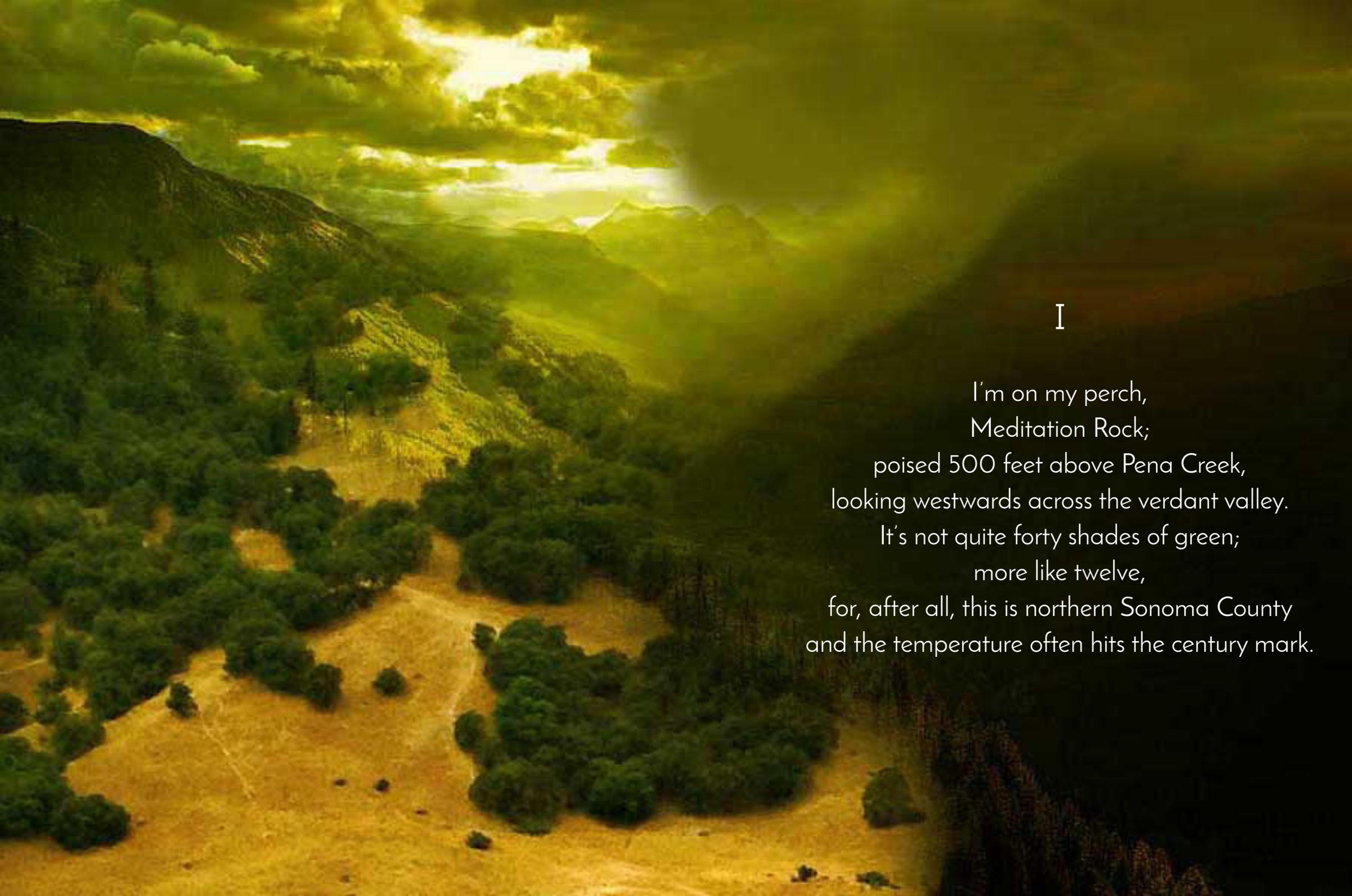


MUSINGS

by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PHD - 2016, VOLUME 5

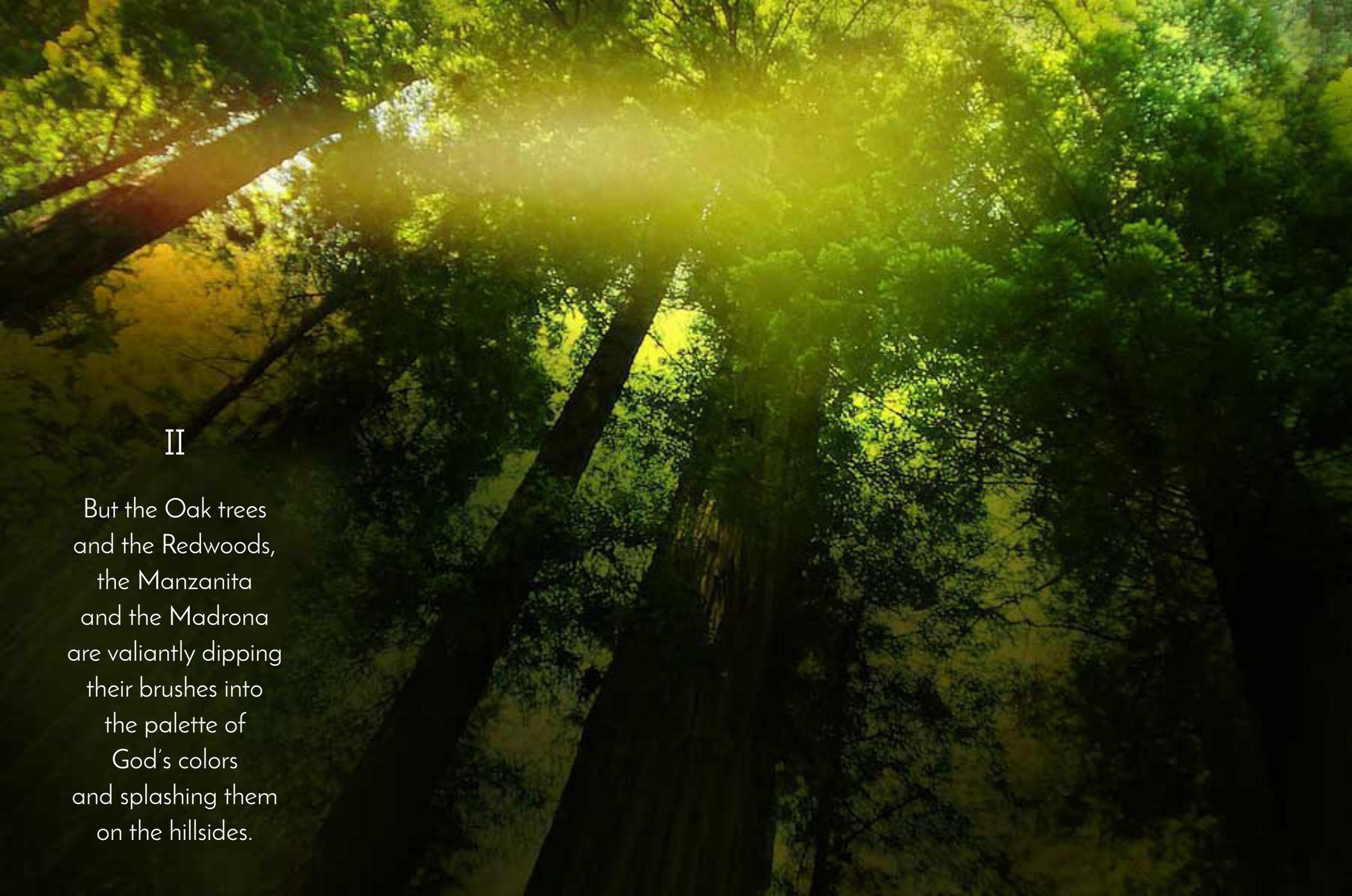
GARDEN OF EDEN





I

I'm on my perch,
Meditation Rock;
poised 500 feet above Pena Creek,
looking westwards across the verdant valley.
It's not quite forty shades of green;
more like twelve,
for, after all, this is northern Sonoma County
and the temperature often hits the century mark.

A low-angle photograph of a forest. The camera is positioned on the ground, looking up at several tall, slender tree trunks that rise vertically towards the top of the frame. The trees are densely packed, and their leaves are a vibrant green. Sunlight is streaming through the canopy, creating a bright, hazy glow in the upper center of the image. The light rays are visible, and the overall atmosphere is serene and natural. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

