

# Pat Batt's Poems



## **NASTY HABITS**

I have some nasty habits,  
I'll confess it loud and clear  
For that might sound a warning bell  
To other dancers here.

I've curtsied to my partner  
Whilst chatting to a friend,  
My partner vainly wondering how  
He's managed to offend.

My hands too low in rights and lefts,  
Too high in hands across.  
I sometimes have a mental blank  
And cause complete chaos.

I'll own I've viewed my partner  
With a vague, unfocussed eye  
And given absent-minded hand  
To drift, unseeing, by.

I've danced an eight bar reel in six,  
A six bar reel in eight,  
I've turned and cast too early  
And I've turned and cast too late.

When slipping in a circle  
I have not closed my feet,  
My strathspey sometimes scrapes the floor,  
My setting is not neat.

My toes have turned both in and up,  
I have not paid attention,  
And there were other lapses  
That it's better not to mention.

Well, there was one occasion,  
It must have been the whisky  
When I danced Bratach Bana  
And the others did The Frisky.

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Yes, I've got nasty habits  
And I only hope that you  
When reading this confession  
Don't think "I've got them, too"!