

## **Spring Chorus**

by Ted Olsson

Slowly heard at first.  
Only a few peeps.  
Anuran songs burst  
across vernal seeps.

From ponds and pools  
multitudes join in.  
Crescendos soon rule,  
then quickly suspend.

Spring peepers and frogs,  
lend me your ears.  
No need to hush  
when I ride near.

Have we faith enough?  
Ah, you heard my plea!  
Spirits rise above,  
rout fears chorally.

After frigid winds,  
life returns in haste.  
My soul rides within  
nature's timeless chase.

