

# Pat Batt's Poems



## THE TEACHER

The teacher strode into the hall –  
He'd had his morning run,  
A shower – cold – a brisk rub down,  
Undoubtedly A.1.

His skeleton was made of steel,  
His toes had special points,  
And coiled springs were his muscles,  
With universal joints.  
The class which leaned against the wall  
Was quite a different thing –  
Their skeletons were poor old bones  
Tied up with bits of string,

Their muscles were like pillows  
That had hardly any filling –  
The only exercise they'd had  
Was turning over Pilling!

But all that week he worked them hard  
On travelling step and setting,  
The Rondel, Knot and Allemande,  
Espagnole and pousetting.

He told them he may finish  
In his own especial way –  
“ But I'm a Society Teacher –  
You'll dance it as I say!”

They listened with attention  
And tried with all their might,  
And sometimes – more by accident –  
They almost got it right.

*See next page*

And when that week was ended  
And the dancing was all done,  
That C.3. class was fit and well –  
Undoubtedly A.1.

They waved their thanks and all went home –  
The teacher went to bed  
With 97 new grey hairs  
Upon his aching head.

A shaking hand, a nervous twitch –  
His nightmare voice was heard –  
“Right shoulder reel – the other right!  
And close your feet in Third!

Penned at Borrowdale in March 1986 for Derek Haynes