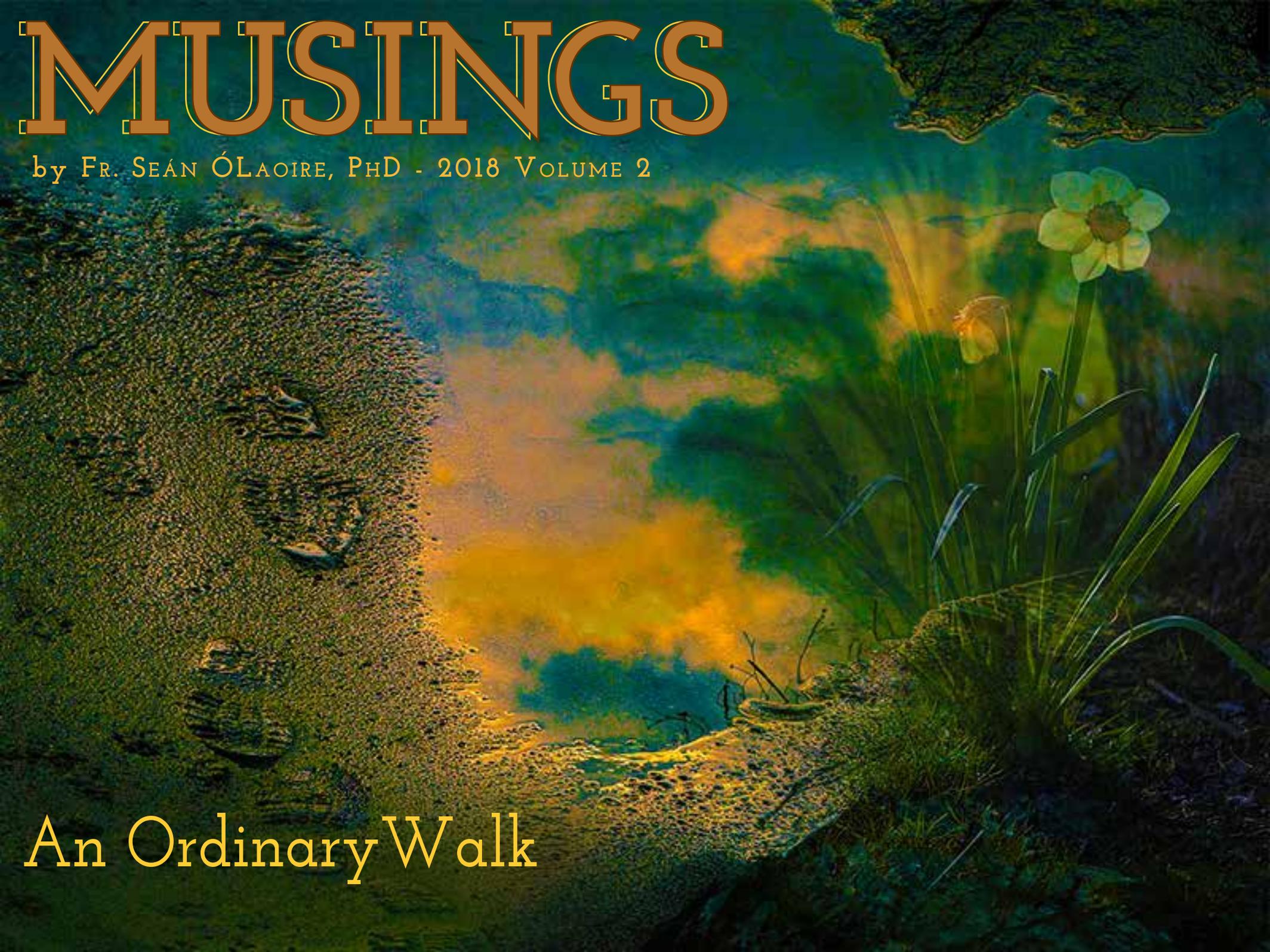


MUSINGS

A photograph of a path leading to a pond with daffodils. The path is on the left, leading towards a pond in the center. The pond is surrounded by green grass and daffodils. The sky is blue with some clouds. The overall scene is peaceful and natural.

