

# Pat Batt's Poems



## THE NEW GIRL

I went to a weekend of dancing,  
My friends told me it would be fun –  
I arrived there a well-preserved 60  
And left there 101.

The rooms were exceedingly comfy,  
The food was as nice as could be.  
But the place was swarming with people  
Who knew everybody but me!

The dance in the evening was pleasant,  
But I went to my 2nd floor bed  
With dances I'd just never heard of  
All jostling about in my head.

On Saturday morning we went into class  
And loosened up muscles and joints,  
And I tried to remember instructions  
On phrasing and setting and points.

And travelling step and progressions,  
And not holding hands in a bunch,  
And making quite sure that you cover –  
But oh! Was I ready for lunch!

Replete and refreshed, I determined  
To try how my Highland would go –  
But my legs and my feet all got knotted  
And my 'toe-off' was more 'off' than 'toe'!

But I'm not to be easily beaten,  
So I went and stood under the shower –  
A cup of hot tea and a rest on the bed  
I was almost again at full power.

The dance in the evening was SUPER –  
I was one of the Argyll clan!  
But just when I knew I was ready for bed  
The after-dance Ceilidh began!

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Early on Sunday we went into class,  
With everyone sprightly and cheery,  
How do they do it without any sleep?  
For I was incredibly weary.

We strolled on the terrace in sunshine  
And several new friends walked with me –  
And then we all danced till our feet dropped off  
And thankfully staggered to tea.

I collected my luggage and waved goodbye  
And tottered home, rather unsteady.  
The family said, 'Well, you won't go again!'  
'Why? I've applied for the next one already!'

Easthampstead Weekend, May 1987 for Winnie – The New Girl