

St Ives Love Story

Written by Andy Owen



It was close. Not more than a few minutes away. A new day.

You could see the beginnings of the glow, on the horizon...

We were two lovers, lost in the moment.

Crazily, we slept on these sands last night. Why we did it, I don't know. We have a quality hotel room less than a mile away. But, last night, time stood still.

We became one, in the Cornish evening. They were all on our side, as if they knew...

The restaurant host and the lovely lady that served us. Then, later, the barman, the customers, seemingly everyone in The Sloop when we walked in - they all *knew*...

..and we knew they knew, too...

We exuded love - two people in our own Nirvana. We made no excuse. In fact we loved it. It was so right.

And so were we...

We kissed and our eyes met, as we left The Sloop and ambled further along the Harbour.

We came to a deserted Smeaton's Pier and walked to the end, standing there under the eerie glow from the light, taking in the scene.

To our right, the harbour was getting sleepy, but laughter could be heard over the sound of the little fishing boats at anchor, finally bobbing into life and tinkling as the new tide woke them from their slumbers on the Harbour sand.

We walked back down the Pier and into Back Street - and very soon, the sound of our footsteps was all that could be heard, echoing against the walls of the lovely houses so close to us, on both sides of this charming road.

We kissed again – and our eyes were full of love. No words needed to be said.

As we approached the foot of the island, we took the path up to the top – and the Chapel of St Nicholas came out of the dark to greet us.

We sat on the bench outside and were entranced by the view.

To our right, the rooftops of St Ives with the Harbour and Church spire in the distance, with the lights of Hayle visible across Carbis Bay.

To our left, the inviting sands of Porthmeor Beach, with the sound of the Atlantic Ocean arriving on its shore.

In front, the vast ocean, with nothing between us and St John's, Newfoundland, thousands of miles away. On the horizon we could see a ship's light and we wondered who they were – and where they were going on their maritime adventure.

We sent them our love. We had lots to share...

We left the top of the island and made our way down the path on the other side - and soon felt the soft sand of Porthmeor under our feet. Barefooted, we walked to the side of the beach.

Lying down on the sand, we were protected by the Island at our backs and surrounded by two large rocks. It was a perfect haven...

In the far distance, Clodgy Point was silhouetted against the night, as the ocean continued its re-acquaintance with the beach.

We made love gently and, at the highest point of our passion, we shared that magical moment together, with perfect timing. We remained coupled for seemingly ages, as if we never wanted to break this wondrous union, *ever...*

Later, when we were lying together and looking up at the stars, they seemed to be twinkling their own message to us – a celestial recognition of love, that was just for us – and us alone.

We cried with happiness. Our love was *total*.

It was a night we would remember for the rest of our lives...