

This Village

This royal flush of Knights
This Monkish order of Christmas lights
This little port clad in glad regalia
With fishy friends (bound for South Australia!)
This rocky pile, this septic isle
This earthly clutch of Cleaves
This other Eden project, pubby paradise
This fortress built by Billy for himself
'Gainst airborne Rovers and the hand of Dawe
This happy breed of Browns
This ragged realm of Rows
This jewel set in a windy bay
With which we hope to keep away
All Bodmin alcoholics
And looting, pillaging Delabolics
This blessed Platty plot
This Secret Sammy spot
This Philpy, Phelpy fiefdom
This soggy, saturated hamlet of rain
Where sun has promised ne'er to shine again
This earth, this Port
This Village – God bless it!

Eric Stokes