

# A LONELY MAROON

A lonely maroon shatters the sky,  
A siren wails, gulls scream and cry,  
Radios crackle, blue van speeds away,  
A drama unfolds, on Polzeath's bay.

A surfer's heaven, many may tell,  
But paradise too, can turn into hell,  
With roaring seas, and crashing waves,  
Two boys are lured to premature graves.

Their young hearts filled with careless adventure  
Ours is not to condemn them, or censure,  
Instead, hail those who took on the sea,  
Coastguard and Lifeboat, and Culdrose '193'.

A chattering Sea King, bringing new hope,  
A lonely man on a fragile rope,  
Time and again this valiant soul  
Tries, but the sea exacts its toll.

Whisper a prayer for those who died,  
Their families, friends, and the heroes who tried  
Returning to bases, now silent, these crews.  
May God go with you, it's not often you lose.

*Eric Stokes*

Dedicated to the Port Isaac Coastguards.