

THE ROARING NINETIES

With fading memories of golden June
Now Mother Nature calls the tune
Swirling winds make sea-birds frantic
From the storm-tossed grey Atlantic
Force nine or ten or even more
Shake our village to the core
Tangent rain like icy lances
Probes battered roofs, and tiling dances
A swollen leat, full pelt runs down
And stains the harbour, earthen brown
Each boat in breakers lurches, strains
Full month a prisoner, of mooring chains
Shattered debris carpets streets
In maelstrom wind that ever beats
Perhaps He'll hear, this reedy wail
Our plea for calm, above the gale
These hardy folk of high endeavour
Know that storms can't last for ever

Eric Stokes

taken from Port Isaac - Harbour of Love, published 1994