

Northern Feast From Christmas

By Robin Lipinski

HO, HO, HO, hot chocolate and mistletoe,
Setting the season of the year,
A time for giving/receiving,
A time we all know.

With little elves and reindeer sporting a red nose,
All a treat for the eyes,
But for the nose I smell a feast.

Hot dripping fat, succulent flesh,
Trimmings fit for a king,
Such a day, such a tasty treat.

In his remembrance will I eat,
For old St. Nick has eaten his last cookie,
Drank his last cup of milk.

So here's to your memory Santa,
From a sated cannibal in Borneo,
Enjoying now,
Your meat.

The End