

Twass the night before Christmas

With apologies to C. Clement Moore

Twass the night before Christmas and all through the house
There was bedlam galore and it frightened the mouse.

The children were bouncing up and down on their beds
As the sugar from candy rushed straight to their heads.

Mamma she was screaming, and I hit the roof,
I went for the bottle marked 70 proof.

I started drinking the stuff, in a very swift manner,
And I fell off the chair, hit my head with a spanner.

While down on the floor under the dining room table
I rested a bit and moved when I was able.

When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But little pink elephants with plenty of beer.

Now I knew not to mix high spirits and low
'Cause you'd just get sick and possibly blow.

Now I know that there should be more to this poem,
But I think I am finished, cause I can't find my comb

Merry Christmas! I hope you find peace and hope during this
season, and the rest of the year too.