

MUSINGS

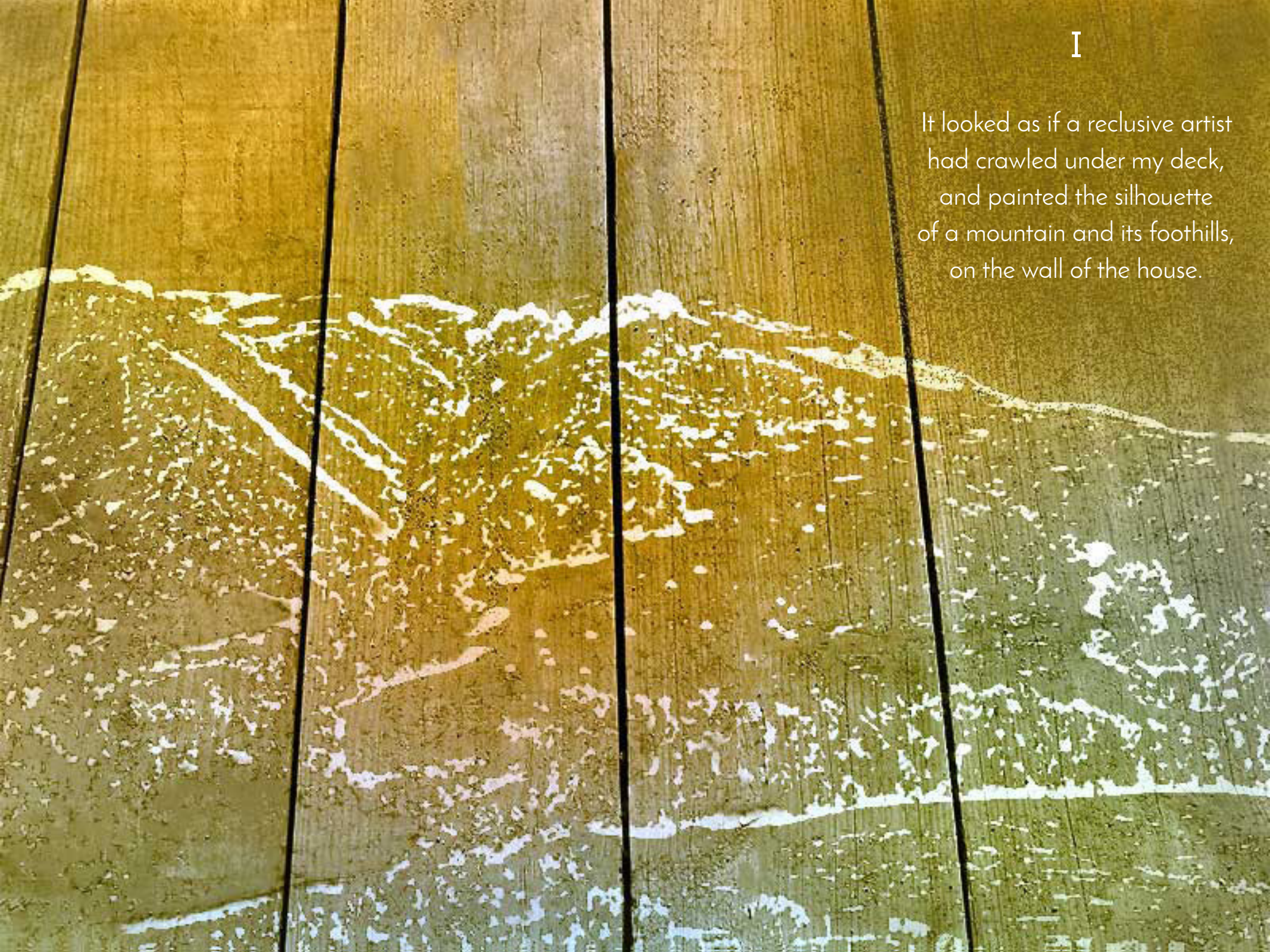
by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PHD - 2017 VOLUME 3



Snail
Mountain

I

It looked as if a reclusive artist
had crawled under my deck,
and painted the silhouette
of a mountain and its foothills,
on the wall of the house.



II

On closer inspection,
I see that it was painted with silk;
and that the artist is a snail
whose brush is his own body.

In this instance,
the medium is the Messenger.



III

I wish I had seen him do it.
But that would have taken
as much patience on my part
as it required skill on his.
For he is a ballet dancer
in ultra-slow motion;
a bodhisattva performing
a movement meditation,
with such awareness
that it might have needed
time-elapsed photography
to detect its progress.



IV

Full many a sage
was born
to sing silently
in the symphony
of Source,
leaving behind
tantalizing clues
to the mystical
prodigality of God.



A hand with a reddish-brown skin tone reaches out from the left side of the frame, its index finger pointing towards the center. Below the hand, a white, textured trail, resembling a path or a trail of powder, runs across a wooden surface. The wood has a vertical grain and is divided into sections by dark vertical lines. The background is a warm, golden-brown color.

V

I trace the silk trail,
lightly,
with a Braille-sensitive fingertip.
I'm a digit-plodding pilgrim
following in the footsteps
of a Master.

Namasté,

Seán

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Other Images: Pixabay.com