

A Thanksgiving Blessing

Twas the night of Thanksgiving, but I just couldn't sleep.
I tried counting backwards. I tried counting sheep.
The leftovers beckoned - the dark meat and white,
But I fought the temptation with all of my might.
Tossing and turning with anticipation,
The thought of a snack became infatuation.
So, I raced to the kitchen, flung open the door
And gazed at the fridge, full of goodies galore.
I gobbled up turkey and buttered potatoes,
Pickles and carrots, beans and tomatoes.
I felt myself swelling so plump and so round,
'Til all of a sudden, I rose off the ground.
I crashed through the ceiling, floating into the sky
With a mouthful of pudding and a handful of pie.
But I managed to yell as I soared past the trees...
Happy eating to all - Pass the cranberries, please.
May your stuffing be tasty, May your turkey be plump,
May your potatoes 'n gravy have nary a lump,
May your yams be delicious, may your pies take the prize,
May your Thanksgiving dinner stay off of your thighs!

May your Thanksgiving be blessed!!