



THE HOLIDAY HELM

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Twas right at the Holiday when all through the fog,
Not a soul was stirring, not a man, woman, or dog.
The garland was hung round the clubhouse with snow,
In hopes that the night skies would soon be aglow.

Families were nestled all snug in their homes,
With visions of sugarplums, fairies, and gnomes.
Girls in their kerchiefs and guys in their caps,
Just settling down for long winter naps.

When out on the beach there rose such a splash,
We all sprung from our beds and made a mad dash.
Away down the boardwalk, we ran fast as we could,
With all the noise and clatter, this could not be good.

The glow of the moon gave a shimmer to the lake,
Lighting the skies and causing a wake.
When to my wondering eyes did I seize,
But a brand-new pontoon and eight cackling geese.

With a little old sailor, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Captain Nick.
More rapid than swans his coursers they came,
As he whistled and shouted and called them by name.

Now Splasher! Now Skier! Now Diver and Swimmer!
On Boater! On Surfer! On Rafter! On Rower!
To the top of the dock! On top of the wall!
Now speed away! Speed away! Speed away All!

As the snow that before the wild winds fly,
When they meet with gust mount up to the sky.
On up to the roof tops the coursers they flew,
In a pontoon full of presents and Captain Nicholas too.

And then, with a twinkling, I heard over the heather,
The splashing and clapping of each golden feather.
As I drew in my hand and was turning around,
Down the chimney Captain Nick came with a bound.

He was dressed in neoprene from his head to his toe,
And his suit was all covered with icicles and snow.
A bundle of presents he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples so merry!
His cheeks were like Rosé, his nose like a cherry.
His shivering little mouth tightened up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as crisp as the snow.

The butt of his Arturo Fuente he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
With a wrinkled face and a mighty-round belly,
That shook when he laughed like he d gone to the deli.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old sailor,
And I laughed when I saw him, this ripe old whaler.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the nets, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the steeple he rose.

He sprang to his pontoon, to his team gave a yell,
And away they all flew like a bat out of hell.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he sped out of sight,
Happy Holidays to all, and to all a good night!