

# Bards in the Bog



## Within Reach

On the passenger seat, unopened brown envelopes steam in the early evening crisp winter dark.

Sam sits behind me in the baby seat. Words hop out of his mouth and spring towards me to crash against the bleak imaginings of a grown-up world.

At the traffic light he stops speaking as if the red light was meant for him. Then, “whassat daddy?”  
Wonder in his voice at the silver plate that brightens the black wall of the sky.

That’s the moon, wee pal, I say.  
He reaches up, small fingers trying to grab.  
“Daddy, gettit.”


*Michael Malone*

The Poet Partner project is putting poetry in toilets. Learn more at:

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