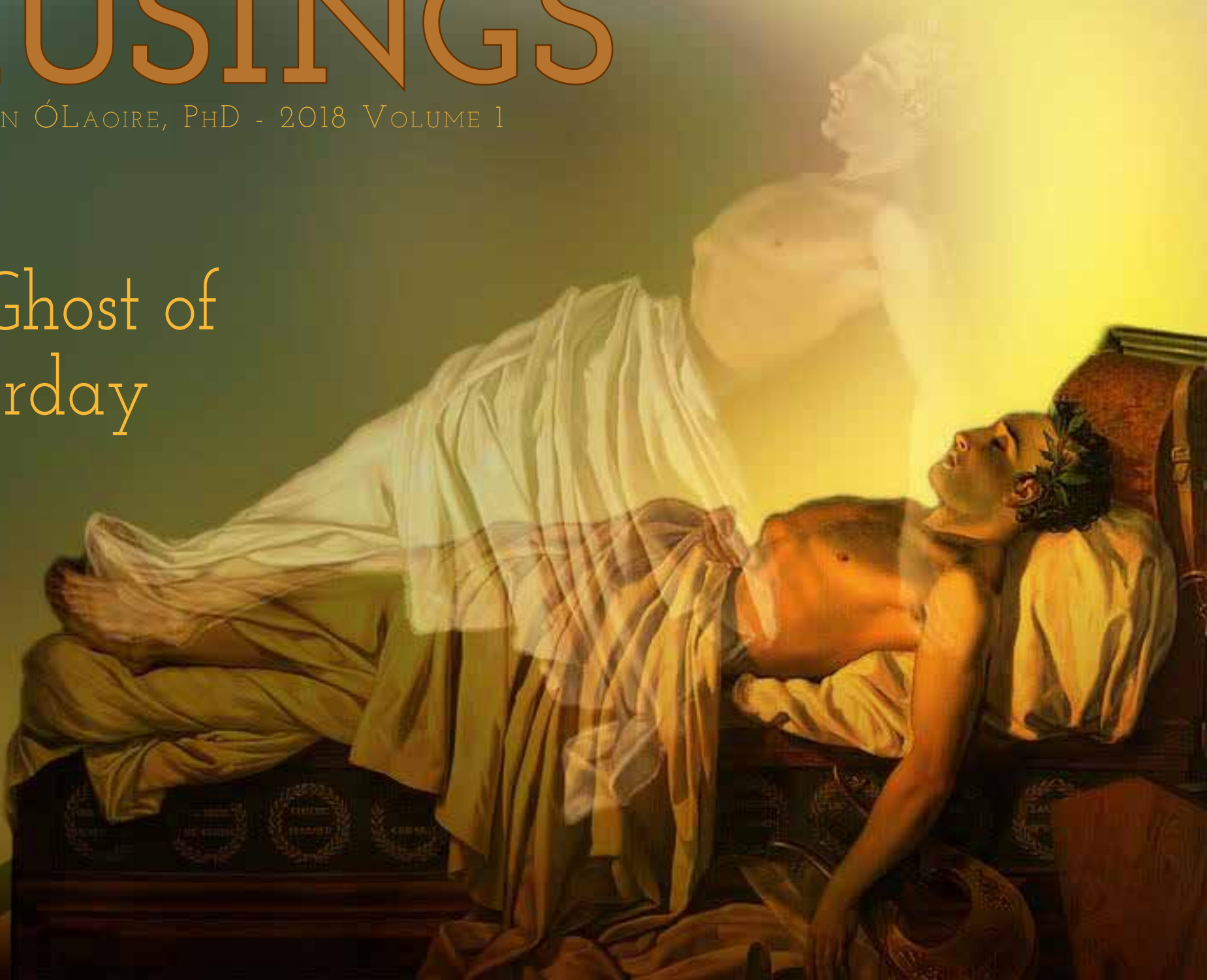
