

Summer Tide in Port Isaac

With the schools of England silent, still,
The human tide foams down the hill,
The man who's spent his life on ships,
Hears snatches from a thousand lips,
 "Johnny's got 'is trousis wet"
 "Peter's pinched me fishin' net"
 "I think it's coming on to rain"
 "Mother wants the loo again"
 "Ay say, Landlord, two large ports"
 "She should never be in shorts"
 "How quaint this ducky fishing place"
 "Wipe that ice cream off yer face"
 "Ou est le café, s'il vous plait?"
 "Throw that smelly fish away"
On and on until September
Safe journey home, and in December,
Softer voices at the meeting
On the hill, a quiet greeting,
 "Mornin' Jack, Hello Harold"
 "Nice day Mark, How's young Carole?"
The tide has ebbed and gone away,
Welcome back again next May.

Eric Stokes