

Pat Batt's Poems



MAGGIE THOMAS

My name is Maggie Thomas,
My father came from Wales,
My mother from a village
In the northern Yorkshire dales.

My grandmother was Irish,
And, if I've got it right,
My uncle kept a lighthouse
Just off the Isle of Wight.

I've scrutinised the records
And I've searched the family tree,
And there is not one single drop
Of Scottish blood in me.

When I go Scottish Dancing
I'd love to cut a dash
In a long white proper evening gown
And my own clan tartan sash.

I envy other people
In red and blue and green,
I want to have a tartan
I want to join the scene.

I thought I'd call myself Macaw,
Macintosh or Machine,
But they belong to other things,
I want a name that's mine.

And so the only thing to do
Is cheat a little bit,
And give myself a Scottish name,
So I can make a hit.

And so, Miss Maggie Thomas is,
By Deed Poll, do not mock at her,
Now known by her Scottish name,
She's bee-ing Maggie Knockater!