



Holiday Spending Holiday Poem

'T was the day after Christmas, and all through the house,
Every creature was hurtin', including the mouse.
The toys were all broken, their batteries dead;
Santa passed out, with some ice on his head.

Wrapping and ribbons just covered the floor,
While upstairs the family continued to snore.
And I in my T-shirt, new Toms and jeans,
Went into the kitchen and started to clean.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the sink to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the curtains, and threw up the sash.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a little white truck, with an oversized mirror.
The driver was smiling, so lively and grand;
The patch on his jacket read "U.S. Postman."

With a handful of bills, he grinned like a fox,
Then quickly he stuffed them into our mailbox.
Bill after bill after bill, still they came,
Whistling and shouting he called them by name.

"Now Dillard's, now Penney's, on Sears and GameStop,
Here's Macy's, Home Depot, Kohl's and Walmart.
To the top of your limit, every store, every mall,
Now charge away, charge away, charge away all!"

He whooped and he whistled as he finished his work.
He filled up the box and then turned with a jerk.
He sprang to his truck and he drove down the road,
Driving much faster with just half a load.

Then I heard him exclaim with great holiday cheer,
"Enjoy what you bought ... YOU'LL BE PAYING ALL YEAR!"

