

Pat Batt's Poems



THE LAIRD

I own part of Scotland –
A piece rather small,
In fact it's unlikely
You'd see it at all. Its really a pity
I haven't a chance
To ask all my friends
To a real Scottish Dance.

But the journey is long,
Astronomic the fare,
And there's no room to dance
If they ever got there.

I stand on my land
With my heart full of pride –
There's room for both feet
If they're close, side by side.

It's a suitable home
For an undersized hamster –
But at least I'm entitled
To be Laird of Campster!

Footnote: Bob Bragg was given a square foot or so of Scottish bog, so that he could call himself a Laird.

Dated 1986