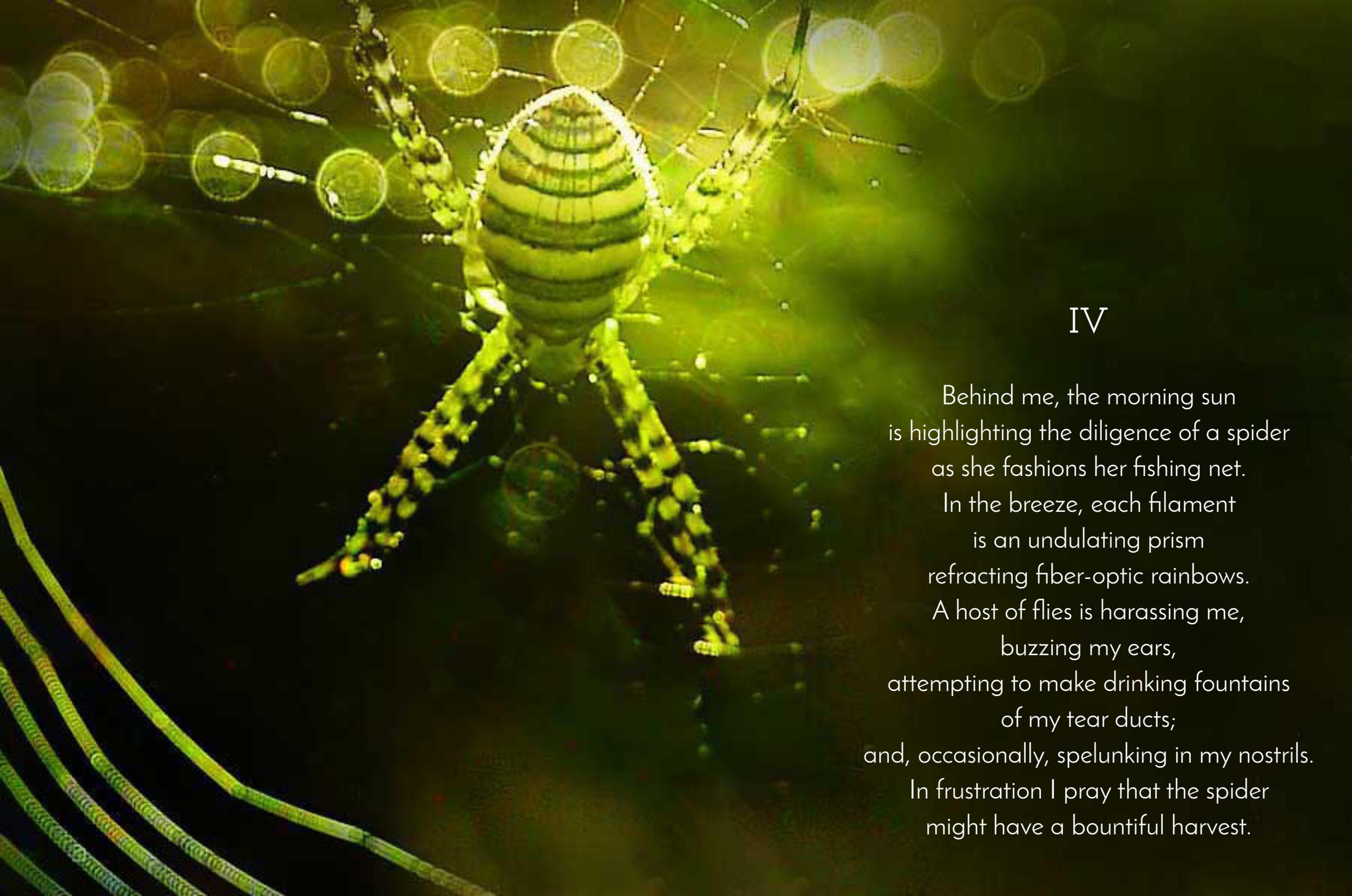
II

But the Oak trees
and the Redwoods,
the Manzanita
and the Madrona
are valiantly dipping
their brushes into
the palette of
God's colors
and splashing them
on the hillsides.

A photograph of a forest path. The path is covered in green grass and is flanked by dense trees. Sunlight filters through the canopy, creating a golden glow on the grass. The overall scene is serene and natural.

III

In the bare patches,
the golden grasses are peering through,
like the sun-tanned torso of a voluptuous maiden
that is showing through her form-fitting
but threadbare apparel.



