

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!