

Millenials' Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
Not an iPad was stirring, not even its mouse.
Internet-secure routers all set to be ON
In hopes that Amazon would come before dawn.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of consumables danced in their heads.
And Ma in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had eased ourselves onto piled bubble wrap.

When out on the doorstep there occurred such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to my flat screen video I flew
To observe the front landscape by remote view.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
A FedEx truck with another, UPS, at its rear.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave luster of midday to boxes below.

With little old drivers, so lively and quick,
I feared in a moment it must be a trick.
My credit cards sadly were maxed as before.
So why'd they drop presents at my front door?

The drivers they sprang to their trucks with a whistle,
Away they both sped like an airborne missile.
I heard them exclaim as they drove out of sight,
"Merry Xmas to you, and that's no sound bite."

Frederick G. Guggenheim, MD

Dr. Guggenheim (AQA, University of Arkansas for Medical Sciences, 1998) is Clinical Professor Psychiatry, Alpert Medical School of Brown University; Professor of Psychiatry and Behavioral Sciences; and Chair Emeritus, University of Arkansas for Medical Sciences.

Illustration by Jim M'Guinness.

