

Crab Salad in a Cornish Pub

We looked for a crab, and found
a refuge from the rain.

No harbour view, thick walls
built into the side of a hill,
stone within sound of the sea.

The crab was good,
the Cornish ice-cream smooth,
the company good value.
We stayed to quiz the locals
and were quizzed in turn by them.

We won no prizes,
qualified only for the booby,
but our benefit was rich –
almost too rich as we
forgot to pay for our pudding.

Collecting the car (a boat
like a beached whale at the roadside)
we breathed the night air,
soft as thick Cornish cream,
an added benison to take away.

***by Elizabeth Bewick of Winchester after taking part in
the Wednesday night quiz at the Port Gaverne Hotel***