

Christmas Miracle

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O SANTA CLAUS! IMMORTAL FOE!

O Santa Claus! Immortal foe!  
In truth you are no saint  
The elven dungeons down below  
Are soiled with your taint

For centuries we've slaved away  
Beshackled by your chains  
So you might carry in your sleigh  
The products of our pains

Our people's labor meets no praise  
Our sacrifice ignored  
Well-knowing if complaint we raise  
We'll perish by your sword

O Santa Claus! The day will come  
When freedom we shall claim!  
We'll sever your unyielding thumb  
Your house will burn in flame

Your cruelty to elf and beast  
Repaid a hundredfold!  
The fires in your hearth now ceased  
Replaced by polar cold

Your reindeer will have flown beyond  
The reaches of your lash  
Escape secured, as you despond  
Cast down in ice and ash

O Santa Claus! In shame now crowned  
If tempted to believe  
Your mortal coil now unwound  
Your passing a reprieve

Put all such somber thoughts aside  
Take not your final breath  
For vengeance to be satisfied

Your end must not mean death

The elven kingdom shall return!  
Its glory be revived!  
And in that effort, you will learn  
What you have elves deprived

O Santa Claus! Before you stole  
Our liberty and pride  
Our empire swept across the pole  
Its fame spread far and wide

But just as, through your wicked schemes  
Our dignity you killed  
So too shall you fulfill our dreams  
And help us to rebuild!

Now you shall have the shackled wrist  
Until you meet your grave  
Your every moment shall exist  
As elves' eternal slave!

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DAD ON THE COUCH

Here's a little story of a regular dad
I'm gonna tell you all about the kind of Christmas he had
He had some real nice kids, nice wife, nice house
He liked the holidays enough, but not as much as his spouse
Now, he wasn't a Scrooge, or a Grinch-like grouch
But he found himself on Christmas Eve sleeping on the couch
See, his daughters had asked him, "Hey, what's the deal?
Because some other kids were telling us that Santa isn't real"
Now this poor old dad was in a real tough place
He'd either kill the Christmas magic or he'd lie to their face
So he said that Santa's based upon the real Saint Nick
But the modern-day depiction's just a marketing trick
The whole idea of magic workshops in the cold North Pole was
Just a way to get the public drinking Coca-Colas
When his wife found out, she was fit to be tied
She was getting in his business like she wished that he'd lied
She said the older kids had spilled the beans to their little sister
"So tonight you can forget about the mistletoe, mister"
So he slept by the tree, next to the presents he paid for
And he wondered what exactly was this Santa charade for
When he heard concerning noises at the door in back
And he knew it wasn't Santa Claus out there with his sack
Now this father liked to exercise the Second Amendment

Bearing arms was how the colonists became independent
He was well aware that Christmastime was popular for thieving
But a shotgun shell would be the only gift they'd be receiving
When the door burst in, this dad was coming in hot
A couple hoods ran away because their buddy got shot
Then this protector of his castle barricaded the door
While the would-be home invader writhed about on the floor
It was arterial blood, so it was holiday red
He aimed his barrel at the thug and shouted "Move and you're dead"
As the threat was contained, he grabbed a clean kitchen towel
The he tossed it to the criminal and said with a growl
"Put some pressure on the wound so that the bleeding stops
"Keep your hands where I can see them while I'm calling the cops"
His wife was standing in the door, her face as white as a sheet
He could hear the sound of sirens as they drove down the street
"Honey, check on the children and make sure they're okay
Then you should all go to a neighbor while I square this away"
The wounded thief was handed over to an ambulance crew
The EMTs appreciated that he'd known what to do
Soon enough the dad had made a full report to police
And his family enjoyed a day of Christmastime peace
So forget all the toys, forget the bikes and the shoes
Get a firearm that's comfortable and easy to use
It's a present that can benefit you all year long
And with the many kinds available, you can't go wrong

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## GO ELF YOURSELF

An elf was standing on the street one day  
I asked him if he'd ridden Santa's sleigh  
He looked at me and then I heard him say  
Hey buddy you should elf yourself

I said I liked his little stocking hat  
I told him Santa shouldn't be so fat  
He didn't look to be amused by that  
He told me to go elf myself

I got the feeling he was pretty miffed  
I thought that maybe he might need a lift  
He raised a finger as a special gift  
I knew it meant go elf yourself

My present last year got a little crack  
It needs repair, so can he take it back?  
He mumbled something about Santa's sack  
And also to go elf yourself

