

The Week Before Christmas

by Jan Lloyd (498 Words)

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'Twas the week before Christmas, and I was annoyed.
The kids were unhappy, 'cause their dad was deployed.
But what could I do and what could I say,
To help us chase our blues away?

We'll do something special, take a different approach.
Be glad for our blessings - I played the good coach.
Support for our troops, we wanted to show.
So, we raised a large flag up over the snow.

"But that's not enough," the kids did lament.
"Let's build us a snowman with snow that was sent."
So, we built a large creature under the flag.
It was massive in size, I wanted to brag.

Dressing him up, with a cap on his head.
His big round belly made him look well fed.
With limbs for arms and saucers for eyes,
We turn them upward so, he looked to the skies.

A scarf from my daughter of red, white, and blue,
finished the outfit. And it looked good, too.

“We’ll have him salute,” said my son with a smile.

“And give him a name. Let’s call him Kyle.”

“Let’s hang Dad’s stocking under the tree.

And we’ll take a picture, for him to see.”

When the next day, bright and early we rose,

The kids to the window, ran with their bare toes.

“Mom! Come look!” They shouted with glee.

“Does that stocking look full?” They asked of me.

When we looked inside, surprised to find

A small silver chain - just one of a kind.

A shiny gum wrapper, the next day we found,

And a pretty little pearl, smooth and round.

I told the kid’s dad, “Now don’t be miffed.

What do you think? Someone’s left you a gift.”

These odd little treasures on Skype we shared

We were all happy that somebody cared.

Each day we looked, it was something new
Yesterday, it was a little doll's shoe.

As word got out, the troops wanted to know
What unusual gift would be part of the show.
All of Dad's buddies would gather around
To look at the video and see what was found.

A long-lost watch, and a very old dime,
Something different, each and every time.
Neighbors came from down the block,
To see what strange item was in the big sock.

Who's playing this joke? We wanted to know.
We were all piqued, was it friend or foe?
What odd present, each day would we find?
Was somebody trying to mess with my mind?

Our questions were answered, when on Christmas we stirred
For on top of the stocking was a giant black bird.
A raven for sure that Poe would be proud.
All of her antics had drawn a big crowd.

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I never knew, a Raven could talk.

But I learned that day as she gave a loud squawk.

With a twist from her head, and flap of her wing.

As she flew away, we all heard her sing,

“Merry Christmas to you and Happy New Year, too!”