

Twas the night before Christmas 2009 - By Andy French

Twas the night before Christmas, Two thousand and Nine
A year of recession, and rising knife crime
MP's expenses triggered much sniggers
At the golden ducks of Peter Viggers

Bush waned and Obama rose
Promising Guantanamo would soon close
With Brown and chums he bailed out the banks
But instead of floating, Iceland sank

In happier days we'd have called for Fonzi
When Bernard 'Madoff' with a 65 billion ponzi
With Bryll-cremed cool he would have caught the looter
But not on a zero carbon scooter

Our children twittered, wirelessly, it must be said
When swine flu confined them to their beds
But no dreams of Santa in red attire
All the girls want Rob, the teen vampire

But our inflicted Boyle wasn't at all foul
With the encouragement of Piers and Simon Cowell
But I'd rather watch Merlin than the nasty X-Factor
Or Louise Redknapp, astride a large tractor

The music industry went Ga Ga, gambling with Pixies a Lott
With no fear that Lilly will be regarded as hot
Personally I'd rather spend my spare cash
On Messrs. Stills, Crosby and Nash

And if you thought Glasto rather passed in a Blur
I wonder if Neil and Bruce would concur
I hope they found sufficient time to have fun
Even if one of them was born to run

Speaking of sport, no Wimbledon yet for young Murray
But our brightest Button sewed up F1 in a hurry
And Mark Cavendish was the top British rider
In the international year of natural fibre

Will 2010 eclipse the one preceding?
With liberal Sweden EU leading
As we adopt Jacko's man in the mirror
Will Copenhagen reflection cause us to shiver?

For my part I will resolve to be nice
And perhaps write to my friends once or twice
I now live in Dorset with the lovely Lucinda
In a flat that's less likely to financially hinder
I've been Yoda to a Star Wars bride and groom
And may even finish my PhD soon
So bring on next year, and do send me your address
I promise I'll write. Until then, all the best ☺

Written by Andy French. Sunday 13th December 2009.