

SUNSET FROM THE CLIFF PATH

Blood red with mysterious forces
Gilding the green wave
Caparisons the white horses
With glittering gems of foam
Bedecks the mariner's grave
With chaplets of fire
Beyond Pentire
And our island home
Surrenders to the battering jewels
Like slow fire upon a frosty brand
A flame that lights the dark sea
From Lobber to Moulds
And who are we?
Mankind, all souls
A brief tick in God's time
Countless eons after the sun
Has set upon the last man,
Triumphant it will run
The Heavens, as it began,
And we shall be dust, not forgetting
We have relished a glimpse of
Paradise at your setting.

Eric Stokes

taken from Port Isaac - Harbour of Love, published 1994