

## Seaports.... Their Meanings

“Fragrant Harbour” is the fancy name,  
That describes at best, Hong Kong,  
But from its ‘dubious waters’,  
Comes a very distinctive ‘pong’.

Valparaiso, a magnificent waterfront sprawl,  
Under Chile’s southern skies,  
Many a sailor’s come to grief,  
In this “Vale of Paradise”.

“Gay Paree” the “City of Light”,  
With boulevards, cafes, and bars,  
But beneath the bridges of the Seine,  
Vagrants sleep out, under her stars.

Taiwan’s claim is “Table Bay”,  
Or Formosa as it used to be,  
Last resting place of handsome ships,  
‘Retired’ now, from the sea.

Vladivostok given as “Rule the East”,  
Home of ‘Ivan and Olga’,  
Enough Stolichnaya drunk all night,  
To flood the river Volga.

Los Angeles has a soft pure name,  
It’s called “Angelic City”,  
Alas if you’re broke and down and out,  
There’s precious little pity.

“City of the Lion”,  
Big bustling Singapore,  
Neat as a pin, so sterile and clean,  
Quite safe, to go ashore.

“River of January” fits the bill,  
That is Rio de Janeiro,  
The Samba town of Latin joy,  
If you’re loaded with dinero.

Copenhagen, named “Merchants Harbour”,  
Salty old Queen of the sea,  
Many’s the glass that’s been hoisted,  
In Ny’havn, out on the spree.

Rip roaring San Francisco,  
Called after “Franciscus” the saint,  
A once proud port in the gold rush days,  
But a saintly town.....it ain’t.

Shanghai, China's thriving port,  
Or "City above the sea",  
With ageing buildings on the 'Bund',  
From an era that's 'history'.

Istanbul, "Constantinople",  
Beautiful at early morn,  
Seaport of mystique and intrigue,  
Straddling the 'Golden Horn'.

Most places all have meanings,  
Some precious, romantic and fair,  
It's something you never think of,  
When young and devil-may-care.

So, when anchors are down and gangway out,  
And you hear, the Flamenco guitar,  
With a pocket full of "spondoolicks",  
Who cares where the hell you are.

Jim Morrison, Vindi 1956  
Mount Maunganui, N.Z.