

## The Twelve Days of Christmas

The doorbell rings - What can this be?  
It turns out it was a sort of tree  
And on the tree, a bird was perched.  
It's droppings had the steps besmirched  
My mother said, "Oh I'm relieved  
I'd yet to plan the meals you see.  
That partridge plucked and hung will be  
Ideal For our Christmas Eve".

The doorbell rings . It sounds absurd  
But there I found two cooing birds.  
My Mother clapped her hands with glee  
Those birds will cook deliciously  
In one game pie with what remains  
Of partridge from the previous day.

The doorbell rings I hesitated  
With hand upon the latch I waited  
I opened up but carefully  
And peering out I just could see  
In the waxing light of dawn  
Three hens were pecking at the lawn.  
I shut the door in case Maman  
Had plans to cook a coq au vin.

The doorbell rings. Oh no what now  
I've got to stop these gifts somehow.  
I fling it open in a rage  
And find four blackbirds in a cage  
And on the cage there were some words.  
"Please find enclosed four Colly Birds.  
Calling birds do not exist  
The word is Colly I insist."  
I ope' the cage they fly away  
Pedantry will not me sway.

The doorbell rings. At first I thought,  
"Oh not again. What has he brought?"  
But there it was, a box of wood  
Upon a pedestal it stood.  
And in the box five golden rings  
He knows, I thought, that gold's my thing.  
Oh please, oh please lets now be done  
With any livestock from now on.

The doorbell rings. I'm in a state  
Is it that gold and diamonds wait?  
It is much worse than all my fears  
Six geese squat there and from their rears  
Come eggs and eggs in endless line.  
He's really gone too far this time.  
I am so angered by the sight  
I rush at them. The geese take flight.  
I look down. It's beyond a joke  
My feet are mired in goose egg yolks.

The doorbell rings and wearily  
I open up. What do I see  
Upon the lake, seven swans swim.  
I really can't take it all in.  
I am by now hysterical,  
I switch to mode theatrical.  
"Oh Mama dear lets quaff mulled wine  
On roasted swans we now can dine."  
My mother frowns, "Where have you been?  
You know who owns all swans – The Queen."

Five more times I was disturbed  
By supposed loving gifts absurd.  
And by the time that it was done  
Our whole estate was overrun  
By milking maids and dancing dames  
That in my father sparked a flame.  
And off he ran with one of each  
Evading, just, Ma's angry reach.  
But then came leaping lords and pipers piping  
And so she found her wrath subsiding.  
With Pa she had been frankly bored  
Preferring now a lively lord.  
But oh my ears could not withstand  
Twelve drummers in a samba band.

I rang that true love –ex- and said,  
"What on earth was in your head?"  
He said, "Oh dear, what have I done,  
With just one click on Amazon?"