

# Pat Batt's Poems



## THE INTERMEDIATE CLASS

Well now I'm Intermediate –  
My feet are doing nicely –  
The brain still finds it hard to cope  
And work things out precisely.  
I sometimes feel that I'm a pawn  
In a giant game of chess –  
But the pattern's getting clearer  
And the chaos getting less.  
I've mastered chain progression,  
I can do a nifty Knot –  
But the Rondel and Espangnole,  
I admit they're not so hot.

So – here you find me in the set  
And I am number two.  
I'm O.K. for the first few bars –  
I've nothing much to do.  
I've stepped up very nicely  
(It's lovely to be dancing!)  
But – someone's coming up the set –  
Oh, should I be advancing?  
Ah no, it's just a set and turn  
And balance in a line –  
My confidence comes flooding back  
And now I'm doing fine!

I've come in for the Allemande  
(Arm over on bar one!)  
Now I can do it properly  
I'm finding it such fun!  
I've done 8 slip steps to the left  
And 8 back to the right,  
I've turned, and now I'm casting  
And the end is now in sight.  
I've remembered all the proper things  
That I've been taught to do –  
And the nicest thing about it is  
My teacher's happy too!

Circa 2000, for Leigh's Intermediate Class