

Casting

by Ted Olsson

He found the still morning
Hardly a stir in the air
With light slowly rising
As his skiff led him there

To the cove in the east
Drifting in this slow tide
Casting ably with ease
Sweet air, balsams beside

Calm since a new dawning
With a wish for living fare
Catching from depths rising
Trying true with more care

Quiet cove's deep peace
With thoughtful time to abide
Now cast, catch and release,
Place that out-world aside

Cast to the still morning
The day's promise in the air
Catch revived righting
May the tides lead from there.