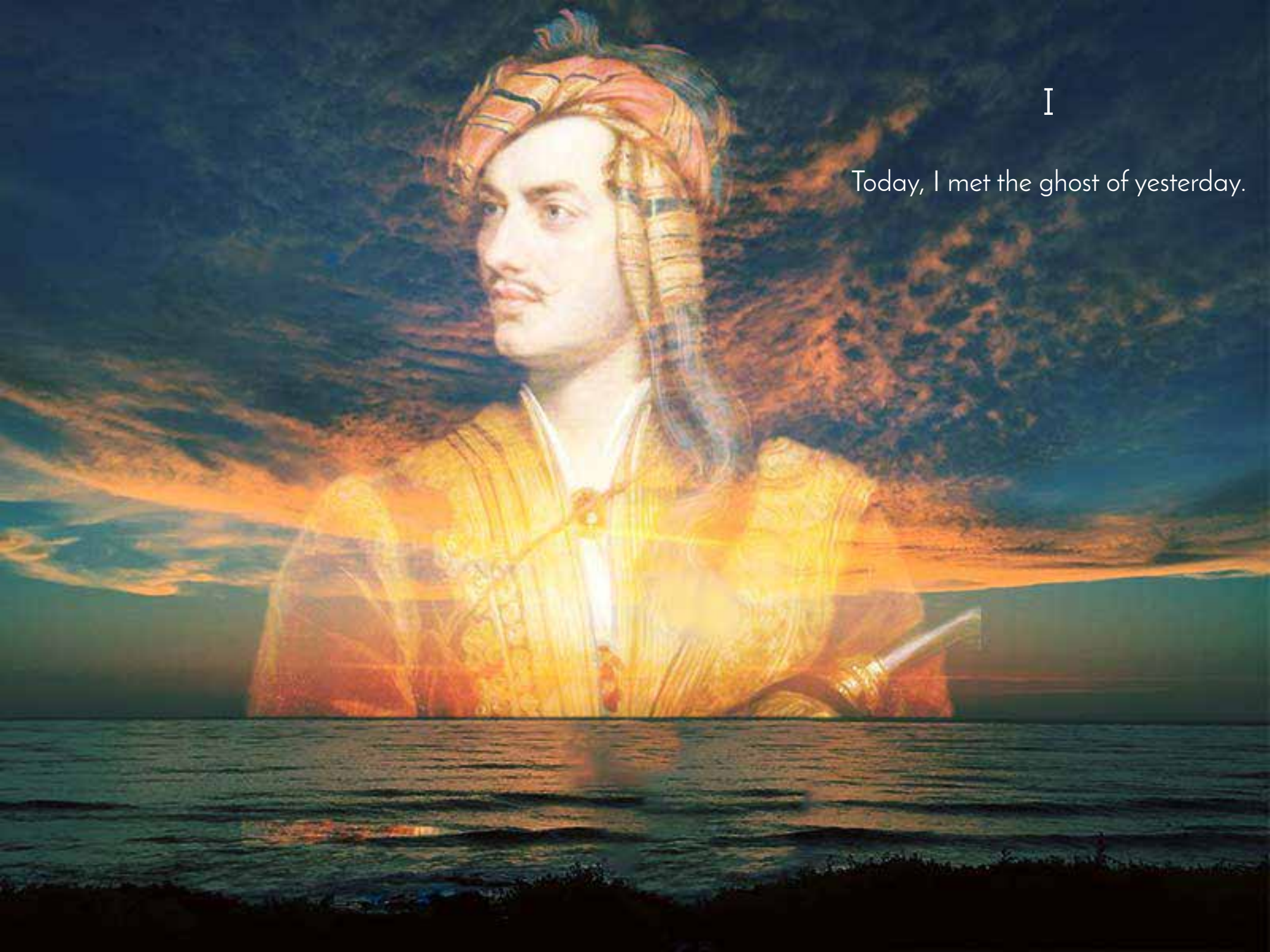


