

Winton Night Walks

Steve Peck

At night along the canals
Dad was best.
Beside narrow dusty tractor roads
Slow dark waters,
Destined for some distant orchard,
Reflected a boundless sky,
Making it look like a
River of universe
Rather than water.
With a bug-frog band accompaniment
Dad would take
The dancing darkness,
Lying thickly in the peach and
Almond orchards to the side,
And masterfully mold it,
Shaping it skillfully
Into a reliable raft,
Then sail us
To the heavens.

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