

A sunny day.

I am sitting on silver-like chair, with its companion round table, reflecting the silver rays from the radiant sun, such warmth and bliss, for an Irish afternoon.

People, milling about, tourists, those mixing with the native Dingle people, those in for the daily trip from another town, those staying just long enough to fall in love with this wonderful area.

And why not?

This beautiful scenery would entice the heart of anyone.

I have sat here many a time, and many a time to come.

The view is always the same, but always different.

The marina is below, floating pier ways interlinking, where yachts are moored, shimmering in the silver light. Blue sea, gently rocking the yachts and making a wonderful melody of clinking metal stays.

Beyond that again is the pier, with the fishing boats multicolour painted, with some that are just rust buckets, old, used and missing the care of a new coat of paint.

Beyond again, the mouth of the harbour can be seen. A narrow entrance, with a white lighthouse to the left on the near side of the cliff, is situated on a field of deep green, with a sheer fall to the ocean. On the other side, again the sheer drop to the sea, but there is a rock, which has been painted white, to help the seamen at night.

This side of the bay acts as an arm, enfolding the harbour in loving arms, protecting the Dingle people from the harsh effects of the south westerly winds which cause such havoc in the harsh winter months.

But now, on a day like this, no wind blows, just a gentle puff bringing coolness to very warm faces.

Sitting outside the marina shop, eating an ice cream, looking at the protective arm, there is on top of the mountain an arm pointing the way to the mouth of the harbour. This is for those boat people at the other side out in the ocean who may wish to find land. Beside that edifice is another, a ruin of what once was a lookout tower during the time of the First World War.

Just in front of me is the rest of the marina. Lush green grass grows in the centre, where a walkway circles and returns behind where I am sitting. Halfway around the marina walk is a quiet place for reflection. It is in the shape of a boat, with a seat within and a plaque at eye level, asking those that read it to think of all who have been lost at sea.

Again and again, no matter what day you have, no matter the weather, in the season of summer or not, Dingle Bay is the place to be, cosmopolitan as any city can be.