

Pat Batt's Poems



MOTHELCARE

I'm worried stiff about my son,
A quiet and pleasant lad,
I'm sure he has a secret life,
I hope it's nothing bad.

He knows a girl called Bonnie Anne
And another one Alison Rose.
He says one's fast, the other's slow,
And I wonder how he knows!

He stands in strange positions
With a knife stuck down his sock.
He wears a skirt, with a handbag thing! –
It gave me a dreadful shock.

He has a book of funny signs,
He studies night and day,
I can't think it's Black Magic,
But the thought won't go away.

I heard him on the telephone,
"It's tea-pots and a knot".
Are you surprised I'm anxious? –
He's the only son I've got.

"Turn right and cross to corner and
That happens at Bar Six".
Now can this be a rendezvous
Where he can get a fix?.

I know I'll have to save him
From this cult he finds entrancing,
He needs some healthy exercise,
Like Scottish Country Dancing!