

BEV

This Poem will be a short one as I'm suffering from writer's block,
But good things come in small parcels and little things mean a lot.

This poem is meant for Beverly, who is trying to teach us to dance,
We try to concentrate fully. But at times we go into a trance.

Which foot is our left, which leg is our right,
Get it right or we are here for the night...

We are doing well with our Vines, our Shuffles are pretty good too,
But the waltz is always a favourite, the one that we all like to do.

Bev is such a good teacher, always patient and kind.
We know we couldn't do better, she is the best you could find.

I'm going to finish with a rhyme I admit I stole from my past,
I hope I don't get sued or this might be my last.

Christmas is coming, and the geese are getting fat.
Please put a penny in the old man's hat.
If not a penny a Halfpenny will do.
If you haven't got a Halfpenny well GOD BLESS YOU.

Sylvia Miller
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