

Port Isaac Poem

Waves rolling on the shore
Boats bobbing on the sea
Seagulls screaming
Fish safe from the roaring tides
Crabs in the rippling pools
Lobsters walking slowly to safety.

Crowded streets
Little lanes
People asking for B&B
Walkers yomping over cliffs
Pretty cottages huddled together
Fish & Chips, Cream Teas.

Friendly villagers
Telling people where they can visit
Cornish goods being bought one by one
Postcards being sent
Sandcastles being built
It is fun to be in Port Isaac

Amy Lowry, age 10