



## A HOLIDAY RHYME

*It's a week before Christmas, and all through my residence  
I & CLUTTER (yes, CLUTTER!), as the piles of such evidence.*

*I intended to clean, to clear it all out,  
But instead, I've just moved it and flung it about.*

*I've no room for a tree, so in my basement it sits.  
My presents are unwrapped and giving me fits.*

*My intentions were pure. My efforts were not.  
I waited too long and now a mess have I got.*

*I read 15 books and watched mystery TV,  
And sat on my sit-about thinking of me.*

*Now the time's almost here and halls are not decked.  
My company's coming and my house, it looks wrecked.*

*Perhaps if I bring up a big box or three,  
I can decorate somewhat around the debris.*

*I'll hang lights on the laundry and garland the papers,  
Cover piles with poinsettias and add some red tapers.*

*I'll clear a nice path for the company to get  
To my fine dining table to eat and to sit.*

*And, if I am lucky, I will not hear them mutter,  
"I'd prefer to have Christmas without all the CLUTTER!"*