

Motion

A Cut Above

WHERE needs of commerce once held sway,
 Converted narrowboats today
 Take new canal folk to their hearts
And lead them through the mystic arts
 Of working locks and keeping right,
 And mooring safely for the night;
 And staying slow and making fast,
And watching while the world dreams past.

 Placid waters wait to show
 The way of getting nowhere – slow.

 A moorhen scuttles from the reeds:
 Water arrows as it speeds
On some brief mission – soon delighting
 Explorers counting every sighting.
 In pleasant vale or city's heart,
 This world is just. . . a world apart.
 From traffic jams and noise and hustle,
And smoke and fumes and pavement hustle.

 This is life, the slowboat way:
 Tranquil, timeless, here to stay.
 For those who put it to the test,
 It's just. . . a cut above the rest.
