



*T'was The Night Before...  
an ADHD Christmas*

**T'was the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was on time, not even my spouse.  
The stockings were half up, the gifts were half wrapped,  
Cause the scissors and tape were buried 'neath crap.**

**The children were glued to their laptops, by God,  
While visions of new apps danced on I Pods.  
And mamma in her kerchief, and still in pajamas  
Had just settled her brain, which was going bananas.**

**When out on the lawn there arose such a clutter  
Of lawn chairs, car parts and my rusting grass cutter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore my shin on an old box, and made a deep gash.**

**The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow  
Made me think of a cow, then an old TV show.  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear?  
But the memory of shoes I had misplaced last year!**

**Also where I'd left that new wooden broomstick.  
Oh, and look, there are cows! Oh, and there's old Saint Nick!  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!**

**Now Dasher, and Dancer, now watcha-ma-callit?  
On Comet! On Cupid! Oops, forgot my wallet!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,  
But he rushed without checking, and took a great fall!**

**As my thoughts that before a wild hurricane fly,  
I should do my taxes, or at least I should try.  
Did you see that movie? Oh, what was I saying?  
Oh, right St Nick and his reindeer were sleighing!**



**And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
Some tools I'd left there, being kicked by a hoof.  
As I drew in my head, thoughts came in a bunch!  
So I missed Santa land, I was so out to lunch!**

**He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were tarnished with ashes and soot.  
The bundle of toys he had flung on his shoulder,  
Looked quite a mess, like my bills in file folders.**

**His eyes-how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!  
Like that guy that I knew. What's his name? Bob? Or Larry?  
Santa's droll mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
Which reminded me once more of that TV show.**

**The wreath of smoke from his pipe made him blink,  
But he explained that nicotine helped him to think.  
In his hand was a coffee, and a second one waiting,  
And a joint and vodka. It's called self-medicating.**

**He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old chap.  
And we laughed when he tripped on a pile of crap.  
He told me, "I have A.D.H.D. in my head."  
I said, "Me too, Santa! It's nothing to dread!"**

**He spoke not a word, for a second or less,  
Then nattered non-stop, piling gifts on our mess.  
And checking the pockets of all of his clothes,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose**

**He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, as he soared on the breeze,  
"Happy Christmas to all! Oh darn, where are my keys?!"**

**By Rick Green  
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**With apologies to Clement Clarke Moore**