

FRANCESCA'S LAMENT

*This is a poem that I hope my baby grand-daughter,
Francesca, will never write, twenty years from now.*

Where is the springy, clifftop turf,
You said you trod above the surf?
The winding, rocky path you strode,
Now sodium-lit and tarmac road?
Where once the seagulls wheeled supreme,
Now double-glazed, suburban dream,
Each villa with its glimpse of water,
The thrift entombed beneath the mortar,
With serried ranks of patios,
The birdsong drowned by stereos.
It was there, once, a reamer's haven,
Now roughcast blocks from Platt to Gaverne,
Yes, and beyond man's desecration,
Blights this world of God's creation,
Contemptuous with your planners' scorn,
Betraying us and those unborn.
This year of Our Lord, two thousand and seven,
You left us a hell, that once was Heaven.

This was a poem in protest at cliff development at Port Isaac

Eric Stokes

taken from Port Isaac - Harbour of Love, published 1994