

Life Lines, by Ted Olsson

A collection of my poems taken from observations and subtle life experiences. Ordinary things, with unexpected mindfulness.

I hope you enjoy reading them as much I enjoyed their transformation from memories and ideas to poetry.

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Sea Dance

Mother and calf pair
Set their course lines
Diving bends for food
Or happy play times

Our blue surface glimpse
Of strength and beauty
Such different beings adept
At survival with frivolity

I thank them for reminding
With their choreography
It's most fun doing
What's best suited for thee

Like the humpbacks around us
Our boat plows the sea
While storm petrels wave-dance
With swallow-like revelry.



Bay of Fundy, off Digby, Nova Scotia

Willowdale Forest

Along an old stone wall
Appeared an aged field's border
In the midst of forest tall
I contemplated the current disorder

For here I paused to nourish
After miles of trail bike pleasure
Willowdale's old trees flourish
To heights of impressive grandeur

Hard labor for a life better
Farmers strained to saw and plow
Now returned to nature's arbor
I rested on their monument row

And thought of passing time
When our works do concern
Providing life moments fine
While we live and learn

Given its own way
The world will proceed
Now in the wind they sway
We'll follow and not grieve.



Willowdale State Forest,
Massachusetts

Beached, And Sound

Up North, in sight
The port nearby
They took the fight
From waves too high

Her rudder lost
The storm took hold
Adrift, the cost
For crew so bold

For many a ghost
Inhabits this shore
Lost under sail
The sea tried for more

A high tide in
They turned to land
With hope to win
Their safety on sand

It's rare these days
Sail vessels aground
But her strength did save

Beached, and sound.



Plum Island, Newbury, Massachusetts