# MUSINGS

by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PhD - 2018 VOLUME 1

## The Ghost of Yesterday





I

Today, I met the ghost of yesterday.

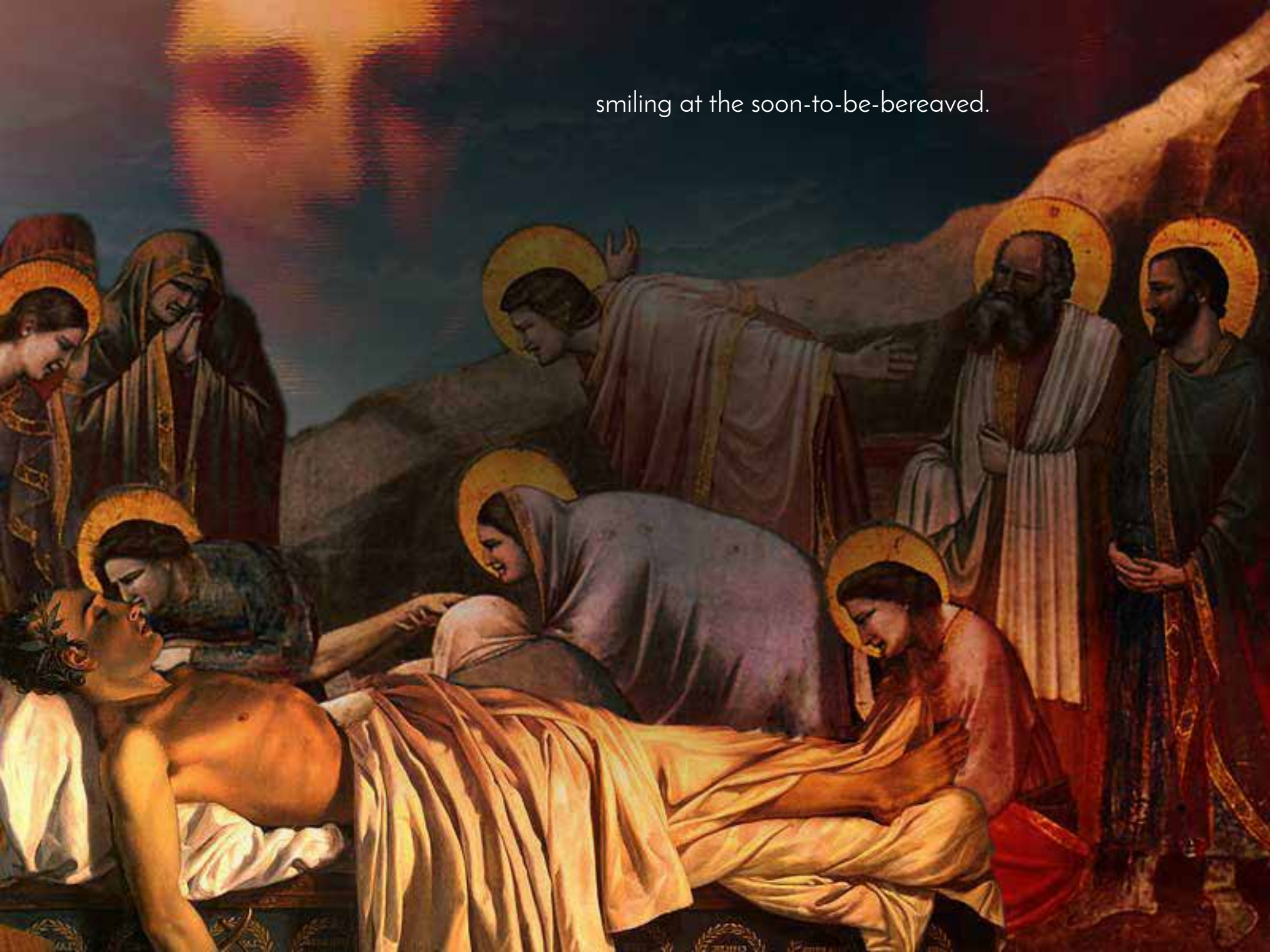
With my own eyes I'd seen him die...



transitioning consciously and serenely...



smiling at the soon-to-be-bereaved.





I kept vigil in the darkness  
but soon I needed sleep.

