



# *'Twas the Day of Thanksgiving (or, A Visit From the Relatives)*

*by Christopher Kent (with apologies to Clement C. Moore)*

*'Twas the day of Thanksgiving, and all through the house  
I could smell turkey roasting (the chef was my spouse)  
Tiny pilgrims were placed on the table with care  
In hopes that a gravy boat soon would be there*

*The children were playing their video games  
As visions of zombies and guns filled their brains  
And I and my wife, in our Thanksgiving finery  
Had just settled down for a sip from the winery*

*When out front of the house there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the couch to see what was the matter.  
I heard honking and braking, of that I was certain,  
So I ran to the window and threw back the curtain.*

*The sun on the crest of the new-fallen leaves  
Pissed me off; I'd just raked the lawn Thanksgiving Eve.  
Then what to my eyes should appear? I'll be blunt:  
A car full of relatives parking out front*

*With a middle-aged driver not younger or thinner;  
I knew that it must be the gang come for dinner.  
The doors all flew open and out they all came  
My sis and her family. She called them by name:*

*"Stop it Tommy! Quiet, Sarah! Billy, stop hitting Jane!  
We are here to have fun! Do not whine or complain!"  
And with much fuss and shouting to our door they all flew  
With a fruitcake and cookies, and ginger ale too*

*And then in a twinkling, the doorbell it rang  
And we heard lots of hubbub and fuss from the gang  
As I put back the curtain and was turning around  
The door opened and in came the kids—what a sound!*

*They were dressed in their best, from their heads to their toes  
Though my sis had to wipe schmutz from young Tommy's nose  
Then Tommy shoved Billy, and he shoved him back  
While Jane sneered like a meddler, and he gave her flack*

*Billy's eyes were a-twinkle, his smile, how merry!  
He looked like the cat that just ate the canary.  
Sarah's hair was tied back with a fall-colored bow  
And her teeth, behind braces, were as white as the snow*

*My brother-in-law tried his best to look cheery  
Though the chaos encircling him left him quite weary  
He inquired 'bout the game we might watch on the telly  
And he laughed as he handed me cranberry jelly*

*He was overweight slightly, from too much good living  
And I laughed when I saw him, despite some misgiving  
But a look from my sis and a twist of her head  
Soon gave me to know, I'd best watch what I said*

*It wasn't long after we ate a fine feast  
And we filled all our bellies, pigging out like wild beasts  
Then the kids ran around and we adults drank some more  
'Til my sis gave a nod, and they filed out the door*

*They climbed into the car, with much family drama  
Then they pulled from the curb, papa, kiddies and momma  
But I heard her exclaim, over laughter and shrieks,  
"Merry Christmas comes next! We'll be back in four weeks!"*

*Copyright 2014 by Christopher Kent—all rights reserved.  
<http://christopherkent.com/twas-day-thanksgiving>*