

Pat Batt's Poems



FRESH AIR AND FUN

I'm remembering garden dances,
Those evenings in July
When the trees all nod a welcome
And the grass is smooth and dry,
And the flowers are bright in the borders,
Their scent all summery sweet,
And the music drifts on the fragrant air
Entrancing the ears and feet.

When the weatherman forecasts showers
And you're hoping the weather will hold,
You've forgotten to bring out a woolly
And the evening's unusually cold.
But the midges come out in their hundreds
And nibble us here and there,
It's not too good to be wearing a kilt
With your knees irresistibly bare.

And the wasps home in on refreshments
And the ants line up for each crumb.
Look! a small folding chair has just folded
And mangled the owner's right thumb.
Now somebody sprains an ankle,
A rabbit-hole caused it, of course,
And there is something else we all have to avoid
Which was carelessly left by a horse.

There's a picturesque pond in the garden
Where mosquitoes are breeding like mad.
They consider the dancers provide them
With the best supper they've ever had.
And the rhythmic beat of the dancer's feet
Reach down where the earthworms hide
And they all wriggle upwards to join in the fun
And have to be thrown aside.

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Now our kindly host has a helpful word
“You must look out before you leap,
If you go too far down the end of the set
You’ll end in the compost heap”.
Looking back on those heavenly evenings
There is something I cannot recall,
The actual dancing we did out of doors
I do not remember at all.