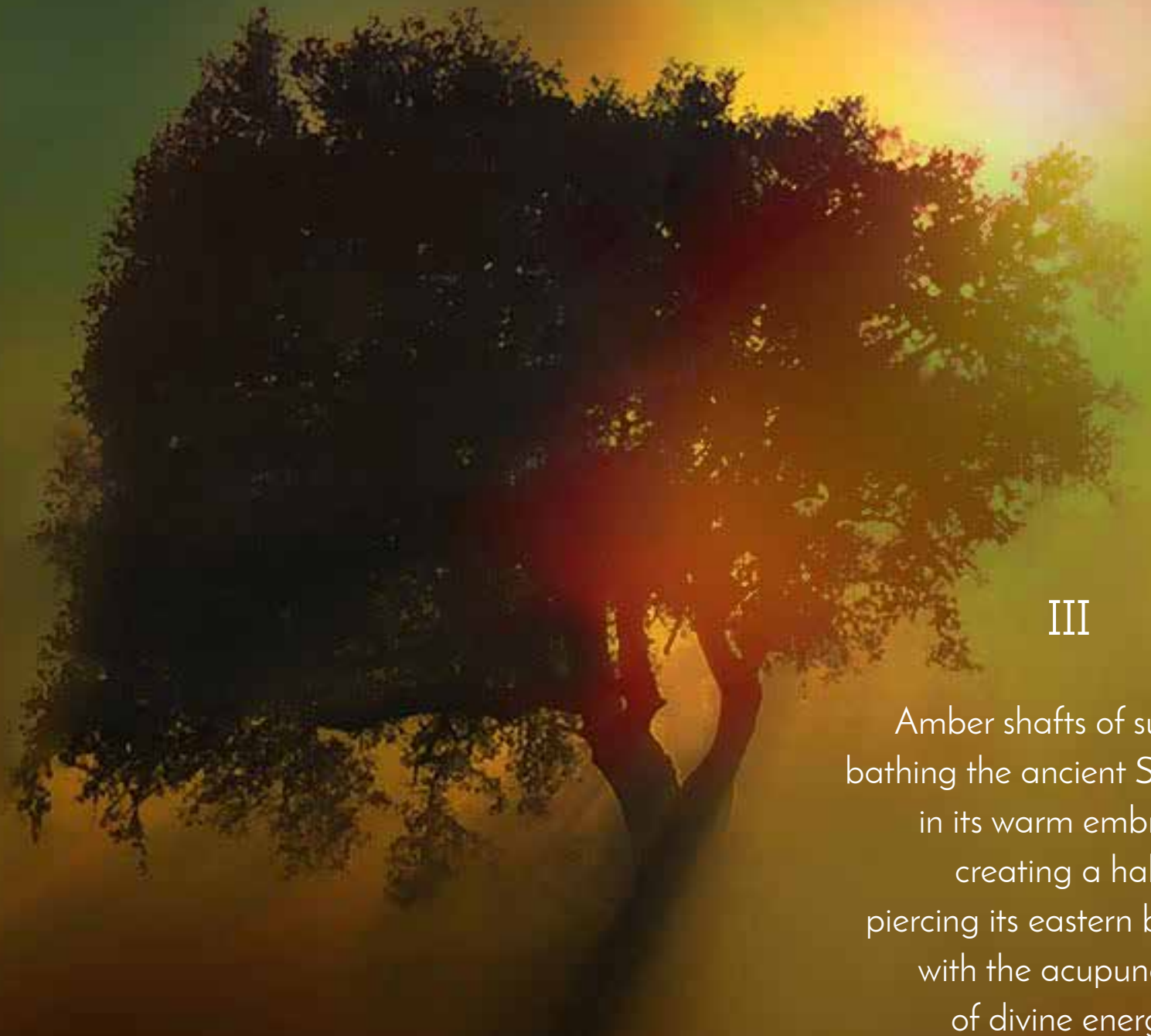
## II

Then the miracle happened.  
I awoke to see faint stirrings  
in the erstwhile corpse.

A gentle, tentative breath  
was followed by another stronger one;  
and then, a third.

One eye opened  
emitting golden light.  
It was the pineal gland  
channeling photons  
from afar.





