

Christmastime

At what point do we know that it's Christmas,
and the season's not distant or missed us?
All the factors at play seem to shift every day
and the end result's hard to define

Is it here when an evergreen's severed,
set aglow, and then to a base tethered?
You could say such should be, but a baobab tree
or a redwood would work simply fine

Does it come when the choirs are singing,
with a backing of bells gently ringing?
While it's loaded with pep, you could swap in dubstep
or some j-pop, and joy would persist

Is it told when a man in red's stopping
upon rooftops, and into homes hopping?
They might look hand-in-hand, but in faraway lands
he's a gremlin, or rides on the mist

Then perhaps it's the feast that's deciding,
all those turkeys and cookies we're biting?
No, that still doesn't stick—you could readily pick
KFC, or a pineapple spear

Or is faith at the heart of the matter,
setting tone with the gods that we flatter?
Well, it may make a schism, but staunch atheism
has enjoyed it in spades year to year

But what if it just comes down to showing
who's the brightest and richest, and knowing
that amount of the crap left unwrapped in your lap
couldn't ever all fit on one shelf?

Yet I know now, the reason of Christmas:
For when snowstorms and darkness have kissed us
With iced night inside me, I find you beside me,
and we give gifts of our love itself.