

Winter Ride

by Ted Olsson February 2016

With a fast pace kept,
Over roads with sand and salt coats
Dodging potholes, I'm quite adept.
On sudden frost heaves, vulgar quotes.

While crossing between pastures
Beds where pure white blankets flow
Framed by stone walls and brilliant patches
Racing cloud shadows, sprinting hard, I follow.

Climbing hills in tree shadows,
Out of forested stands into new light,
Met by headwinds I crouch narrow,
Then a fast descent and grim windchill fight.

Wondering why this effort
In hard conditions forlorn?
My will to renew by retort.
Achievement gained, life force reborn.

Then back to my wood stove warming,
Hands grasping a hot mug of green tea.
I still feel the cold thrill of that crystal morning,
And praise this wonderful life for what it can be.