by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PHD - 2018 VOLUME 2

An Ordinary Walk

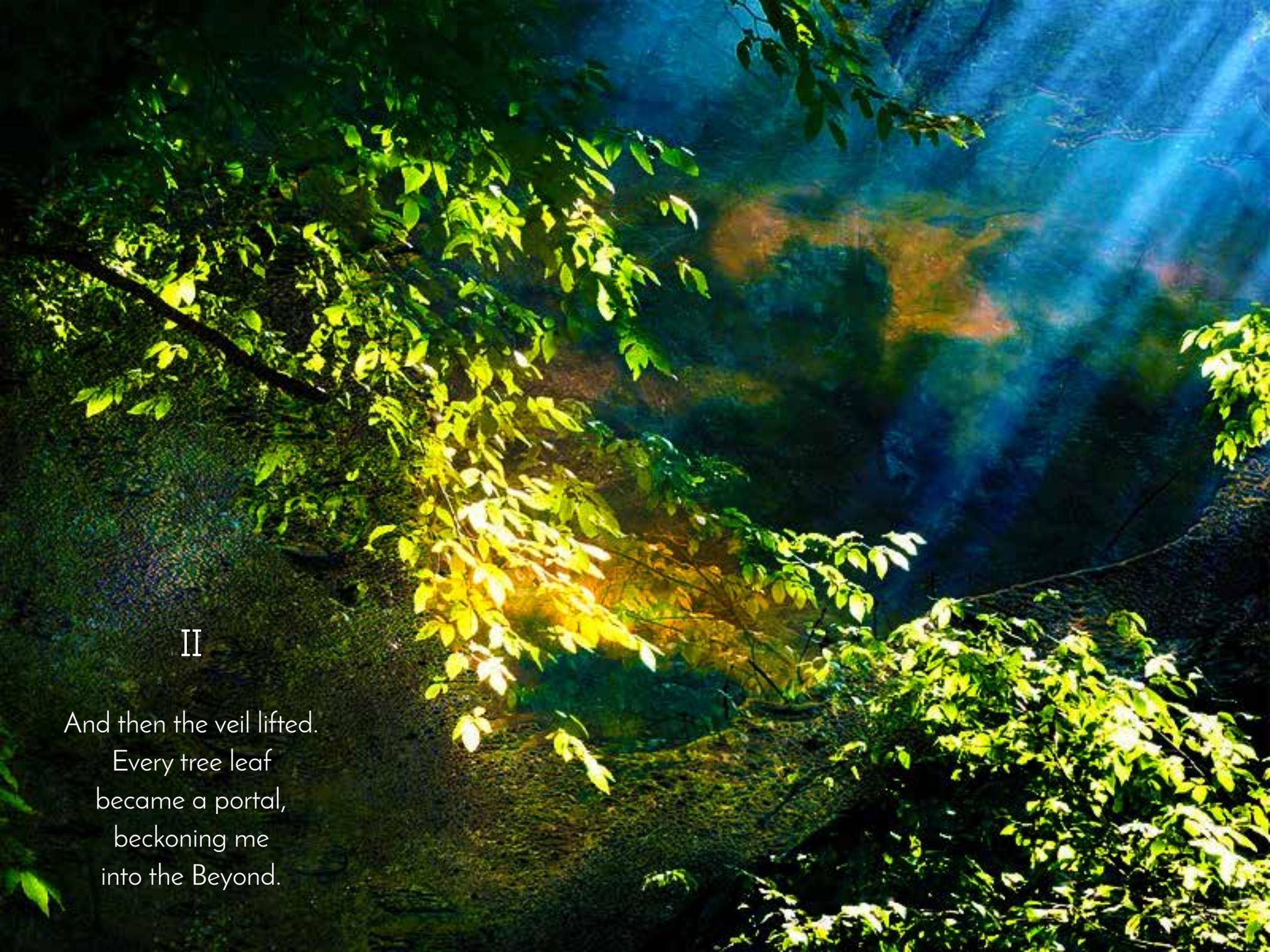
A photograph of a forest path. The path is covered in fallen leaves and is surrounded by dense green foliage. Sunlight filters through the trees, creating a hazy, golden glow. The overall atmosphere is serene and mysterious.

I

It started out as an ordinary walk;
my typical sleep-walking.

Then I woke up
and my senses shifted dimensions.

A gentle voice teasingly asked,
"Do you see what I see?"

A lush forest scene with sunlight filtering through the trees, creating a magical atmosphere. The foreground is dominated by vibrant green leaves, some of which are brightly lit by sunlight, creating a shimmering effect. The background is a dense canopy of trees, with a soft, ethereal glow of light filtering through, suggesting a hidden path or a magical realm. The overall color palette is rich with greens and blues, with a touch of golden light from the sun.

II

And then the veil lifted.

Every tree leaf
became a portal,
beckoning me
into the Beyond.

III

Every breath I took
was inspired by Ruah Yahweh,
inviting me to rebirth myself
again, and again and again.



An aerial photograph of a forest with a stream. The stream flows from the top left towards the bottom left, with a sandy or light-colored bank on its left side. The water in the stream is clear, reflecting the surrounding greenery. The forest is dense and green, with some areas appearing darker due to shadows. The overall scene is peaceful and natural.