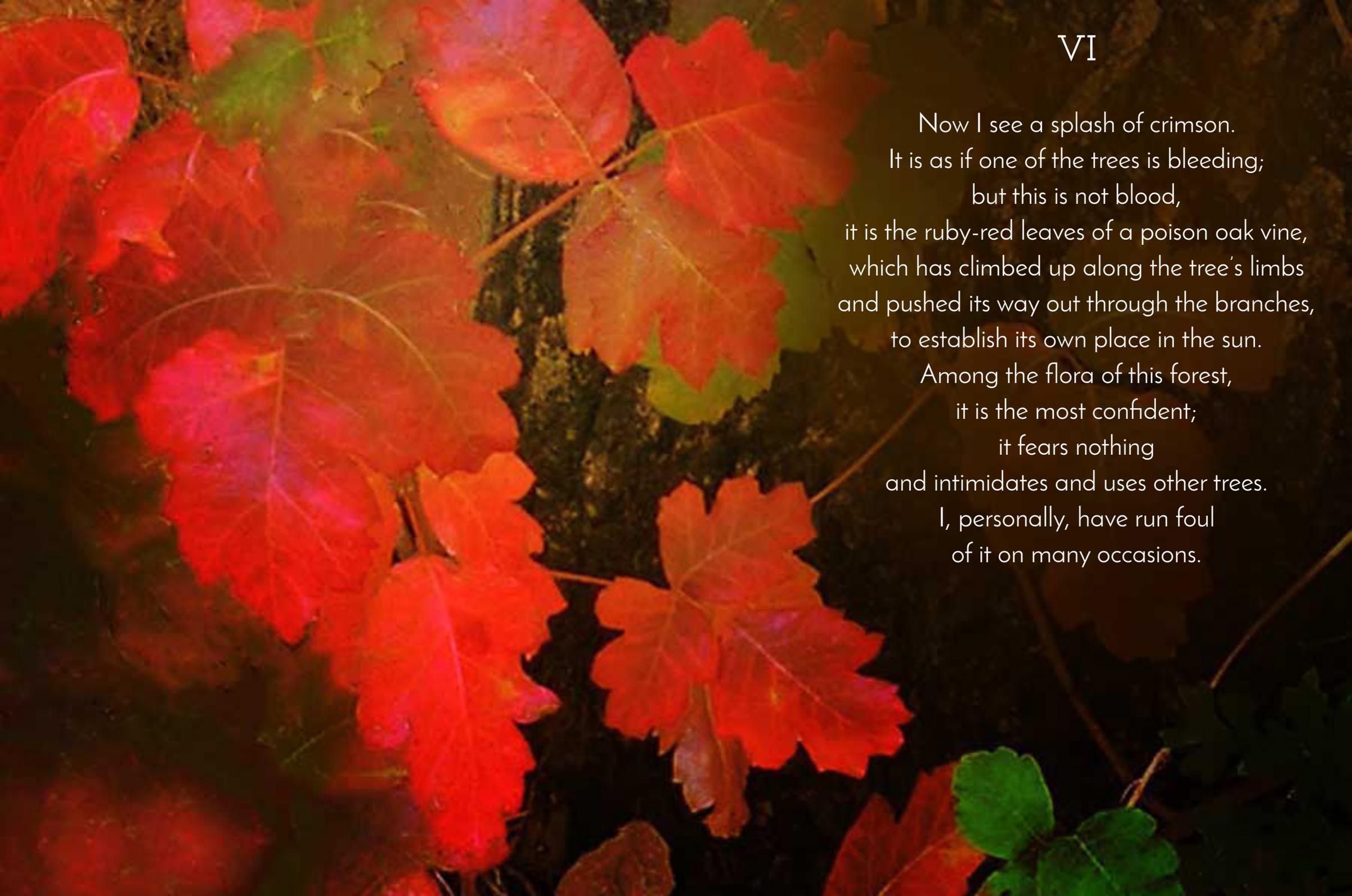
IV

Behind me, the morning sun
is highlighting the diligence of a spider
as she fashions her fishing net.
In the breeze, each filament
is an undulating prism
refracting fiber-optic rainbows.
A host of flies is harassing me,
buzzing my ears,
attempting to make drinking fountains
of my tear ducts;
and, occasionally, spelunking in my nostrils.
In frustration I pray that the spider
might have a bountiful harvest.

V

Fifty feet below me,
two branches of an oak tree,
that originally were growing apart
at an angle of 45 degrees,
have decided to get together.
Over a period of a few months,
they have slowly turned
their courses about,
like two great ships
in the ocean,
and have now merged
their foliage,
leaving a large opening,
in the form
of a perfectly shaped heart,
to mark their journey.
They are soul mates.
I can see right through the heart
opening to the creek below.





VI

Now I see a splash of crimson.
It is as if one of the trees is bleeding;
but this is not blood,
it is the ruby-red leaves of a poison oak vine,
which has climbed up along the tree's limbs
and pushed its way out through the branches,
to establish its own place in the sun.
Among the flora of this forest,
it is the most confident;
it fears nothing
and intimidates and uses other trees.
I, personally, have run foul
of it on many occasions.

VII

Can I make an appeal to the Planetary Architect?
When you are planning the next version
of the Garden of Eden,
would you consider not including
flies and poison oak?

Please!
Namasté,

Seán

Tír na nÓg
2016, Volume 5