

The Year of the Rat

We are at the end of the year of the rat,
And I'm ready to move on – I'm sure of that,
The year of the rat was supposedly about change,
We had no idea it would be so deranged.

With Covid and Trump and Camp Hideaway,
We couldn't do much – there's not much to say,
I for one am not inclined to predestination,
And this zodiac stuff causes me some frustration.

We are now moving on to the year of the ox,
We need a fast start out of the blocks,
The year of the ox is good for hard work,
But that rat's still near – oh what a jerk.

Many types of rats have been reported,
Remember Jack Nicholson in *The Departed*?
"I've got this rat, this gnawing, sneaking rat"
Showing his teeth, his lips pulled back.

And then there's the real thing sneaking around,
Looking for whatever food's to be found,
An urban survivor with smarts and style,
You can be sure that ole rat's got lots of guile.

And then there's the rat at the end of his term,
With one more month to make us all squirm,
He couldn't just sign the bill right away
With him, nothing's simple or done straightaway.

If these zodiac signs actually having any meaning,

Please bring on the ox and remove the feeling
That a rat's got its teeth into my backside,
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.

Earth Church is open to influence from the planets,
But all's not set - you have room to expand it,
The rat may have come from the planets and stars,
But my fate is with Earth and not with Mars.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we pray that the ox
Will be kind to you.