

Twas the night before Christmas 2015

Twas the night before Christmas Two Thousand and Fifteen
A Force awakened and Trumped Everdeen
A Martian prevailed on an impossible mission
And fifty shades of women learned kinky new positions
There were seven prose killings and a seventh furious -
Double-O agent, when his spectre got serious
And the eighth Henry was avenged, in an age of Ultron faith
Less good for Anne Boleyn, who should have been more chaste

"Political correctness is killing our country" spoke Donald, so regularly crass
But it really doesn't matter, what I write here
As long as your girl's "got a nice piece of ass"
Both London and 'Brum, this fool should visit
Sample culture and culinary arts
Alas his views, like his hair, evoke national despair
Be gone you American fart!

Lord Ashcroft wrote of David Cameron's porcine enjoyment
While fellow Bullingdon, Osborne, failed to veto zero hours employment
Add Boris and these Etonians, so politically deft
But beware opposition destruction, with only Corbyn left
For Irish gays and all Cubans, some positive signs
After what seems like fifty four years, Sepp Blatter resigns!
Fi-fa ho hum
I smell the whiff, of corruption!

Will Coe clean up the purest sport
That Mo, Greg and Jess so valiantly support?
Or will the drug cheats strong-arm the system
Can the Olympic ideal avoid the cistern?
This year Lewis and Andy were justly rewarded
But I feel 'zoomin Froome could have been more lauded
Le Tour, deux, sans un EPO fix
Will our soccer girls emulate, 1966?

But if clean sport is beauty, I have omitted the beast
And the floods of tears that humane humans have shed
Garissa, Nigeria, Mecca, Bataclan
Let us mourn the innocent dead
In Nepal, nature was evil, like the Germanwings pilot
Claiming lives by fire and stone
But surely the worst is the death cult Dai-(e)sh
Debasing their Islamic home
No man or God, should be pleased
By the deeds of this human infection
When they fall to their knees, let us hope this disease
Will conclude a more peaceful direction

If Ed Sheeran desires to converse In Real Life
Spurning frivolous Facebook discourse
I'd like to depart its terrestrial source
With its pain and emotional strife
There is water on Mars, Ceres the dwarf has been probed
With Orion we'll again visit lands lunar
Let's seek new horizons, beyond even Pluto
And an enlightened Earth will come sooner

This year's not exactly, been awesomesauce
I've manspreaded though not yet a cakeage fat-shame
I've endeavored to teach, many a student
Mathematics, Physics in flame
I've petted my cats and climbed many mountains of Corse
And acquired a wisely named niece
I'll end the year on Earth closest to the stars
On Chimborazo I hope to find peace

*Written by Andy French during a volcano climbing trip to Ecuador. December 2015.
Dedicated to the memory of Leonard Nimoy. To humans both rational and irrational; live long
and prosper.*