

The view across the channel to Bequia, SVG.

St Vincent's Remedy

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It's not the cure-all for the deficiencies of mankind but it does its best. There are island choices, whether to read a book or sit on the balcony in the sun and surrender, sublimely, to the translucent waters of Indian Bay. Beyond, aqua fading to deep blue is the channel before Bequia, the first island in the Grenadine chain. There exists no obstacle that can obstruct beauty: it's a reminder. The view can hypnotise, there.

When inactivity becomes entirely too inactive the beach is just a few strides away, to swim or with flippers and snorkel to greet the fish, multicoloured, striped, with long snouts or googly eyes. It's to be observed that the postcard paradise continues underwater. Lucelle, meanwhile, might be taking her husband for a dip; but there'll be no crowds to contend with, there.

Things to think of are not absolutely absent, don't misunderstand: it's best not to swim out too far lest Bequia's currents sweep you away, and don't get caught up, irretrievably, in the dreamy pink palette of the Caribbean sunset, either. But it's not much to worry about. There's a lot of goodness in St Vincent to find you. Life won't bother you much, there.



St Vincent brought beauty to the walls of the slave built tunnel with the help of lichens.