

Pat Batt's Poems



THE DANCING SHOE

I am a Scottish dancing shoe,
Size 5, and none too clean,
My owner's not experienced
But, Golly, is she keen!

We go to class on Monday
And Tuesday night as well,
We have a break on Wednesday,
But Thursday is sheer Hell!

We dance with a young farmer's club,
And in a barn they meet,
I don't know what the floor is
But it's murder for the feet.

On Friday nights a little group,
Everyone fanatic,
Meet over at the Vicarage
To dance up in the attic.

We even have a piper
Who blows with might and main,
But it's next door to the churchyard,
So the neighbours don't complain.

But Saturday, oh, Saturday!
For socials, dances, balls,
In schools and back street chapel rooms
And elegant Town Halls.

On Sunday it's a day of rest,
She cleans me if I'm lucky,
I'm hung outside to freshen
If particularly mucky.

At this rate I won't last a year,
She's wearing out my sole!
And no one wants a dancing shoe
Who's got a great big hole.

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I wonder where I'll finish up,
It's probably the bin,
The only shroud I'll ever have,
The plastic bag I'm in.

I'd like to go with dignity
And have my ashes scattered
Upon St. Andrews hallowed ground,
By rain and seagulls spattered.

And so, you Scottish Dancers,
Be tactful in your dealings,
We may be only leather,
But a dancing shoe has feelings!