

'Tis the Season

October 2019

'Twas the day before All Souls, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring — the cook was plain soused.
The pumpkins were scooped but their faces were bare.
Each waited un-carved with a blank orange stare.

But I was all cozy, having slept until noon.
There'd be no time for chores now: the Sun would set soon.
When out in the yard there arose such a ruckus
I slipped off the bed and fell flat on my tuckus.

I pulled on my socks and my boots by the door;
Went out in the chill to see what caused the roar.
The leaves were a carpet, once yellow, now brown,
And they kept the old chipmunk's hole warm in the ground.

I turned 'round my head and saw what was the matter;
Saw what caused the air's crack and shudders to chatter.
An old maple tree had bisected my shed.
The tools suffered injuries, the lawn mower — dead.

Amidst the debris broken windows and screen.
The overall view was a terrible scene.
I want none to fret over this my own plight,
Though the sight did give mother a gasping huge fright.

I called for the junkman: he'd gone to Bel-Air;
I called reverend Tom and he quick said a prayer.
I called for the saw man: he's wint'ring in Spain.
I did reach my cousin, but it started to rain.

I thought about jumping in — starting to toss,
But why spend All Hallow's all sweaty and cross?
And then a plan hit me – I'd give it a go,
And just wait a month for the new fallen snow.



Cheers and Happy Halloween. ~ Uncle Bob