

Twass the night of the Grinch

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Twass the week of Christmas, how did I know?
You mean besides the city all covered in snow?
What with all the stores packed with angry peeps?
What about the off-key carolers that won't let me sleep?

I know Christmas is near because they put up the tree,
and the abundance of decorations as far as I can see.
Or the fact that it's all anyone ever talks about
Before you call me a Grinch, please hear me out.

A few years ago, I had sent Santa my letter
I didn't ask for much and I was behaving a lot better
But when Christmas Day came, what did I see?
Nothing and I mean nothing underneath that damn tree.

Not even a lump of coal indicating I had been bad,
The milk and cookies were gone, now that made me mad
He could have left something since he took my treats
So I vowed to seek revenge, the next time we meet.

So as the next year came, I headed for the mall
Knowing Santa would be there sometime after fall
There he sat with cheery kids on his lap
Each sharing their wish, but he didn't give a crap

I clenched my fist and waited in the long line
And when my turn came, was my moment to shine
I grabbed Santa by his phoney white beard
And to my surprise I discovered something quite weird

Underneath the disguise wasn't Santa at all
But my weeping old friend who's name is Paul.
The kids started to scream, some began to cry
The shocked parents all asking "Oh dear God, why?"

Oh no, I had just ruined this cheery Christmas season
And for what, just my own silly petty selfish reason
In haste I fled town before they decided to lynch
Banished from my home, I'm now known as the Grinch.