

# Pat Batt's Poems



## 45 DEGREES

I was a pretty baby,  
A perfect work of art,  
But my toes would go together  
And my heels would go apart.

I went to ballet classes,  
An eager little kid,  
But my dancing didn't look the same  
As Margot Fonteyn's did.

At school, our class won prizes  
For English Country Dance,  
But when they had me in the team  
They didn't stand a chance!

I wish we'd then had discos,  
To wriggle to the beat  
In almost total darkness  
Would do wonders for my feet.

When I was nearly twenty one,  
I met a Highland man,  
I saw him dance a Highland fling,  
And that's how love began.

I went to Scottish Dancing  
As quickly as I could,  
And pretty soon my feet began  
Behaving as they should.

And on the day each foot attained  
Forty five degrees.  
My Highland man proposed to me  
Upon his bended knees!

We danced together down the years,  
And now I'm eighty nine,  
My hearing's rather dodgy,  
But my rheumatism's fine.

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My eyes are getting rather dim,  
My teeth are NHS,  
And what is going on inside  
Is anybody's guess,

But there's one thing that I'm proud of,  
And you will notice, please,  
Each foot is placed precisely  
At forty five degrees!