

# Pat Batt's Poems



## IN MY BATTY WAY

An honour yes – but wearing, very,  
To be an Argyll's secretary.  
It's not the daily grind I find  
That brings such chaos to my mind – It's every possible disaster  
That gives me fears I cannot master.  
My restless days and haunted nights  
Are peopled by such dreadful sights  
As bands, delayed, arrive belated,  
And quoted prices now inflated  
To such vast astronomic sums  
That no one in their senses comes!  
The bar is closed – no wine, no beer!  
To think that, that could happen here.  
A pianist who comes by plane  
Flies accidentally on to Spain.  
The Argylls come – all chatting, kissing –  
Oh Lord! – The record player's missing.  
The drinking water comes out hot –  
The showers and the baths do not.  
The manager in wrath exclaims  
'There's something nasty in the drains'.  
The other pianist now comes  
Displaying two white-bandaged thumbs.  
The cook – a lucky big Pools winner  
Resigns whilst cooking Friday dinner,  
And envious staff decide to fit in  
A protest march and weekend sit in.  
A first-time teacher, nervously  
Arrives in Hampstead, N.W.3.  
There in the park some nudists, who  
Disport themselves and spoil our view.  
Things that could happen are incredible –  
The food, in dreams, is all inedible!  
And through the nightmare lightning flashes –  
Easthampstead Park is burnt to ashes!!

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There's one more thing to say  
To Andrew, in my Batty way –  
It's thanks for using up your leisure  
To give us Argylls so much pleasure.

Delivered in October 1991 at Easthampstead Park for Andrew Cockett, the retiring  
Argyll's secretary.