

MUSINGS



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*A LEAF-FULL
of LEAVES*

2016, VOLUME 3



I

I

What an amazing theatre!
I'm watching a brilliantly simple movie.
The projector is 93 million miles away;
the roll of film is 60 feet away;
and the screen is 12 feet away.
But we are all lined up,
pretty much.



II

The projector is the sun;
the roll of film is a tall, elegant Willow tree;
the screen is an almost-circular vine leaf
of about seven inches diameter.

And I am looking through the screen from behind it.

The sun is shining through the tree
and casting the shadows of the Willow leaves
onto the vine leaf,
which is doing a slow waltz,
choreographed by a petulant zephyr.



III

The Willow, too, dances;
causing the shadow of its leaves
to dance upon the dancing vine leaf;
all of which dance on my retina
which invites my brain to dance.



IV

A vine leaf, filled
with Willow leaf shadows,
carefully carrying its burden
lest it drop any.
What a wonderful
mother you are!

Namasté,

Seán

Tír na nÓg
2016, Volume 3