

## JANUARY '85

Winter chills, Winter ills,  
White carpeted the fields and hills,  
Frosty boots that slide and slip,  
Port Isaac's in the Winter's grips.

Nothing grows in drifts of snows,  
A wind that's never ceasing blows,  
A biting mist of freezing spray,  
(Delabole's cut off, they say).

On Beaufort's Scale, a force 9 gale,  
Means mending gear to them as sail,  
Descendants of Trelawny's Celts,  
Bad weather just means tighter belts.

“Old ‘ard m'dear, the sky is clear”  
A touch of sun brings thaw and cheer,  
Spring's not far, a month or so,  
When laughing blooms make hedges glow.

Come April, May, the S.R.J.  
And Orcades will dance away,  
Diana Marion will tread a measure  
Hunting for the silver treasure.

The bright JU-EL breaks Winter's spell,  
Blue Hooker, too, will breast the swell,  
And Palores (the Cornish Chough)  
Baptising bows in every trough.

It's food for thought, they fear for naught,  
“It's food for folks,” they say, “we caught.”  
God smile on all your hard endeavour,  
Winter cannot last for ever

**Eric Stokes**