

## Thanksgiving

T'was the nite before Thanksgiving,  
But I just couldn't sleep,  
I tried counting backwards,  
I tried counting sheep.

The Tom Turkey beckoned,  
The dark meat & the white,  
But I fought the temptation,  
With all of my might.

Tossing & turning,  
With anticipation,  
The thought of a snack,  
Became an infatuation.

So, I raced to the kitchen,  
Flung open the door,  
And gazed at the fridge,  
With goodies galore.

I gobbled up turkey.  
And buttered potatoes,  
Pickles and carrots,  
Beans and tomatoes.

I felt myself swelling,  
So plump and so round,  
Till all of a sudden,  
I rose off the ground.

I crashed thru the ceiling,  
Floating into the sky,  
With a mouthful of pudding  
And a handful of pie.

But I managed to yell,  
As I soared past the trees,  
Happy eating to all,  
Pass the cranberries please.

May your stuffing be tasty,  
May your turkey be plump.  
May potatoes and gravy,  
Have nary a lump.

May your yams be delicious  
May your pies take the prize  
May your Thanksgiving dinner  
Stay off of your thighs!