IV

Every firm footfall of mine
touched the belly of Gaia,
the mother who gave me life,
and food,
and clothes,
and a home.



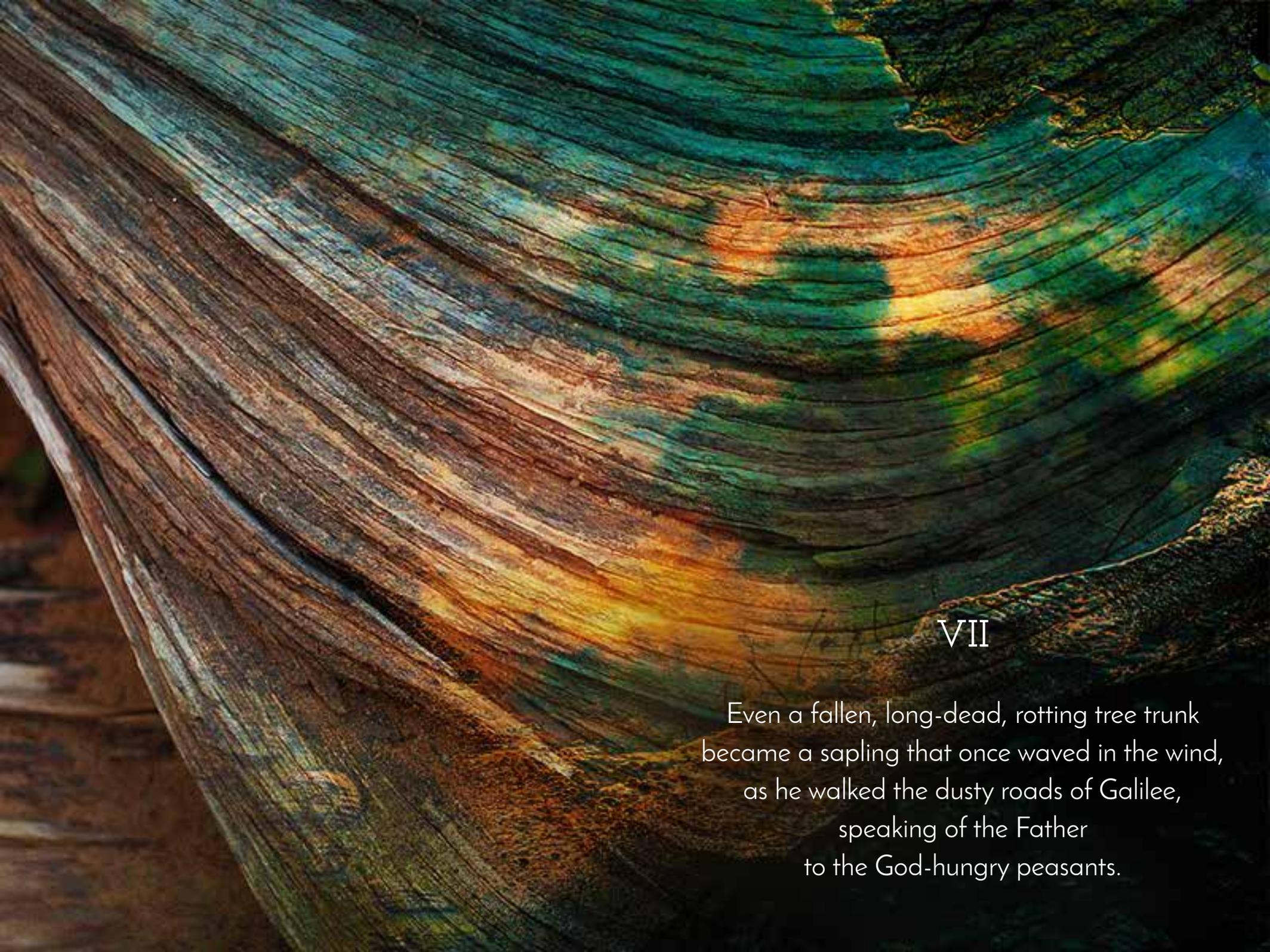
V

Every shallow little puddle
became a mirror of the sky;
showing me the heavens
miles above me.



VI

Every daffodil became
the golden chalice
of the Last Supper.



VII

Even a fallen, long-dead, rotting tree trunk
became a sapling that once waved in the wind,
as he walked the dusty roads of Galilee,
speaking of the Father
to the God-hungry peasants.

VIII

Every plodding donkey on the way
thought nostalgically of the time
when he bore the fleeing family into Egypt
and later
the triumphant Messiah into Jerusalem.



