

Pat Batt's Poems



TURKISH DELIGHT

I was a hostess of the air when planes still had propellers,
I visited a lot of lands and met a lot of fellas
And everywhere I travelled I studied local dance,
I even went to classes if I had half a chance.

There was that time in India – ah, how the memory lingers!
I made strange movements with my feet and patterns with my fingers.
When I flew down to Cuba once, I learnt a snappy number,
A super de-lux version of your ordinary Rumba.

The fancy footwork of the Greeks I quickly learned to master,
But all the dances started slow – then faster – faster – faster!
But best – that night in Istanbul – ah, memory entrancing!
You'd never think, to look at me, that I'd done belly dancing!

Now I'm retired and settled down, and I am quiet and meek,
But I do Scottish Dancing at classes once a week.
I'm most enthusiastic and I practice almost daily,
But my small hour of glory comes when our Club has a Ceilidh.

I modestly announce that I can also do a number,
And then I give them all I've got – the Indian, Greek and Rumba.
And then I really go to town – they cheer and shout for more,
Not everyone can Belly Dance when they are eighty four.