

The Poet

Eric Stokes, you amuse folks
With your poems and jokes
About happenings in good old Port Isaac.
How you manage to do it
And get yourself through it
Is not meant to be a wisecrack.

Poems come from your brain
Just as wet follows rain.
You never take a short rest
The thing that's so moving
Is that your improving.
Who knows where your poems will go next?

No subject you'll mention
Has missed your attention.
The words just flow from your pen.
Keep going and cheer us
And then you will hear us
Say – Eric, you've don't it again!

**Betty 'Shoebox'
Shenton**