

# Pat Batt's Poems



## THE MIRROR

Something is wrong with my mirror –  
I'll have to get it done,  
I need it for my practice  
And it isn't any fun.

Derek said, that we should use one  
To watch how well we do,  
But what my mirror tells me  
I'm certain isn't true.

I hold my arms correctly –  
They are beautifully spaced –  
But look at that reflection,  
They seem to be misplaced.

I smile, oh very sweetly  
And I'm wounded to the core  
When the glass insists I'm miserably  
Gazing at the floor.

I place a pointed toe with care  
Upon the floor behind –  
My mirrored foot – just look at it!  
It is not so inclined.

My rights and lefts are perfect –  
Eye contact as I pass –  
Then why can't I, contact with me  
When looking in the glass!  
I do a lovely jeté,  
As everyone can see –  
That horrible reflection,  
It surely isn't me!

I stand in 3rd position now,  
With elegance and ease –  
Observe the well-turned ankle,  
Observe the well-turned knees.

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Why does the glass not show them?  
Why don't they want to go?  
Why have they got a separate life,  
My wandering heel and toe?

I'll close my eyes and exercise –  
It may give cause for laughter,  
But what the eye doth not behold  
The heart doth not grieve after!

This Ceilidh item was performed in February 1992 at Borrowdale. If readers perform this then a *reflected* person is needed for this and Pat noted that *Peggy* did it brilliantly!