

# November

What is Cornwall like in November?  
Is it like a dying ember?  
In the summer it's notorious  
For being absolutely glorious.  
Skies of blue the posters say  
'Come and visit us in May'.

It is lovely in the Spring  
But that is quite a different thing  
From Cornwall in November.  
I've never heard them shout  
'Come in November when the fog's about'.

Few people know that November  
Can be as beautiful as September.  
That is a secret the Cornish keep  
When they can see the beaches sleep  
When they can see the golden sands  
Untouched by little children's hands.

When the sea is rough and the waves are high  
That's when the visitors pass them by.  
When the leaves are on the ground  
That's the time to look around  
To find out where the streams are flowing  
And where the winding lanes are going.

Can you imagine their delight?  
Not a ghetto blaster in sight  
To plague their tuneful ear  
With music they don't wish to hear.  
Indeed it must be perfect bliss  
November – and all this.

**Ann Pullen**