

Paradise By The Sea

By James Flett

In Phuket Isle to the west,
On the shores of the Andaman Sea,
Lies a town, which offers you the best,
In friendly hospitality.

It's beach it is of silver made,
The sea a turquoise green,
And it exudes both in sun and shade,
An ambience so serene.

Its gentle winds, its offshore breeze,
Cool the sun's warming rays,
While the colours of surrounding hills and
trees,
Blend into a shimmering haze.

And the water sports are here galore,
Your imagination to excite,
As paragliders rise and soar,
From morn right through to night.

And from all kinds of seaborne craft,
You can view Paradise whilst afloat,
On jet ski, cruiser or rubber raft,
Or from a long brown banana boat.

And sunseekers on beach beds lie,
Beneath grand parasols bright and gay,
Absorbing from a cloudless sky,
The warmth of each sunny ray.

And you can savour authentic Thai cuisine,
With spices that make your senses sway,
Selected from the longest menus ever seen,
In restaurants along that brilliant bay.

And blue clouds part as evening calls,
To reveal a sky of radiant white,
A harbinger of the sun as it falls,
Welcoming the darkness of the night.

Then appears that great ball of red,
As it descends slowly to the sea,
To enter it's beckoning aquatic bed,
Of timeless tranquillity.

And the sky it turns a rosy pink,
The sea a darker hue,
As these great golden rays recede and sink,
Out of vision, sight and view.

And the fishing boats so sleek and fine,
Homeward bound make their way,
Along the vanishing horizon line,
As darkness fills the bay.

And in the blackness of each starlit night,
The moon rides in the heavens high,
Illuminating with silvery moonbeams bright,
Dark waves as they surge and sigh.

And silent sheet lightning flashing,
Beyond the ridges of the hills,
With a dazzling light so enchanting,
Illuminates, enthralls and thrills.

But if sun and sea rule the day,
The night is ruled by passion,
As everyone comes out to play,
As if fun has gone out of fashion.

In discos and music bars they meet,
Lively friendship being all the rage,
Where young Thai girls with smiles so sweet,
Appeal to every mind and age.

Later in the early hours they wend,
Eating delights off the vendor's charcoal
barrow,
To let love and sleep all damage mend,
So they are fresh to face the morrow.

But where is it, in "Jungceylon" - where can it
be,
This place of poetic song?
The pure pearl of the Andaman Sea,
That town called Old Patong!

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