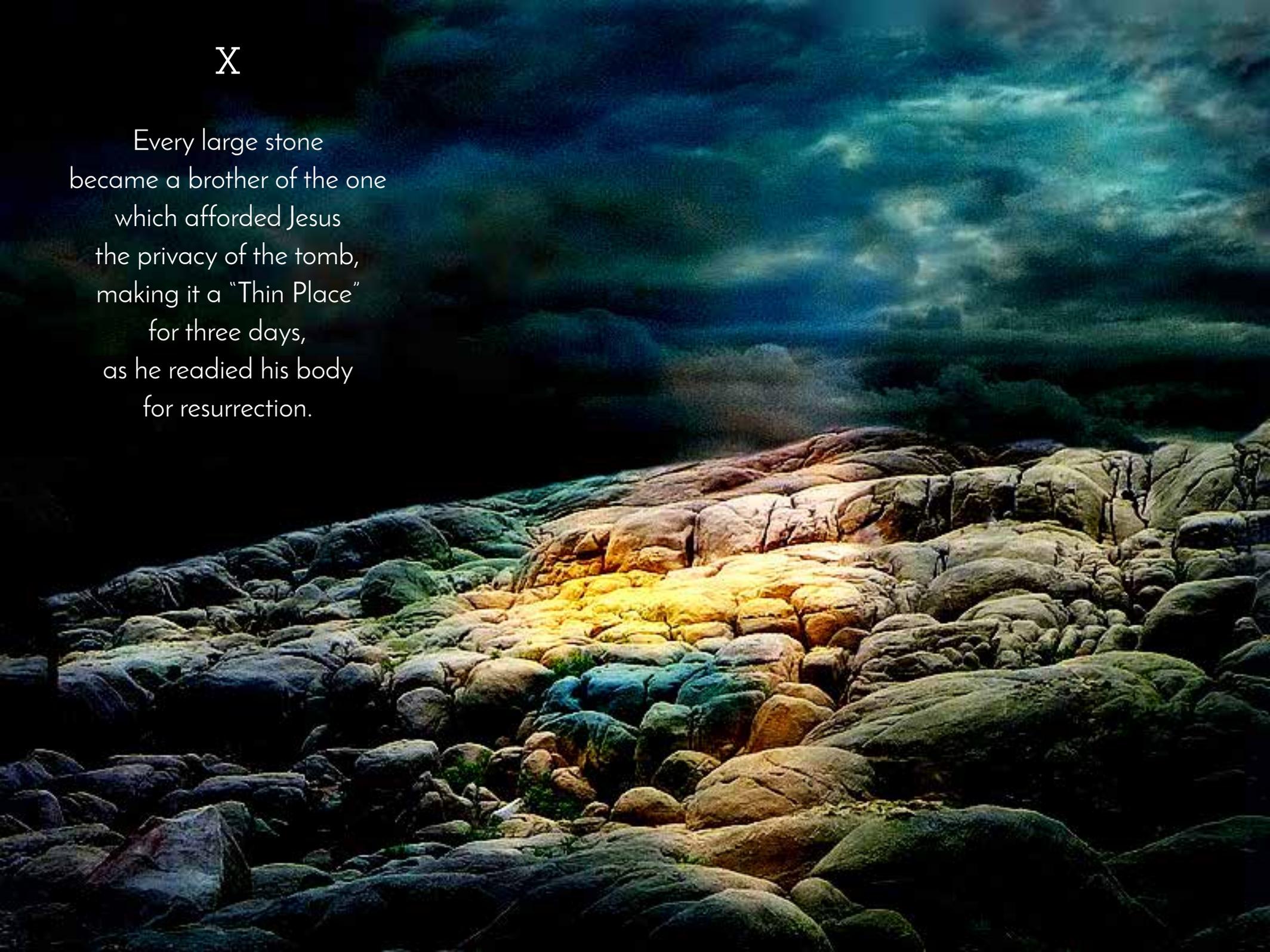


IX

Every cloud
became the Veil of Veronica
cooling his fevered brow,
on the long, painful journey
to Golgotha.

X

Every large stone
became a brother of the one
which afforded Jesus
the privacy of the tomb,
making it a "Thin Place"
for three days,
as he readied his body
for resurrection.



XI

To each, as I encountered them,
I silently intoned,
"Namasté."

For what is Namasté
but the recognition of the resurrection
in each one of us,
the awakened and the sleeping alike?

Whether
donkey or human,
breath or cloud or stone,
puddle or footfall,
tree trunk or tree leaf or daffodil.





XII

There is no such thing
as an ordinary walk.

Namasté,

Seán

Tír na nÓg
2018, Volume 2

