

Pat Batt's Poems



DRESS SENSE

I'm in love with a grand Scottish fellow,
He's handsome and ruggedly built,
But I feel love will die, you will understand why,
He wears trousers instead of the kilt!

It's quite all right when we go walking
Or riding to town on his bike,
But for classes and dances he gets funny glances,
And that's something I cannot like.

He could be a good Scottish dancer,
He does a fantastic Strathspey.
I said to him "Please, you've got beautiful knees,
Do put them on public display."

I thought he'd look super in full Highland dress
But we didn't see eye to eye,
He said he felt silly in a shirt that was frilly,
But I cannot understand why.

He said that a kilt was too draughty
And he couldn't bear long woolly socks.
He said it felt foreign to sling on a sporran,
Our relationship seemed on the rocks.

BUT I gave him a kilt for his birthday,
He wasn't too pleased, it was plain,
He reluctantly wore it, then cried "I adore it!
I'll never wear trousers again!"