

Pat Batt's Poems



THE BEGINNER

I joined a Scottish Dancing Class,
We started last September.
I'm trying hard – I really am,
There's so much to remember.

I know the experienced dancers,
It's very easy to spot 'em.
They gaily stand at the top of the set
And I slink down to the bottom.

I keep one eye on the teacher
And one on the rest of the set,
I try to watch my partner as well,
But haven't succeeded yet.

It's very important to know the start
Of the dance about to be done.
If you're not quite sure of the first eight bars
You are bound to be number one.

Everyone's very helpful
And tells me what to do,
But I get mixed up with my sexes,
When ladies are men, wouldn't you?

And when it's reels we are doing
I'm soon a total loss,
There's reels of four and reels of three,
Reels down and reels across.

There even are diagonal reels!
But when our teacher said
"Don't do an eight bar reel in six"
My brain reeled in my head!

But I'm going to keep on trying,
The music is lovely to hear,
And maybe I'll know which corner is which
At the end of the dancing year.