



Ode to the Science-minded

"Oh, how sad it is to be Ω alone," he said as he Δ card to himself. He was lonely, sitting by himself in his mobile Ω , watching the Jays at the $\Delta\Omega$ and playing solitaire. "Doh!" he said, à la Ω er Simpson as the other team scored a Ω run. "Oh well," said the lonely optimist to himself. " Σ days are β than others."

Cynthia! and Nick?

Christmas is Fun

I love the smell of Santa's milk and cookie breath as I sit on his knee. "I'm selfish, I want everything." I tell him. He says "Sure Kid. In blue or yellow." Both.

Sam

A Cliché for Christmas

It's a cliché really
Loneliness at Christmas time
The happiest time of the year

But the truth,
Behind the cliché
Is a sadness
A pain
A despair
That no mere cliché
Can hope to describe

Happy couples
Living lives together
Laughing
Sharing smiles
Walking through the malls
The streets
Hand in hand

You, however, see no smiles
Even shopping becomes a curse
Presents get bought
For friends
For family
But always alone

You go to parties
If you're lucky
You leave early
But more often
You stay late
Too late
Drunk, and drunker
As couples laugh
And dance
And leave

Still
Merry Christmas
To one and all
You haven't killed anyone ...
Yourself ...
Yet

Richard Voisard

Norman Mailer does Christmas

The calm quiet cleaved by fiery agony.
I awoken to the disseverment of my torso from the roots of life.
Tarnished, tortured,
a tempestuous thread of turmoil.
I am thrust into thralldom,
enslaved within the confines of mankind's belligerency.
Erected, half-dead,
crucified and cruelly adorned with the objects of modern Tartuffery.
Tinsel ravages my exterior like a cancer.
I am mummified, unjustly preserved, to serve the pretentious purpose for which I was pillaged.
Ornaments fester my facade like a pox,
a gaudy, tawdry, decorative disease
ruefully riddling my skewered soul.
Lights leech to my limbs as my life essence ebbs.
The blinding coloured beacons sing for the deities of desanctification.
A mockery, a farce, a travesty.
The Cains of Christmas cannibalize the carols, the words insincere and insignificant,
embracing spurious spirit and vain virtue.
The pragmatic presents convey the corroded, debauched descent of the true tradition.
The Bible remained untouched, unread, drowned in dust, forgotten from fastidious nature.
My unseemly usefulness ends.
My unearthed, untended carcass crashes to the curb.
My humiliated, mutilated mass awaits the gaping maw of the final death.
Devoured, decaying, delegated to perish without repute or reason.
Hell's hypocrisy triumphs today,
assisted by the commercialized, selfish cycle of ignorance and blasphemy encompassing its sacrilegious, secular society.

PJ Carvey