

'Twas the night before Christmas 2017

Winter is here ...

'Twas the night before Christmas, 2017
Let's imagine the year, how it *could* have been

President Clinton takes the mike on a dais
And begins a new era of no gender bias
America reaffirms its climate change mission
And removes the poor from healthcare omission
A bonfire of guns, especially those of the automatic kind
Stephen Paddock is unknown, with an unfulfilled mind
Putin is initially frosty, but gets over it
Think of Appleby cash, stashed by this Soviet
With Xi he convinces, Kim to change his Korea
He now stars in films, and swaps nukes for IKEA

Alone and broke on the 58th story
A small mouthed man does his own inventory
He's the jock who brought vodka, to the tea party movement
Now reviled by Republicans in the election denouement
His wife has left him and his son in-law's in jail
Spicer and Banner, last seen in Israel
He can't play a round, at Mar-a-Lago
Now the Alt-Right have staged, a golf club embargo
The lawsuits pile-up, his chintz rooms now bare
His empire's now flaccid, it's run out of hot air

Da Vinci's half-billion dollar, *Mundi* employed
Enough workers to build mosques that ISIL destroyed
Together the Middle East caused violence to cease
Honour the Prophet, do maths, art, make peace
Erdogan and Assad, saw reason, and economy
And gave all the Kurds their national autonomy
Saudi oil dollars, mean nothing in heaven
They were nice to their neighbours
And went salmon fishing, in the Yemen

René still runs, a faux French bistro
Hurt, Hardy and Moore, are still in panto
Steck remains climbing, and Pirsig is quality
And Carluccio continues his culinary jollity
Wolff brings the eggs and Cheggers the pop
Petty and Cassidy's, tunes never stop
The party continues, and Bruce is still charming
He takes to the floor, smiles and shouts: "Keep dancing!"

Alas Mr Froome couldn't make it to four
His untreated asthma caused an end to his tour
Hamilton was always, way off the pace
An Mo overslept, missed his 10K race
Klitschko beat Joshua and Peaty's goggles fell off
Bolt retired unbeaten, Gay had a cough
English rugby was rubbish, their new coach so weak
Although they beat Ireland, the future is bleak
And Lord's remains, hallowed turf for male cricket
As Harry Enfield said: "Women, know your limit!"

Thankfully we all listened to Gove
No more Science and expert advice we strove
The total eclipse is merely a song
Colliding neutron stars? Clearly LIGO was wrong!
The Earth isn't even round, as Flintoff would flatten
And those dumb NASA boffins crashed a probe into Saturn
At least the NHS installed Windows updates
Otherwise ransomwear would dis-seminate

Well we all did the math, sobered up and thought clearly
That UKIP's mad crusade would cost us quite dearly
May fell in the Alps and forgot about an election
She came back pretty cross and did a cabinet dissection
Davis, Johnson and Gove were expelled in disgrace
And she went straight to Brussels to argue our case
"Of course we'll remain", but then calmly she orders:
"But you'll respect sovereignty, of our seas and our borders"

Hammond decides that Comrade Corbyn might be
Not quite so bonkers, socio-economically
Never mind exorbitant student loans
How the hell can the young, afford a home?
And so taxes are raised and Britain builds
Renovating towns, not green pleasant fields
CEOs and Vice Chancellors, take a smaller sum
To invest in atoms, tides, wind and sun

Perhaps I'm getting old, though not yet like a Greenland shark
Plunging from the blue of the planet, into the dark
Like the Tinder poo girl we're stuck with our faeces
Preventing a moral, evolution of our species
Somehow Trump won, that narcissistic schmuck
And to emerge from Brexit we'll need more than good luck
There's been bombings and hurricanes and the sea's full of plastic
And fires and sex scandals, this year's not been fantastic
But there is mounting Hope that we'll tarry no longer
Like Meghan and Harry, together we're stronger
All of us are guardians of the galaxy, too
We need to decide, what we plan to do
We need more wonder women, and Dunkirk spirit
New year, choose life. Let's all try to live it.

*Written by Andy "Dijon" French.
Winchester, 16th December 2017.*

*"You can either grow old gracefully or begrudgingly.
I chose both."*

Roger Moore
(1927-2017)

*"It's the feeling of total control. When you are properly trained,
your body works hard - but when you move, you do not suffer."*

That's the feeling I am looking for."
Ueli Steck, Carpenter and Mountaineer
(1976-2017)

"Nice to see you, to see you nice."

Bruce Forsyth, Entertainer. Didn't he do rather well
(1928-2017)