

# MUSINGS

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## *The Infant of Now*





I

Her mother tells me she is five weeks old, but she fits comfortably in the hollow of my hand. She has no idea of time, so, she came two months early.





## II

She has an eternal past  
but she remembers none of it.

She has an endless future  
yet she is not concerned about it.

Rather, she is fully present  
to this precious present moment;  
a present, indeed, from God.



### III

I gently kiss her wrinkled little brow,  
and she responds  
with a beatific, toothless, pink smile.  
She is the infant of now.  
Is she, perhaps, another Christ child?  
Weren't we all?  
What happened?





## IV

So many present moments  
hijacked by guilt and anger,  
from the past;  
or derailed by anxiety or fear,  
of the future.





V

So many precious present moments  
sitting like cold food  
on an untouched plate,  
as we starve mindlessly  
while regretting the food we never got,  
and lusting for meals we'll never see.



VI

So much have  
you got to teach us,  
little pink,  
wrinkled,  
Christ child.  
Help us to smile.  
Now.

Namasté,

*Seán*

Tír na nÓg  
2017, Volume 8