

Pat Batt's Poems



TEMPUS FUGIT

My mirror says I'm growing old
My inside says it's wrong.
My outside voice is quavering,
But inside there's a song.

The wrinkles multiply, I know,
And yet inside my mind
A nice young thing of seventeen
Is there for me to find.

The teeth – well, we won't mention them,
The glasses we'll forget.
The hair is grey – so what, I say,
For I'm not beaten yet.

I don't feel old, except perhaps
When twinges are annoying
There's lovely things to see and do,
And life is for enjoying.

I hope to keep my memories,
They're much too good to lose.
They'll dance inside my head when I
Hang up my dancing shoes.