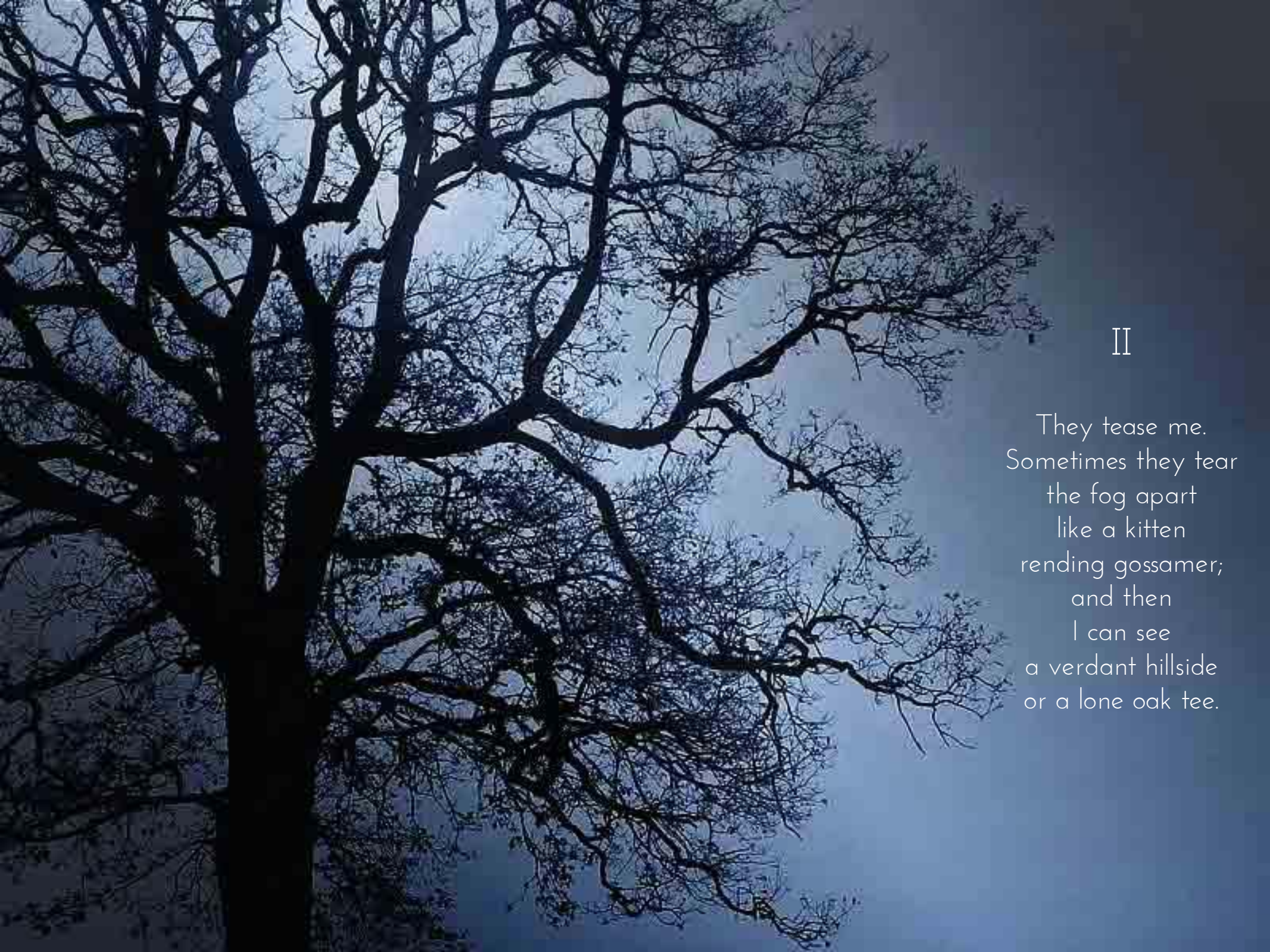


# Druid Visit

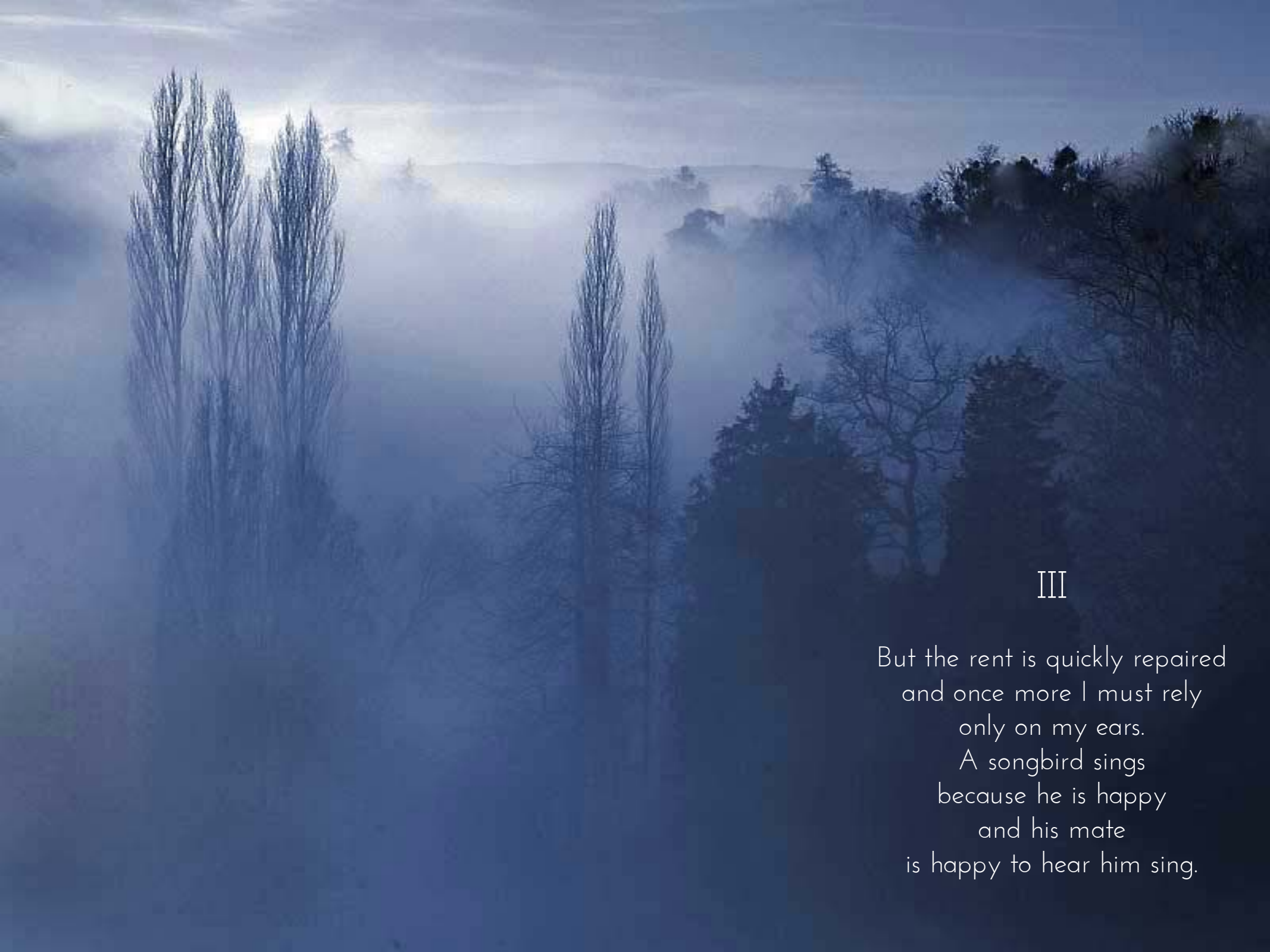
I

The Druids have come to visit.  
Trailing wisps of Celtic twilight,  
they cloak the mountains  
and the valley in a mist  
made from  
the downy wing feathers  
of newborn angels.



## II

They tease me.  
Sometimes they tear  
the fog apart  
like a kitten  
rending gossamer;  
and then  
I can see  
a verdant hillside  
or a lone oak tee.



### III

But the rent is quickly repaired  
and once more I must rely  
only on my ears.  
A songbird sings  
because he is happy  
and his mate  
is happy to hear him sing.



#### IV

Small seasonal streams  
have been roused from  
their summer slumber  
by the recent rains.  
I hear them chatting excitedly  
to each other as they run,  
at crazy speeds,  
down the steep slopes.



V

They gather companions en route  
and swap stories they heard  
from their elders  
about Grandma Ocean  
whom they intend to visit.  
They are the class of 2015  
eager to graduate.