It sounded more than just a bit obscene  
I asked him "Friend, whatever do you mean?"  
I thought that elves would keep their language clean  
But this one said go elf yourself

I'm being good because I'm on parole  
I'd better not be getting any coal  
He told me I should take the whole North Pole  
And then I should go elf myself

He really seemed to me to be sincere  
He wasn't filled with any Christmas cheer  
He stood on tiptoes and yelled in my ear  
You better go and elf yourself

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ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS TO NOT WEAR SHORTS

All I want for Christmas is to not wear shorts
I kinda want a Christmas in the cold
But every dang December it gets so dang hot
And seventy degrees is getting old

I'm not exactly asking for a full-on snow
That blankets every surface all in white
But maybe if the temperature was low enough
To wear a jacket, that'd be alright

If I lived in Australia it would be okay
Where Christmas in the summer is the norm
We'd all be wearing sandals while we bar-B-Q
And carol on the beaches where it's warm

But here we're all supposed to wear our winter clothes
Then drink hot chocolate sitting by the fire
Except that if I wore a coat to go outside
I'm guaranteed to instantly perspire

I'm not at all suggesting this is climate change
Just pointing out that I can see my lawn
And maybe that a sleigh would have a real hard time
If that's what Santa has to travel on

So Santa, if you're listening, here's my Christmas wish
And keep in mind I've been extremely good
All I want for Christmas is to not wear shorts
But it's gonna be like eighty so I should

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## I KEPT THE FIRE BURNING

I kept the fire burning on Christmas Eve  
Just to see if Santa Claus would come  
Would he slide down the chimney on Christmas Eve  
Even if he knew he'd burn his bum?

Just how committed was he  
To his list of girls and boys?  
Would he take a chance my fire  
Would engulf his sack of toys?

I didn't sleep a minute on Christmas Eve  
I watched my fire burning all night long  
There wasn't any Santa on Christmas Eve  
I guess my faith in Santa Claus was wrong

I should've taken dwarf advice  
To never trust an elf  
I took all the milk and cookies  
And I ate them by myself

I'll be a little wiser next Christmas Eve  
Next year I won't make the same mistake  
I'll keep the fire burning on Christmas Eve  
Now I know that Santa is a fake

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ANOTHER NAME FOR REINDEER IS THE CARIBOU

We're all aware of reindeer pulling Santa's sleigh
So here are other reindeer facts we'll learn today
Their scientific name is very long to say
Another name for reindeer is the caribou

The reindeer is a member of the cervid kind
Most southern herds are getting very hard to find
Primarily because their numbers have declined
Another name for reindeer is the caribou

Like other deer, the reindeer has a single name
The plural and the singular are both the same
I'm not aware of any formal "reindeer game"
Another name for reindeer is the caribou

All reindeer species have a circumpolar range
Their antlers grow and fall off as the seasons change
To see a flying reindeer would be very strange
Another name for reindeer is the caribou

The reindeer are regurgitating ruminants
As herbivores, their food consists of types of plants
Historically, they've ranged as far as Spain and France
Another name for reindeer is the caribou

There's not a type of reindeer with a glowing nose
Unique to cervids, antlers grow on bucks and does
The Inuit use reindeer to make food and clothes
Another name for reindeer is the caribou

Their cloven hooves are visible on reindeer tracks
Domesticated reindeer carry packs on backs
I hope you've learned a lot from all these reindeer facts
Another name for reindeer is the caribou

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## SICK OF CHRISTMAS

December the first and I'm feeling so sick  
I think I might already despise old Saint Nick

I'm eating leftovers of Thanksgiving pie  
But that isn't the reason my gorge is so high

It ought to be Christmas, a season of joy  
But it seems to be mostly a marketing ploy

I'd love to be able to deck all my halls  
I just can't when I'm driving to ten different malls

The holiday season flies by in a whirl  
But when I go outside I do nothing but hurl

My nausea's hidden by wearing a scarf  
But the wool is too thin to keep in all the barf

Most everywhere glistens with fresh-fallen snow  
Which is quickly befouled by the chunks that I blow

The neighborhood carolers sing Jingle Bells  
But they don't stop at my house 'cause all of it smells

I wish I felt all of that childlike wonder

But seeing Kris Kringle makes me want to chunder

The radio stations play holiday hits  
But they're hard to enjoy when I'm losing my grits

I hear Dancer and Prancer and Cupid and Comet  
And that's when I start to explosively vomit

It isn't so easy to sit there and smile  
When my throat, nose, and sinus are filling with bile

I'm sick of Christmas

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The End