

THANKSGIVING 1995

T'was the morn of Thanksgiving and all through the cabin,
Many people were stirrin' and cookin' and lauaghin',
The table was stretched to its fullest extent,
And tablecloth draped till it looked like a tent,
Under which all the kids did scramble and scream,
It seemed like an amateur soccer ball team

The kitchen was filled with spice laden steam,
Where Mom had roped Dad into whipping the cream,
The vegetables boiled and stewed on the range,
The bedlam and jumble were certainly strange,
As Mom and the girls struggled elbow to eye,
to finish each side dish, hot sauce and pie,

Aunt Susie was making cord bread and some tarts,
With carmelized frosting; she shaped them like hearts,
The turkey was roasting on a great spit outside,
For the honor of which it had it had gratefully died,
The smoke from the wood fire permeated the yard,
Raising visions of winter and ponds frozen hard,

Grandma was fussing with this and with that,
In all of the ruckus she stepped on the cat,
The dog and the cat and the children retreated,
By the wrath of their elders, they were soundly defeated,
Grandma managed to make her bean-mushroom dish,
Which the family all said was simply delish',

Cousin Albert and family arrived on the scene,
Coming clear from New York in a fine new machine,
Confusion and chaos were the order of the day,
But events slowly moved in an inexorable way,
To dinner, and eating, and calling for food,
After fixing the kids plates, feeding frenzy ensued,

The turkey was hacked and quartered and drawn,
The wings and the legs were first to be gone,
The yams and the peas and the carrots were passed,
The relishes, breads, and gravies went fast,
More food kept on coming, till piled so high,
It filled up the platters and evoked a glad sigh,

Then suddenly silence pervaded the scene,
Attackers consumed each morsel and bean,
Determined and forceful the family did wage,
A vanquishing rout, impossible to gauge,
Slowly the plates, bare again, could be seen,
The food lost eh battle the pleasure was keen,

When the last of the pie was scraped from the platter,
Many dishes were empty, the diners were fatter,
The family, immobile, stayed right at the table,
None wanted to move, nor yet were they able,
Eventually, slowly, they hauled themselves off,
Quiet then followed with an occasional cough,

Sometime later, after naps, when most rejoined life,
Mom made the kids find each spoon, fork and knife,
And started the rest of the cleanup routine,
Getting plates neatly stacked in the washing machine,
The food packed away and the garbage thrown out,
It was time to be outside, to run and to shout,

Some opted to stay in the warm TeeVee room,
And watch as their favorite team met its doom,
But all in their way enjoyed their pursuit,
Whether fully involved or just standing mute,
So Thanksgiving passed; we came away meek,
And leftovers lasted till the end of next week.

By John D. Boenke
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