

# MUSINGS

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## 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-pixelated pathway  
picks its way patiently  
among the oak trees,  
dodging deftly around  
their mighty trunks;  
eager to make its way  
to Meditation Rock.



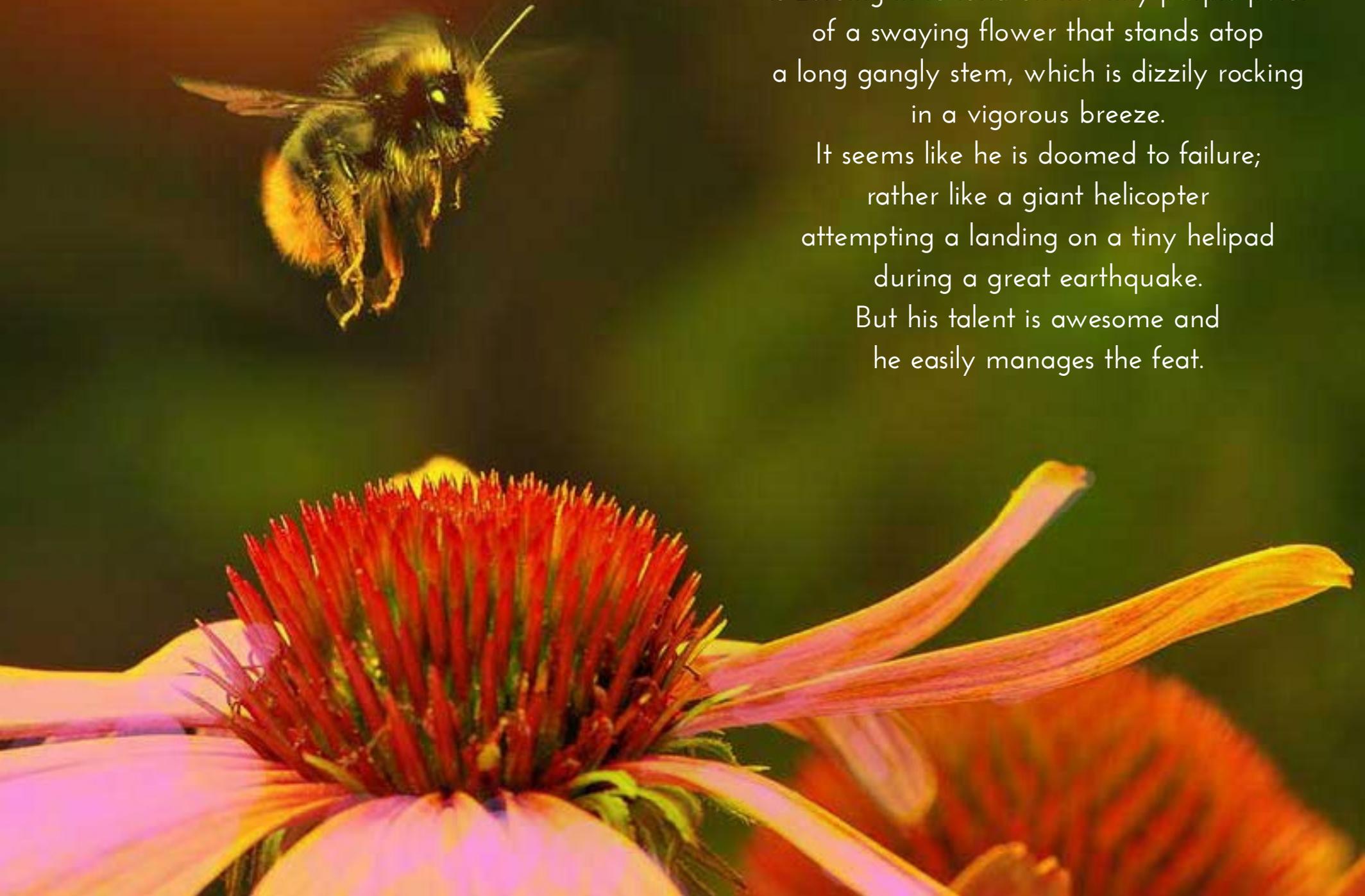
A cluster of California Poppies  
is being cajoled  
by the morning sun  
to pull back  
their yellow curtains  
and warm the chambers  
of their hearts.



IV

Nearby, an aviationally 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*

Tír na nÓg  
2016, Volume 4