

# To Fly With Swallows

by Ted Olsson

Every August  
Into September  
Thousands return  
Staging contenders

Darting, Feeding  
Low dive water sips  
Multitudes gather  
Before south bound trips

While cruising along  
The refuge road  
I glance aside  
To fly with swallows

Here in warm summer  
My best bicycling speed  
On long straight-a-ways  
Trying hard to compete

Squadrons descend  
In parallel pursuit  
Like passing friends  
All faster than you

In our skill contest  
Might they really view  
This race as a test...  
Or just fun passing through?

Then around a bend  
They block the road  
My race at its end.  
They question, why so slow?



*by Ted Olsson*



*by Parker River National Wildlife Refuge*