

# A Month Before Christmas

by Peggy Garvin

*(written in December 2020 - and now we have a little deja vu ...)*

T'was a month before Christmas,  
And all through the town,  
People wore masks,  
That covered their frown.

The frown had begun  
Way back in the Spring,  
When a global pandemic  
Changed everything.

They called it corona,  
But unlike the beer,  
It didn't bring good times,  
It didn't bring cheer.

Airplanes were grounded,  
Travel was banned.  
Borders were closed  
Across air, sea and land.

As the world entered lockdown  
To flatten the curve,  
The economy halted,  
And folks lost their nerve.

From March to July  
We rode the first wave,  
People stayed home,  
They tried to behave.

When summer emerged  
The lockdown was lifted.  
But away from caution,  
Many folks drifted.

Now it's November  
And cases are spiking,  
Wave two has arrived,  
Much to our disliking.

It's true that this year  
Has had sadness a plenty  
We'll never forget  
The year 2020.

And just 'round the corner -  
The holiday season,  
But why be merry?  
Is there even one reason?

To decorate the house  
And put up the tree,  
Who will see it,  
No one but me.

But outside my window  
The snow gently falls,  
And I think to myself,  
Let's deck the halls!

So, I gather the ribbon,  
The garland and bows,  
As I play those old carols,  
My happiness grows.

Christmas is not cancelled  
And neither is hope.  
If we lean on each other,  
I know we can cope ???