

Port Isaac on a mild winter night

Evening, the sea breeze lightly blows
Through the lamp lit cottage rows.
Woodfire smoke hangs on the wind
From homely fires that burn within.
Each road and lane slopes to the Platt and
pebbled shore
Where white foam backed waves inward pour.
Fishing boats bob in its briny swell,
On the edge of village light that pales
Into the dark oceans reach.
Where the vast unseen waters break, hiss and
breach
The massy craggy slated rocks.
A charm this winter's eve Port Isaac holds,
As from its yellow hue it unfolds
This pictorial view.

Upon Port Gaverne beach

On Port Gaverne beach,
My son, to skim stones I'll teach.
The secret of the multi skimmer,
Across the bright waters shimmer.
To him my knowledge I will show,
Because so quickly he will grow,
And bring his son to teach,
Upon Port Gaverne beach.

Colin Farmer