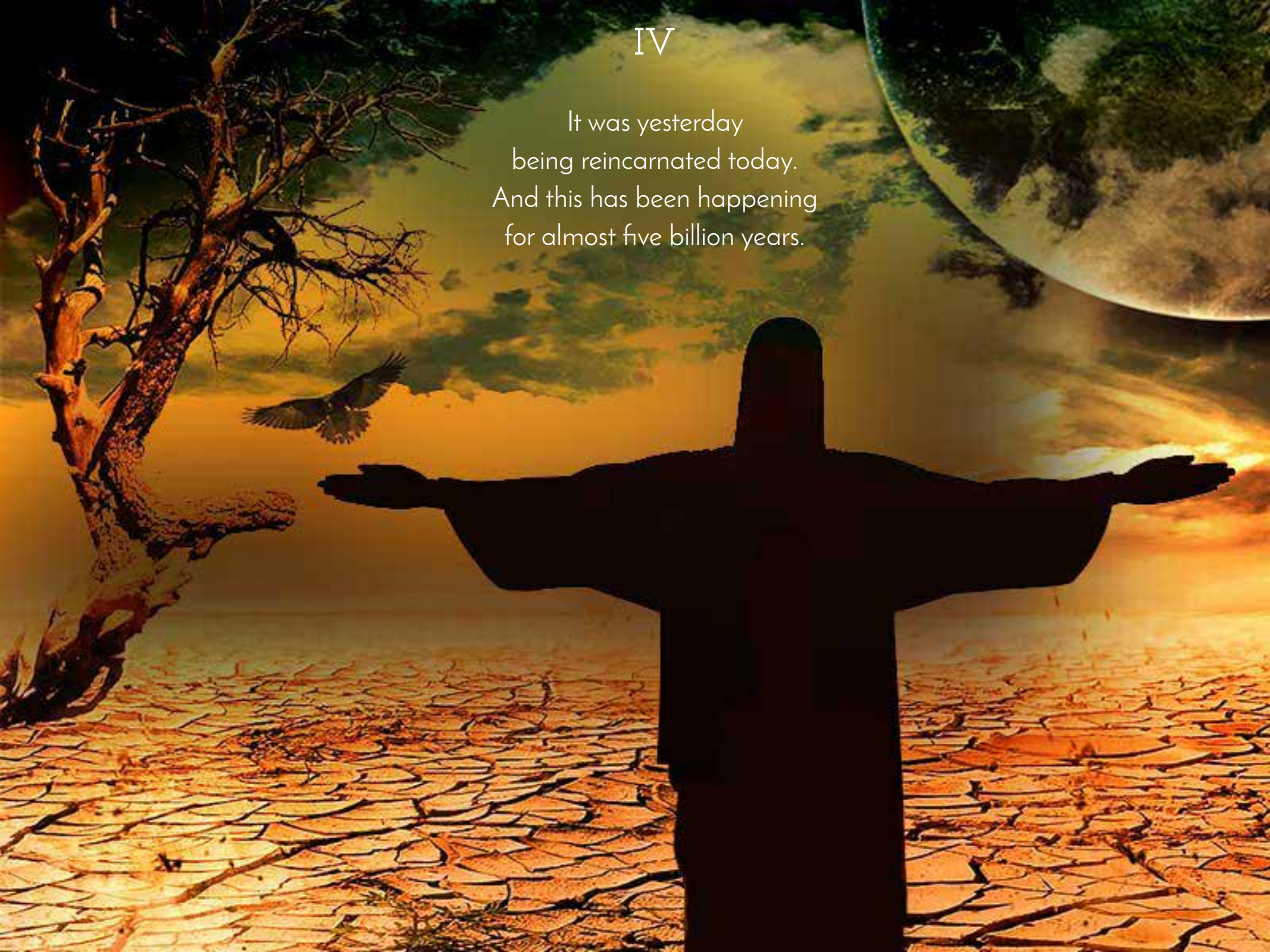
### III

Amber shafts of sunlight  
bathing the ancient Scrub Oak  
in its warm embrace;  
creating a halo;  
piercing its eastern branches  
with the acupuncture  
of divine energy.



# IV

It was yesterday  
being reincarnated today.  
And this has been happening  
for almost five billion years.





Human life is the soul  
dancing with Pachamama,  
in imitation of the shorter fractal  
of the Sun cycle.

V

“Who will move the rock?”  
Magdalene asked,  
as the women made their way  
to the tomb  
of the buried Son of God.





## VI

“Who will move the Earth?”  
I asked,  
As I watched the Sun of God  
be interred  
beneath the western horizon.

## VII

Chepkelyon sogol  
The nine-legged one of Kalenjin lore,  
dancing on the belly of Gaia;  
about to enter her womb  
in order to be reborn.  
Just as Jesus said to Nicodemus.



## VIII

Thank you, God,  
for the miracle of a brand new day,  
in which I can be a channel  
of light and of Logos,  
of life and of laughter,  
of wisdom and information  
for our planet  
and for our times.

Namasté,

*Seán*

Tír na nÓg  
2018, Volume 1