

‘Twas the Night before Christmas by Margaret Mason

‘Twas the night before Christmas, with a sense of release
I came home from work for some much needed peace.
A hot dinner waiting, the children in bed
The house neat and tidy, the animals fed.
My wife smiling sweetly, so dainty and trim
All ready to pander to my every whim.
On entering the lounge I found no one there
Which surprised me a bit, but I pulled up a chair.
I poured out a whisky and had a small beer
And then went to see when my meal would appear.

I went to the kitchen in search of my wife-
I never had seen such a mess in my life.
There was grease on the counter and veg on the floor
A half finished wreath on the back of the door
Bacon, sausages, oranges, jars of goose fat
And the turkey was being well licked by the cat.
Enthroned on the midst of this scene was my wife
With flour on her nose and a big carving knife.
Her face was flushed red and her makeup had run
And she didn’t take well to my “Isn’t this fun?
I don’t mean to carp, dear, but – sad to relate
I think you’ve left everything rather too late.
Next year do it early – you’ll fit it all in
Now put dinner on, love. I’ll get you a gin.”

“Oh God”, shrieked my wife and she started to weep
“The stockings need filling – the children **won’t** sleep.
I’ve the Brussels to cross and the turkey to stuff,
Do you think that three parsnips will just be enough?
The cake still needs icing – we’re out of mince pies.
I’ve so much to do yet, I’m up to my eyes.
I’ve parcels to wrap and potatoes to peel
And then you swan in and demand a hot meal.”

Empathetic I’m not, but I knew for a fact
That here was a scene to be handled with tact.
So I said “Oh my sweet, I’m sure you’ve got thinner.
You look lovely in blue. Now where is my dinner?”
She howled like a dog and picked up a plate
I did try to duck, but left it too late.

I mopped up the blood as I casually mentioned
That my comments (whilst true), were quite well intentioned.
“Calm down, dear” I said and patted her hand
“It’s the time of the month – I do understand.”

“You pig” screamed my wife (I did not like her tone)
“You think I’ll do everything all on my own?
You’ve another think coming, I’ll tell you that now.
You’re heading, my lad, for an almighty row
If you think I’ll just cope as a matter of course.
Well that’s it – it’s over. I want a divorce!”

As omniscient author I’d just like to say
I hadn’t a clue it would work out this way.
A sweet Christmas story was what I was after
To give a warm feeling and seasonal laughter.
So it falls to me to wish you Good Cheer
Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year.