

Pat Batt's Poems



THE MORNING AFTER

I went with a friend on a dancing week-end,
We both had a wonderful spree,
The teaching was good and so was the food,
But oh! – the day after for me!

The first thing to do, with my foot black and blue,
Was to go for a simple X-Ray,
But the hospital couldn't, or more likely wouldn't,
And I tottered home in dismay.

I hunted for ages throughout yellow pages,
A chiropodist's rarer than gold,
But the pain gave no quarter, so I put feet in water
Alternately boiling and cold.

The physio said, with a toss of her head
"Don't bother me if you can walk".
And that double-dealer, our local faith-healer,
The only thing he did was talk!

I cared not two hoots when I limped round to Boots
For plasters and rubs for my bruise,
When rude little nippers all jeered at my slippers,
I couldn't get into my shoes!

Next time, if I'm spared, I'll go more prepared,
With first aid equipment complete.
But I'll take my chance and I'll do Scottish Dance
As long as I've still got two feet.