

**'Bah Humbug'**

*Oh, here it comes, that Christmas thing  
that I keep trying to ignore  
It's not about to let me though,  
I hear it rapping at my door door.  
"Begone," I say, "come back next year,  
allow me more time to prepare  
The Xmas tree, the lights, the cards  
The presents and the bill of fare  
But no, it blithely looms ahead,  
It's stubborn presence there to taunt.  
ignoring my suggestions that  
it find some other house to haunt  
"Get on with it, you know you must  
You really have no other choice."  
I try my utmost to resist  
that gentle yet insistent voice.  
So here am I awondering why  
I got appointed to this job  
Which law says women must apply  
to launch this awesome thingamabob?  
Don't get me wrong, I must admit  
Despite the frantic shopping scene  
Each Christmas brings much joy with it,  
Then comes the "Cleaning Up" routine.*

*Vicki L. Simon*