

# 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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