

'Twas a Month Before the Holidays
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'Twas a month before the holidays,
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.

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.

Then came November
And cases were spiking,
Wave two had arrived,
Much to our disliking.

It's true that this year
Has had sadness aplenty,
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
Cooler weather calls,
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.

The holidays aren't cancelled
And neither is hope.
If we lean on each other,
I know we can cope