

My Father At Christmas



He was the Christmas clown
it's true

And here are the things
he'd do

Toss the tinsel around
the room

And dance like a crazy loon

Do funny little holiday poses

Put on a wig and pretend he
was Moses

Take many more sips of
the nog

And start singing to our
family dog

And as a joke in trying to
be funny

He'd give gifts of Monopoly
money

And you talk about the fruits
of labor

He'd gift a "For Sale" sign
for a crabby neighbor

When it came to fun he
was King

For he'd have us laughing
so hard it would sting

My father was a gem at
Christmas

Full of laughter and pranks
and blissness

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(Xmas Cards Welcomed)