

Ballad of the Bailout

[or the night before Christmas, 2008]

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the shop
All the elves had been sneaking...well, more than a drop;
In the stable the reindeer had been overfed
And now, nearly foundered, were just short of dead!
In his workshop old Santa, well-worn and quite tired,
Saw his elves stagger wildly and screamed, "You're all fired!"
With their work in a shambles, all the toys quite ill-made,
He decided on WalMart...go there...make a raid;
So he ran to the stable to hitch up the deer
And found them unable to get off their rear;
Even young Rudolph, with his nose dimly red,
Was rapidly losing that light for the sled!
So mad Claus became that he kicked at the cat...
And that caused Ms. Santa to start a wild spat;
They argued a while, then he threw in his hat...
She yelled, "Just get lost," and then threw out his hat!
He had second thoughts about making that raid,
Decided that WalMart would have to be paid;
He whined to Ms. Claus that he needed some bread...
She threw out his cards...yeah...she aimed at his head!
So...what could he do in this circumstance weird,
Since the worst that could happen is now what he feared;
He considered FedEx and, of course, U-P-S,
And needed a bailout to set right this mess
Since those outfits cost...well...an arm and a leg,
But with no ride to Congress, not there could he beg;
And then he remembered that Al Gore had said
The North Pole was melting into a seabed;
So he looked all around, all he saw was...yep...ice,
But Nobel affirmed! A sled wouldn't suffice;
He first thought a boat would just do the trick,
But boats cannot fly...that fact made him half-sick!
He thought long and hard...then it suddenly came...
A brilliant idea...helicopter the game!
He contacted Bush and the Air National Guard...
For services free and right to his backyard;
He made a good case to be one "point of light,"
A light that was needed throughout the whole night;
The prexy said "yes" and Claus roared through the sky
And finished his rounds just as morning drew nigh;

And that's why the WalMart and Toys-Are-Us
And Target and K-Mart put up such a fuss;
Their post-Christmas shelves were as bare as a bear
On Polarized ice, with Gore's seas never there;
With wailing quite loud...oh...so loud and so long,
They joined with G-M in its sad, mournful song
For bailouts and freebies and earmarks and grants,
For things for their shelves...from new toys to new pants;
They all made it clear that the nation would die
If they, like G-M, were to belly-up lie;
And so they were bailed BUT old Santa Claus found
A cell in San Quentin, its features renowned,
Would then be his home...furnished by Uncle Sam -
North Pole credit cards were...well...not worth a damn.