

Winning Poems in 2020 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

8. I Remember, Third Place

Nocturne

Often on warm Modesto nights,
We would sleep out on hay wagons,
Tell stories by summer starlight,
Feel freight trains pass in darkness,
Wonder at faraway red lights blinking,
Hear the drone of unknown insects
From neighboring fields and groves,
Savor fragrance of ripening peaches,
Fall asleep to the voices of doves
Nesting in the rafters of the old barn.

Bill Peck
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