

Three Christmas Poems by Joey Madia

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“Missing Christmas”

I won't be missing an instant of this—
Not a whistle nor an eggnog smile
I'll sing old carols with panache and style,
while catching the strands of tinsel bliss
in the mellow tones of the coming Christmas.

Visions and angelsongs, such blessed inventions,
spirits drenched in mirth and god's reflections.
I won't skip the town's parades
and the mayor grown fat with fiscal raves,
or miss a kiss beneath the ribboned sprigs of mistletoe
hanging above the door.

Not a single moment of Christmas will I miss—
Not children sneaking cookie dough finger-snacks
behind their mother's velveteen backs,
or puppies rooting in catnip packages,
while the mailman gets flustered with his “Must-get-there” weights.

Too many Christmases have passed in dim memory,
with only a bland and troubled quandary
of how to clean ties stained with Thanksgiving's cranberries.

Not this year—
(How could it be?)
I want it all with you sitting next to me—

The crowded malls and Santa's lap,
the traffic and the fruitcake snacks,
reruns of Capra and Rankin and Bass.
Even the Visa bills—I want it all!

Within my heart and all around,
I won't miss Christmas.

Not again.

“Dear Mr. Dickens”

To Master Charles Dickens,
late of London and well-secured on Other Planes:

I send this letter with an urgent push,
for it’s only September and I feel the rush.
Christmas up on all the shelves
and the *sneering* has begun...

Based on Christmases recently Past
I am quite sure this season’s Future will bring
the same snarling, not darling, unmerry old things—
the long lines and traffic backups
the rude cashiers and waitress muck-ups.

I know you must have grown well-fat and lazy
lunching with Marley in a grave on rich gravy,
but you really must (yes really quickly must)
send more of your ghosts to our poor Plane without delay!

The Ebeneezers are sourly replicating,
Humbug!ing this
and Humbug!ing that—
in the parking lots and shopping malls,
in entranceways to churches, where they pass in silence the Poverty Pot.
(I hear no coins jingling;
only urgent baby cries and the feeble songs of Tims so tiny.)

Even in the once-merry places
there are skeptic songs and dour faces.

Perhaps you, Mr. Dickens,
Jacob Marley and (dare I say it?),
Scrooge himself (there, I said it),
could be the trio to scare some comprehension
into this group of ill-satisfactions.

If you wish to right what’s come amiss, I’ll see you December 25th.

“Christmas Alchemy”

Let the ceremonial lights be lit!

Best the Blahs in a Sunday suit of brilliant red.
For the first time in years it's Christmas and I'm home.
No need to drown in presents
to make merry on this day.
Blessed am I to be home this Christmas time,
to take the year's Standards and cast them far away.
To sit amid the molten merry mess, the mistletoe and tannenbaum,
holly, spruce, and candle wax,
and be more than grateful for how we're blessed!

Spending Love most freely, speaking untightly of Time,
let us sit long in the piney, still woods,
as the swelling sounds of Christmas night near,
and revel in our blessings
so the gods won't change their ways.
Let us pray the plights of poverty
don't set their sights to sit upon the hallway chair.
How can we wrestle with the auld lang syne
while the candles are begging, “Get us Lit!”

Family love and family trust
can stop the troubling, sad decay
of this plasticene Holiday's mystic-dust.

Lights blinking to the tag-and-package writings,
fulfilling the hopes of children's Santa'd wishes,
we'll be Roman in our feasting
and take Winter walks thru the moments of the year.

To guard against Mad Winter's fits,
Let the ceremonial Christmas lights be Lit!