

MUSINGS

by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PHD - 2016, VOLUME 4

A STROLL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD



I

A little lizard
is doing four-legged pushups
on the deck.

He cocks his head to one side,
gazing up at me,
as I gaze out the kitchen window at him.





Now he stops, strains a little
and delivers himself of
a little poop-capsule;
black with a white tip to it;
like a piece of caviar
with a dollop of cream.
He scampers away
to distance himself
from his artwork.

II

Within seconds
an ant has come to investigate.

Expertly and effortlessly
he raises it aloft,
and trundles off.

Is he the designated
garbage collector for the deck?
Or has he some use in mind for it?

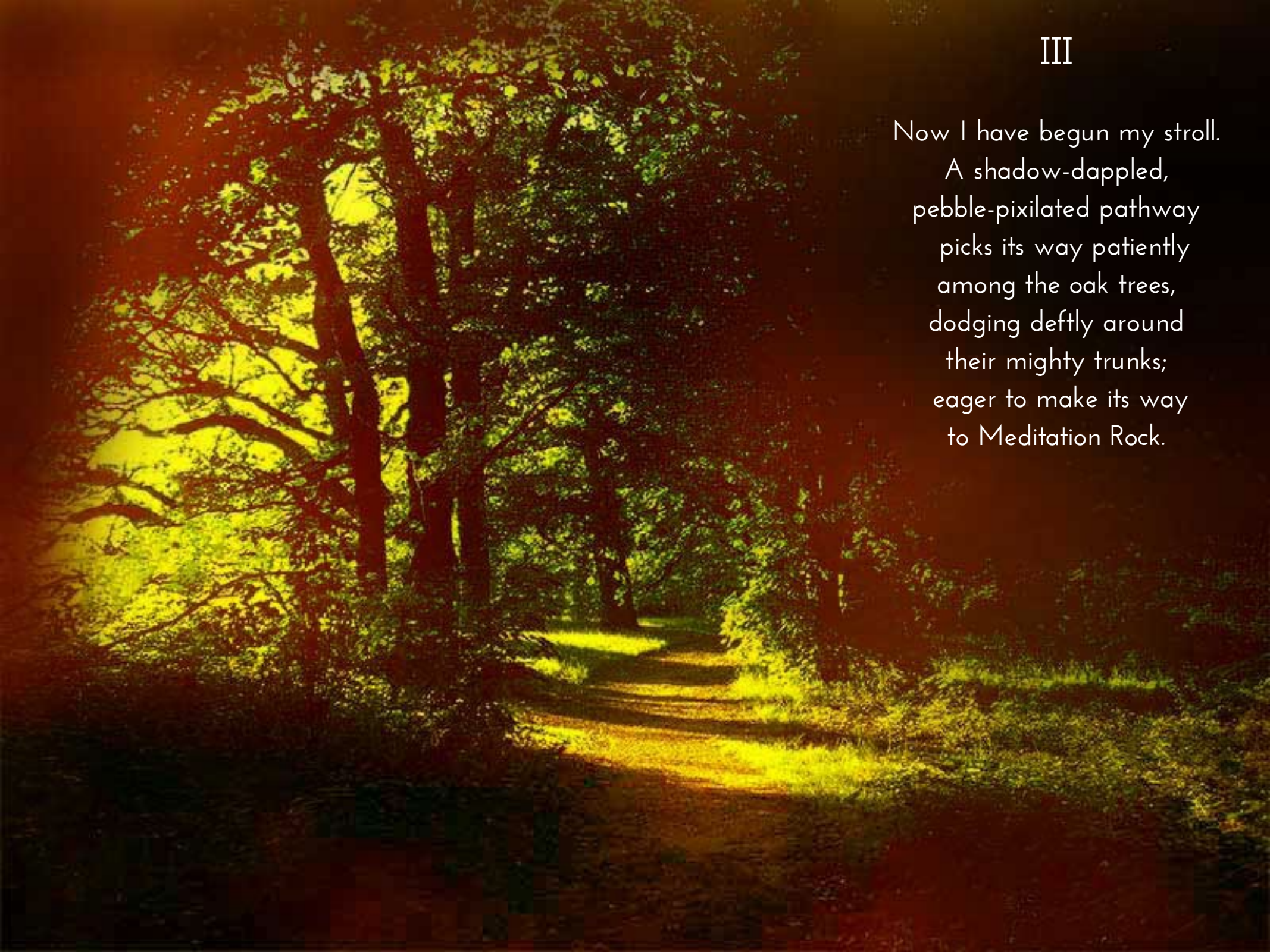
In the game of Lila,
there is no such thing as trash.



III

Now I have begun my stroll.

A shadow-dappled,
pebble-pixilated pathway
picks its way patiently
among the oak trees,
dodging deftly around
their mighty trunks;
eager to make its way
to Meditation Rock.



A cluster of California Poppies
is being cajoled
by the morning sun
to pull back
their yellow curtains
and warm the chambers
of their hearts.



IV

Nearby, an aviaationally impossible bumblebee is zeroing in to land on the tiny purple petal of a swaying flower that stands atop a long gangly stem, which is dizzily rocking in a vigorous breeze.

It seems like he is doomed to failure; rather like a giant helicopter attempting a landing on a tiny helipad during a great earthquake. But his talent is awesome and he easily manages the feat.



V

Uh, oh!

A rattlesnake is stretched out upon the path,
slightly crooked, like a wobbly exclamation mark.

He has spotted me and his forked tongue
keeps darting in and out, and from side to side,
warning me that he is not to be trifled with.
Still, he doesn't seem to feel threatened enough
to coil up and raise his head.

His long winter sleep is recently ended
and he really doesn't have the heart for a fight.

So he is content to show his arsenal
and hope that I will move on.

I do.



VI

The pebbly path has
found Meditation Rock.

I haul myself aloft
and gaze over the
still-green expanse
of Pena Valley.

I sit down and
let my soul soar.

I have great neighbors:

lizards and ants,
buttercups

and bumblebees,

lazy streams

and lazy rattlers.

We all get on well together.

Namasté,

Seán

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