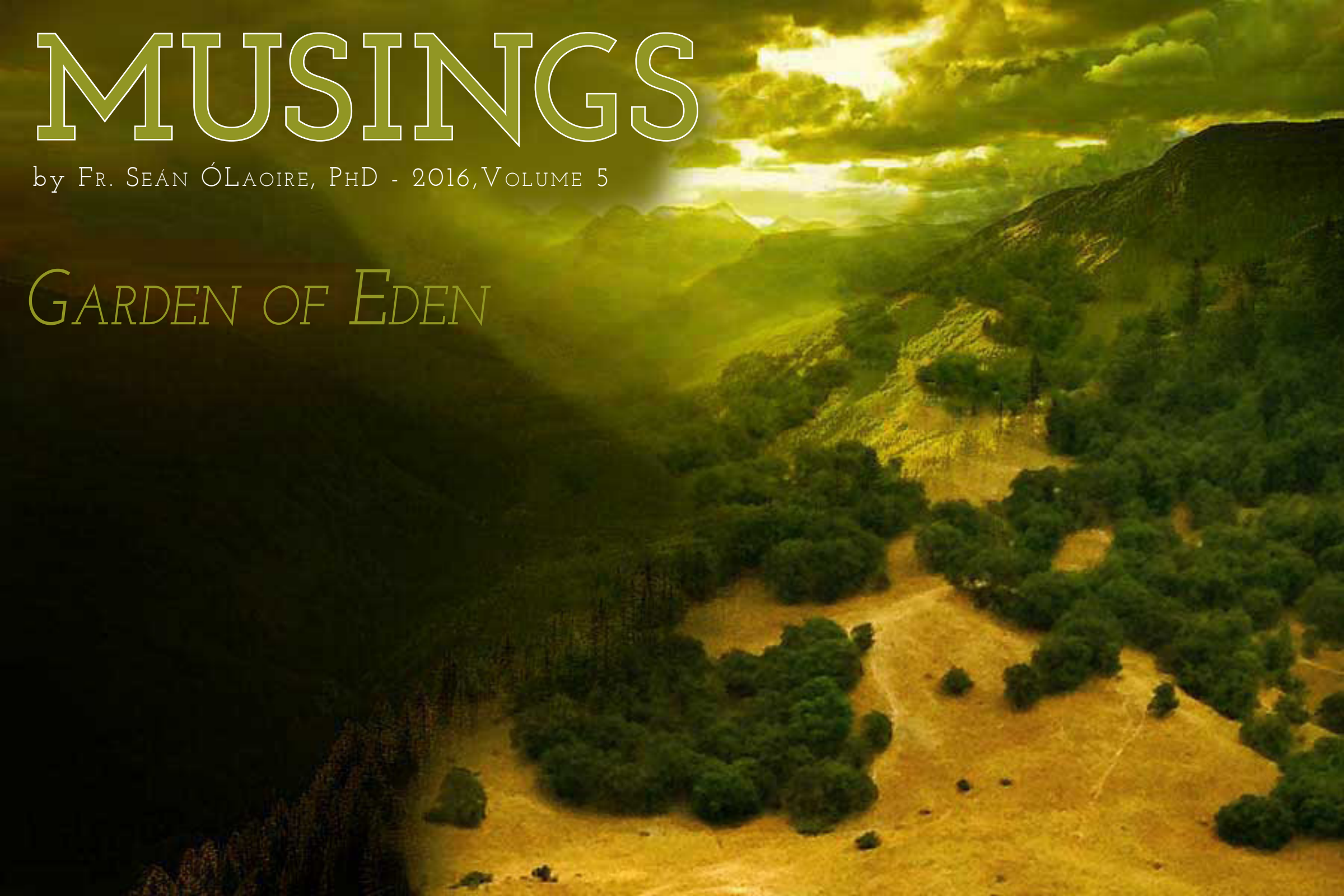
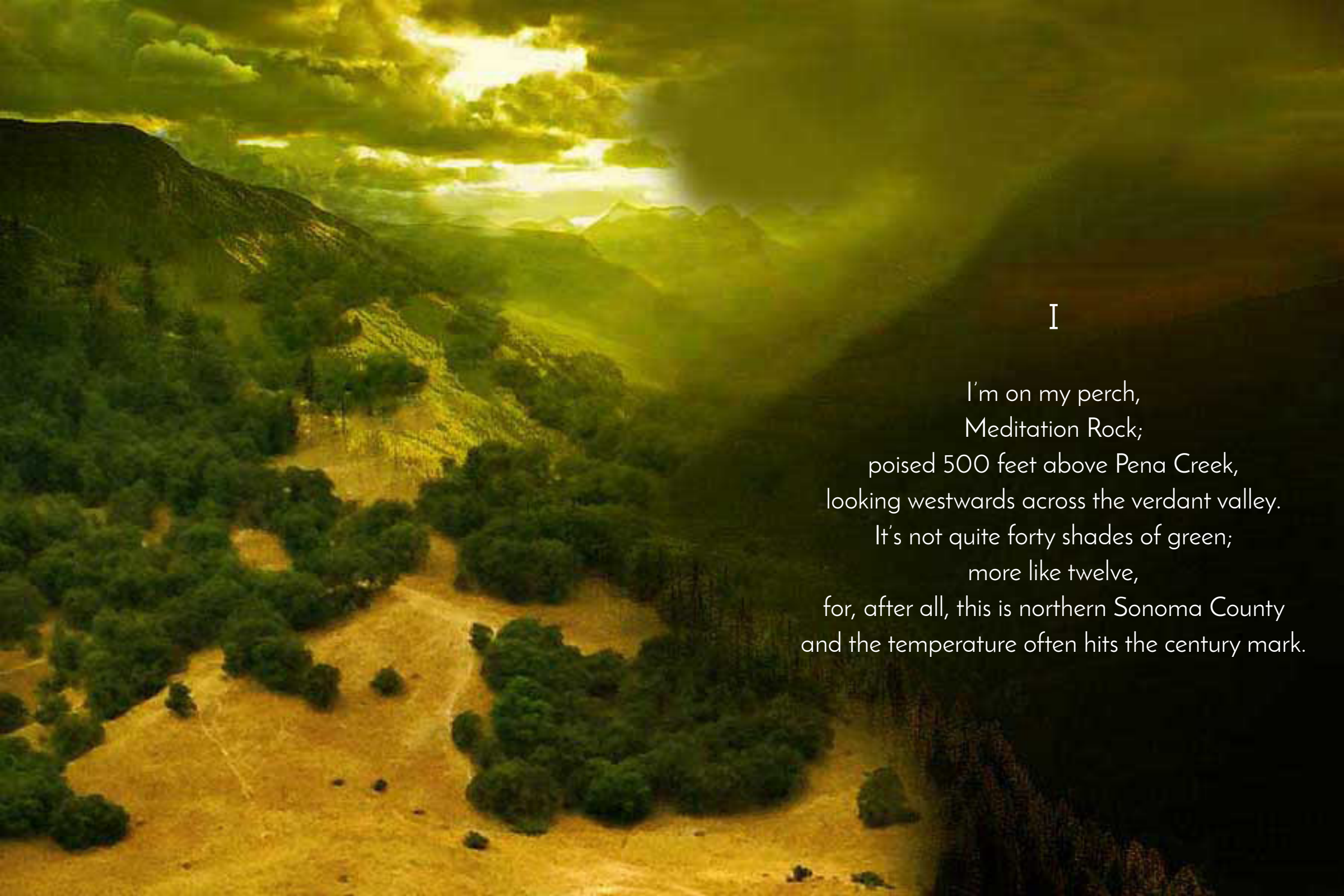


# MUSINGS

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 from the upper right, creating a bright, hazy glow and casting long, soft shadows. The overall atmosphere is serene and natural.

## 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