

MUSINGS

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THE FAERY DANCE



I

'Neath an oak tree in the forest,
With a raven standing guard,
is a group of Faery children
and a wizened Celtic bard.

They raise themselves on tiptoe
as he plucks an ancient lyre
and explode in merry laughter
as they dance about a fire.



II

From an Autumn-colored oak leaf
hangs a single pear-shaped drop
of the nighttime's mystic liquid,
 'tis the firstborn of the crop,
which the early birds will harvest,
as they slake their morning thirst;
 'tis the nectar of the goddess
and the milk of nature's nurse.



III

'Tis a Eucharist of Gaia
a communion in the glade,
in the chapel of the valley
where the hills provide the shade.

With the whirling of a dervish
and with mudras from the East,
'tis a liturgy conducted
with the Faery Folk as priests.



IV

There's a pale full moon presiding
in a star-specked cloudless sky
and an awestruck gentle zephyr
takes a look and tiptoes by.

'Tis the planet incarnated
in the dreaming of a child
and I pray that when she wakens,
Grandma Earth is what she'll find.



V

For the adults cause the nightmares
as they groan aloud and weep,
and then pluck the rotted harvest
as they thrash about in sleep.

But the children are our prophets
sent to rouse us from our night;
with their big-eyed sense of wonder
that will lead us into light.



VI

So, become like little children
as the Master one time said;
for 'tis *Wonder* and *Forgiveness*
that will raise you from the dead.
Shuffle off the shroud and linens
which confined you to the tomb,
and put on your light-filled body
as you exit from the womb.



VII

'Neath an oak tree in the forest,
With a raven standing guard,
is a group of Faery children
and a wizened Celtic bard.

They have sensed your wistful thinking
and the longing of your heart,
so, they reach out from the circle
to include you in their art.



VIII

If you cannot hear the Faeries
nor the wizened Celtic bard;
if you do not see the raven
nor can touch the oaken bark;
if you cannot dance at daybreak
nor drink the sacred stuff
of the dewdrops' mystic liquid
then you're not awake enough.

Seán

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