

T'was the morning of Christmas, and under some fog,
Not a creature was stirring, except for the dog.
The Rooses were scattered 'cross the country — unfair.
Watched each other on zoom and wished we were there.

Jack's snowboarding to kill time, waiting for news,
On hospital residencies— which will he choose?
(Just kidding, the hospitals make that decision
Of where Jack will go to do sutures; incisions.)

Meanwhile Sam held it down way back east,
Caring for “Noodles”, new young canine beast.
Staying with Jackie (his love, not his brother)
And proposing their marriage, for he wanted no other.

As for Warren and Helen, they are safe in their masks
Though they'd rather be traveling, if anyone asks),
If they could, do you know where they'd like to appear?
Why, wherever you are! They'd prefer to be near.

A year without gathering, without Helen's tarts,
frankly it stinks like a bag of grinch farts.
But from our family to yours, we're hoping you're well,
And ready to be done with the year sent from hell.

This letter is different, than our annual norm,
A poetic perversion of a classic song's form.
But strange times call for poetry, song, and invention,
And perhaps reinventing some Christmas conventions.

So stay safe, hug your pod, and facetime the others,
This time next year we'll be with our sisters and brothers.
Till then, keep your mask up, try not to be mean
(Or else Santa will make you last for vaccine!)

The year has been tough, it's been long, sometimes sad.
But perhaps helps us appreciate just how much we had.
So take heart and be kind this holiday season,
And pray president Trump is convicted of treason.

Happy Holidays,
Motsi (Ridgeback Poet Laureate 2020) AKA Sam Roos the real writer