

# CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE POLE

By Paul F. Long

Way to the north in the land of ice,  
The elves checked their list, not once but twice.  
All that work – they were ready to drop.  
(At the Pole there is no union shop).  
No coal or switches in Santa's sacks,  
Less Grinch Al Gore cry, "Carbon tracks!"  
The deer, less Rudolph, came at the call,  
Nose out of joint, he sulked in the stall.  
A GPS thing to Santa's delight,  
Would guide the sleigh through the foggy night.

Santa kissed Mrs. Claus and said goodbye,  
And the sleigh took off across the sky.  
Old Rudolph's red nose began to glow –  
For that deer had jimmied the guide gizmo.  
Soon lost, Santa wandered 'til nearly day,  
(What man ever stops to ask the way?)  
Now if Santa showed up late this year,  
Just put the blame on that darn reindeer!

But all is well, Santa made his goal,  
Plus finding his way back to the Pole.  
But what of Rudolph? PETA doesn't care,  
They're busy tracking the polar bear.  
But at polar McDonald's so they say,  
Deer burgers are the special of the day.

—PFL