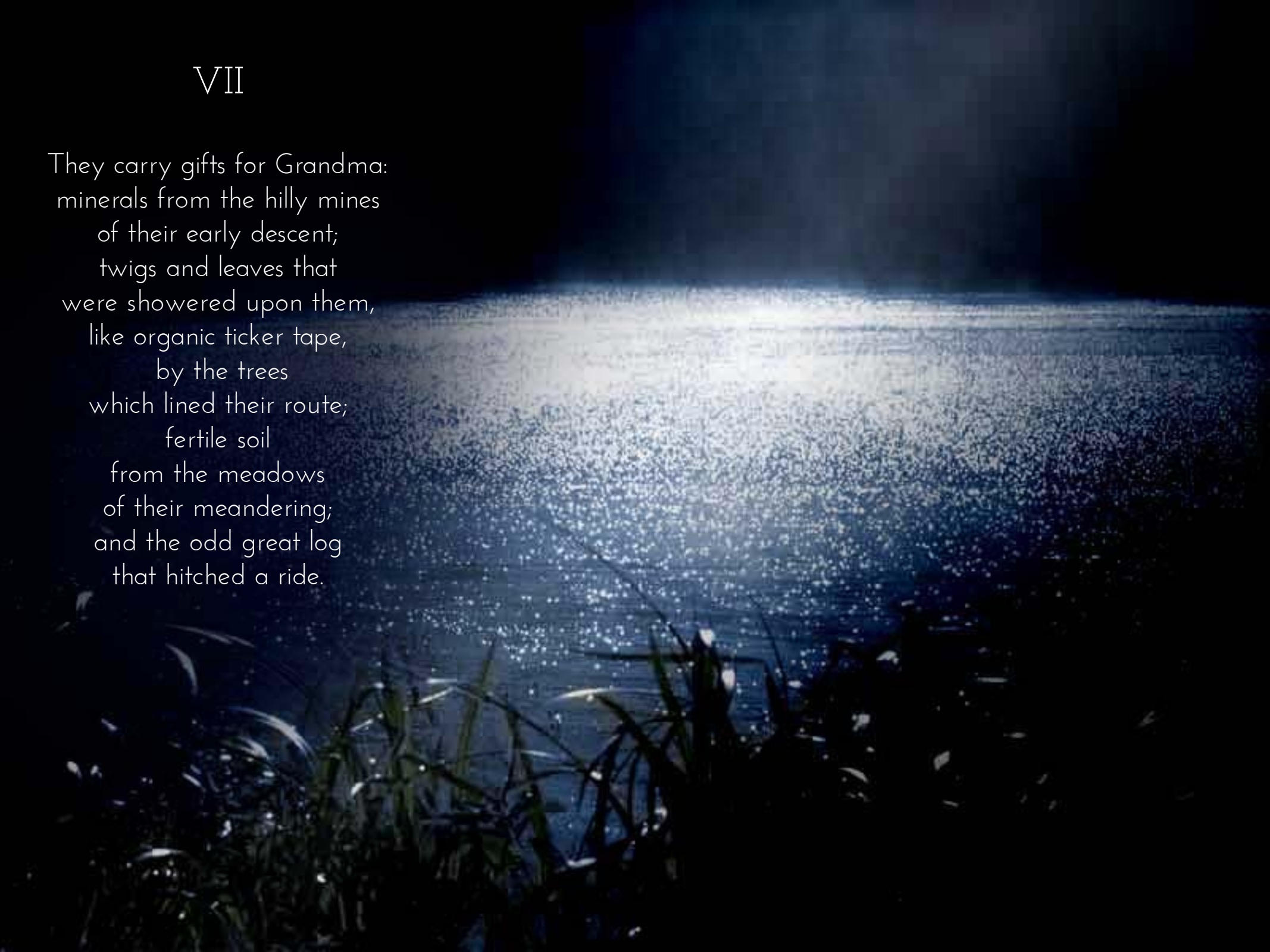


## VI

More and more of them  
join the procession  
but, strangely,  
the more numerous they become  
the more silently they process.  
As they near the great sea  
they are overcome with  
the awe of expectation.

## VII

They carry gifts for Grandma:  
minerals from the hilly mines  
of their early descent;  
twigs and leaves that  
were showered upon them,  
like organic ticker tape,  
by the trees  
which lined their route;  
fertile soil  
from the meadows  
of their meandering;  
and the odd great log  
that hitched a ride.



## VIII

Grandma will smile  
and graciously accept the gifts.  
Then she will clutch these many streams  
and brooks and rivers  
to her breast,  
and croon a lullaby  
to end their otherness  
and begin their togetherness.

Hush!

By the time she ends the first verse  
she will be singing to herself.

Hush!

Namasté,

*Seán*

Tír na nÓg  
December, 2015