**Poetic year-end ramblings**

**by Sam, the American Eagle**

(with apologies to Clement C. Moore)

'Twas the night before Christmas, but no one could sing,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a *Tiger King*;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that a vaccine soon would be there.

The children were quarantined snug in their beds;

While visions of *Tik Tok* danced in their heads;

And mamma in her face shield, and I in my hospital gown,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's lock down,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my zoom meeting to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew to the task,

Tore open the shutters and threw on a mask.

The moon on the breast of the grass (not the snow),

Gave a lustre of climate change to objects below,

When what to my wondering eyes did appear,

But a shiny spaceship and eight tiny rein-deer,

With a rich, dapper driver so lively and brusk,

I thought for a moment he was Elon Musk.

More rapid than eagles cast reunions came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now, *Parks and Rec*! now, *Hannibal*! now *Friday Night Lights*!

On, *Ferris Bueller*! on, *Friends* on, *Frasier* and *Fresh Prince*!

To the top of the screen! Through the dang fire wall!

Now mute yourself! Mute yourself! Mute yourself all!"

As leaves that before Hurricane Hanna fly,

When they meet with a protest march, mount to the sky.

So up to the Whitehouse conspiracies flew

With the sleigh full of hearings, and RBG too—

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof

 *Animal Crossing*. I’m telling the truth.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney Bill Gates came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, he seemed kind of tense,

And his clothes were all tarnished with dollars and cents;

A bundle of votes he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

Here’s facebook and insta, and fraudulent claim!

Some rumors and pointing and plenty of blame.

Here’s games we can play, like “World Domination”,

Here’s self-serving whining, just like a dalmatian.

A hypodermic needle, he held tight in his teeth,

And some TP encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, I guess that’s what you’d call it,

That was crumpled and white, like an absentee ballot.

Times are unprecedented, put this year on the shelf!

And I laughed, then I took a nice pic of myself.

A wink of his eye and a nod toward the shredder,

Soon gave me to know I was THE super-spreader!

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

Implanted microchips; then turned with a jerk,

And touching my face, giving my nose a tweak,

We toasted the year, since we’re all up *Schitt’s Creek*.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—

*“Thank God this year’s over, and to all a good night!”*

