

Meán Scoil Mhuire gan Smál, Roscommon



Take time ...

Take time to be ...

In the quiet stillness of the
Morning-All-Day-Long;
Watch bluebells
Dance wistfully to
The joyful acclamation of a
Whispering breeze
That curls and swirls and
Gently interrupts the
Maelstrom of short-lived lives.

Take time to wonder ...

At the pink
Confetti on the ground,
A cherry-blossom-glimpse of the fleeting
Nature of our lives;
At once, glorious and joyful and free –
Then, in the blink of a tear-heavy eye,
Gone ...
Disappeared into the
Ether.

Take time to consider ...

The resolute and enduring strength of
A Lion's Gate.
Proud and defiant,
A silent relic of a different time ... the
Craftsmanship long gone –
Replaced instead by disposable
Nothingness and shallow
Incantations.

Take time to truly see ...

Beauty.
An unexpected sunset of pink and red
Hue – its glorious
Winding trail almost
Within
Your grasp.
Allow the shutters to adjust your
Focus, then burn it in your memory ...
Your spirit will sing the Song of Praise –
Another twist on Grace and Harmony.

Take time to listen ...

To the joyful cries of children, unfettered
From pedantic screens;
Free, for a while, from
Prying eyes and judgemental
Narrative.
Red ink, idle...
Pithy comments, silenced ... then
The noisy busy-ness of
Creativity blossoms, like the
Confettied Tree
In the Gardens of their Souls.

Take time to let go ...

Of the Green Goblin, tainted
And reviled.
Undo the hurt of the
Crass remarks of
Spiritless Beings –
Limited by their own darkness and the
Hurts they carry
Deep Inside;
Limited by their overwhelming desire
To whitewash the
Good and the Pure;
Limited by the Corrosive Sting
Of that which
Contaminates their own
Lived Experiences.

Take time for joy ...

Smile, hug, touch, feel,

Laugh until it hurts ...

Until the mourning is broken

And a new hymn begins.

Dance until the sun spins and

The crazy moon completes its

Comedy side-show ...

And, then,

Surround yourself with snapshots of

Happiness,

Treasured moments

Of a Lifetime's Story.

And, above all else,

Take time to love ...

To love like it hurts to let go,

To love like it's the Last Goodbye,

To love

Like only you can.

And, this,

This

Will set you

Free.

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6th Year
Meán Scoil Mhuire gan Smál, Roscommon