

The Christmas Rat

'Twas the night before Christmas,
But what was that?
Can it be that that I'm seeing
That old Christmas rat?

Now don't get all weird and squeamish on me,
For the Christmas rat is a delight to see,
All rats are not all equal and that's a fact,
For there are rats and then there's a rat.

It's not Jack's rat from *The Departed*,
A dirty, lowdown – now don't get me started
On those within the Fish and Wildlife Service
Who are doing our whoopers a great disservice.

And the Christmas rat is not the street gourmand,
The one always foraging and nosing around,
The skittering, hissing, nasty little thing,
That no one would as a present bring.

No - the Christmas rat is from our artist's mind,
This one is friendly, loving and kind,
The Year of the Rat came with 2021,
A year that now has almost come and gone.

So, this Christmas rat is bidding you adieu,
Did the rat's year leave you sad and blue?
Or did your fortune rise with the rat?

Did you hit a home run in your turn at bat?

The year of the Tiger is around the corner,
I sure hope the coming winter's warmer
Than last February when the iceman cometh,
And that's the truth and no urban myth.

So, the Christmas rat gives you all a nod,
And he'll race on off to his zodiac pod,
Where he'll sit and think about his turn again
It'll be 2032 - if I'm here, it's a win.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Say goodbye to the rat,
Until 2032.