

Come to the Banquet

I

A single silver strand
of silky spider web,
liberated from
its household chores,
is sensuously undulating on
invisible air currents.
She moves her sleek form
to the music of the creek,
catching and diffracting
the sunlight.
She is Salome
seducing Herod.



II

A tiny insect is flying
a foot above the water
erratically dipping and rising.
Perhaps she is playing "gotcha"
with her own reflection.



Obviously, I'm enlarged
so that you can see
how pretty I am!

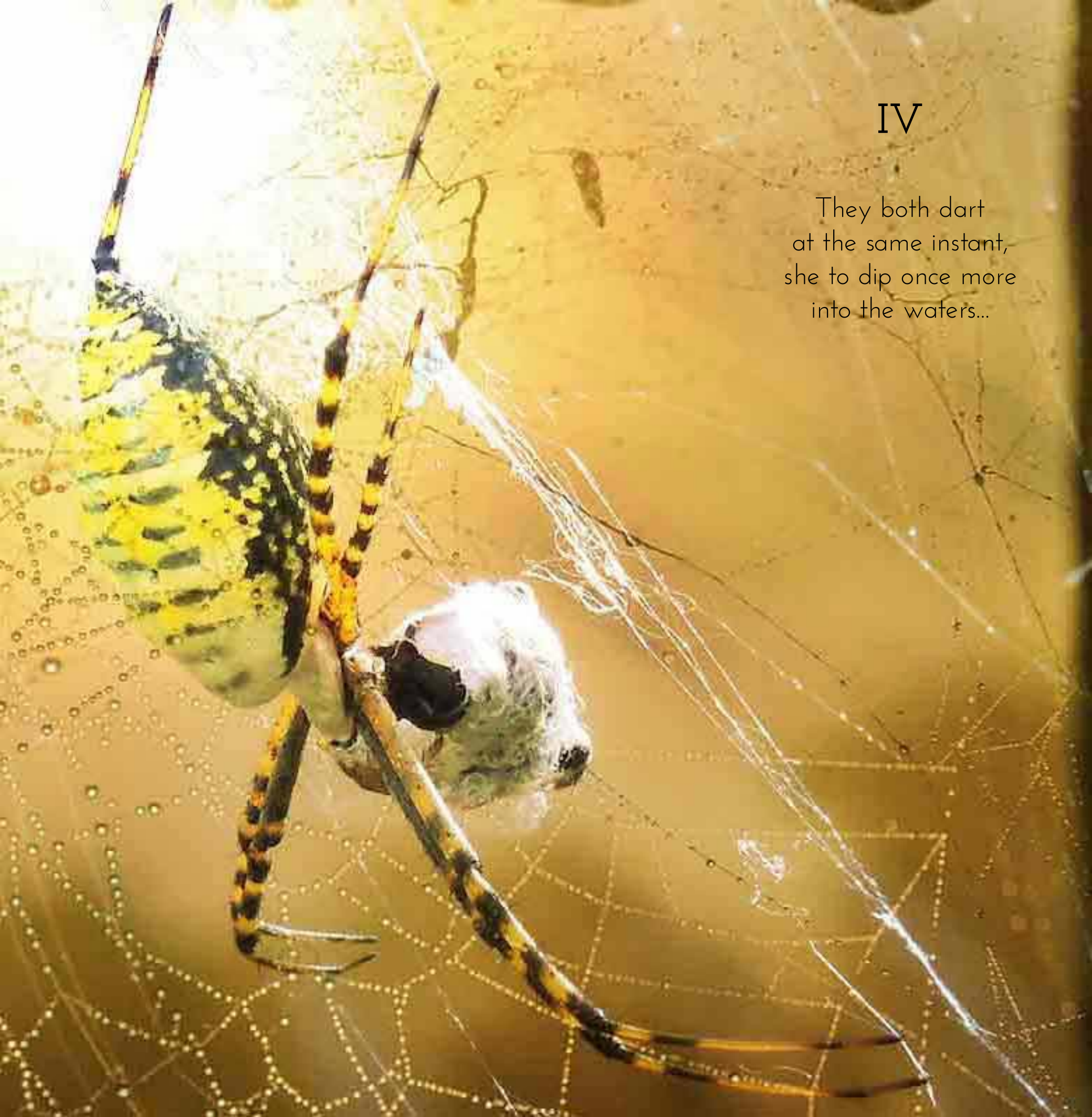


III

A small steelhead trout is watching carefully, swishing his tail silently to hold his position in the current.

IV

They both dart
at the same instant,
she to dip once more
into the waters...



and he to capture her.
Like mirror images
of each other,
at the axis of
the creek surface,
they join in their
destined dance;
she to be eaten,
and he to be fed.
It's all over
in a nanosecond.





V

Is this the Nature we hear of
as, "red in tooth and claw"?

Does your hand
object indignantly
that the morsel
it once held
has been devoured
by your mouth?
Hand and mouth
are partners in the meal;
and so are the trout
and the insect.
We all feed each other.
There is only one Spirit.
You can play the part
of the mouth
or the part of the hand;
the part of the insect
or the part of the trout.
But always and only,
it is immanent Spirit
feeding Itself.

Namasté

Seán

Tír na nÓg

November, 2015