

Treva Hambly wrote this poem as a result of talk in *Trio* about a Floating Harbour

What an extraordinary thought and conception
A breakwater to harbour the tide
At an outstanding beautiful location
Serene in her well-earned pride.

It's the fishing village on the North Cornish coast
Mark you these words for their worth
Endowed with a charm few others can boast
It's Port Isaac of course, the site of our birth.

Now, consider the waves, swell and ground sea
Off Lobber with a westerly force nine
The spray is fantastic, no white water lea
No place for a breakwater, even when fine.

There's an unspoilt view out to sea from the Platt
The harbour is tidal, fishing boats ground
Costly and impractical, turn it down flat
Waste no more thought or money. Be sensibly bound.