

# 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/](http://www.classicalpoets.org/2023/12/10-funny-and-nostalgic-christmas-poems/)

