

Malpas – A Favourite Place

Alan Murton



Pause a while and share this seat
High on the bluff in Malpas village,
It's where three Cornish rivers meet.

When the sun reflects from the flowing tide
Where else on earth would you want to be
With like-minded friends at your side?

In a silence so rich you could almost cry,
Just lapping water and the song of the birds
As the cormorant hangs out his wings to dry.

The house of the ferryman across the river
Is decked with years old Virginia creeper
The boats afloat sit still without a quiver.

The banks are clothed in shrubby trees
Decked bright green in their Spring-time leaves
Set a-rustling by the lightest breeze.

Their branches dip to the ebb and flow
But passing time is relentless alas
Time now to leave it behind and go.

Rest assured that I'll come again
To my heaven on earth – luxuriant peace
Whether it be in sunshine or in rain.