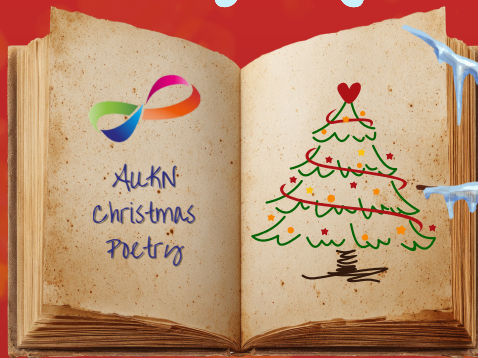


POETRY CORNER



Christmas Rules and Promises

by Roy E. Peterson

My first rule for this Christmas is
No carrot sticks for me.
They might have been a snowman's nose,
So I will let them be.

My second rule this Christmas is
Your gift I will remember;
So if it turns out kind of cheesy,
I'll match it next December.

My third rule for this Christmas is
Don't change the songs I play.
When you are in my house you must
Endure them for the day.

I'll gift-wrap empty boxes nice,
Then give a warning dire.
If you won't listen, or obey,
I'll throw one in the fire.

And if you breathe a bad word to
My Christmas company,
I'll douse your head with eggnog,
Throw you through the Christmas tree.

Politely say "Thank you" for every
Photo, gift, or box,
Even if it's handkerchiefs
Or just a pair of socks.

You'll wish to all a "Merry Christmas,"
When meeting them this yule.
That is my final Christmas wish,
And final Christmas rule.

Make a Christmas Verb

by Mark F. Stone

For many, the gifts are the be-all and end-all:
the big screen, the tablet, the Barbie and Ken doll.
For me, gifts I get are like ice in the sun.
I cannot recall them. No, not even one.

How did I find a true way to remember
the import of each twenty-fifth of December?
The quest to acquire is an urge one can curb.
The lesson I learned was: make Christmas a verb.

Knock on the door of your neighbours who deal
with ageing and loneliness. Bring them a meal.
If you have means and you live in fine fettle,
drop off some greens in that little red kettle.

Visit our vets who are hurt and express
your thanks for their service as they convalesce.
Deliver to others a luminous glow.
The gifts you will cherish are those you bestow.

Credit: www.classicalpoets.org/2023/12/10-funny-and-nostalgic-christmas-poems/

