

Pat Batt's Poems



DANCING THROUGH

When I was one and twenty
I thought I'd take a chance
And go to evening classes
For Scottish Country Dance.

When I was one and thirty
I felt I knew it all –
The complicated dances
Didn't bother me at all.

When I was one and forty
I knew I was the cream,
For I was made a member
Of the demonstration team.

When I was one and fifty
I went on the committee –
A lot less carefree dancing,
A lot more nitty-gritty.

When I was one and sixty
I knew without a doubt
I was dancing rather gently,
And sometimes sat one out.

Now I am one and seventy
And I'm still having fun,
But I wonder how the feet will cope
When I am eighty one.

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