

It's December 19th two thousand and sixteen
I'm glad to see those who could make the scene
Give me your attention and lend me your ear
Please listen to my poem for the 17th year

The weather outside has a chill in the air
Soon days will get longer, so do not despair
The bar is awash with Holiday cheer
We've plenty of food to enjoy over here

Tis' the season for reflection of the year that has past
Sometimes life is tough and sometimes it's a blast
Times shared with loved ones and often with a friend
For happiness is a way of travel, it is not the journey's end

The elections have past; the selections were made
It's unclear if those chosen, will make the grade
Either winner or loser; your candidates this year
In four years we'll try again; that much is clear

Improvements are being made in front and in back
Architectural genius; or have they been smoking crack
When the front is all finished and construction has quit
I'm sure that out back, it will still look like shit

The groovefest lives on; 6 days a week
People still smiling and tapping their feet
Bill Landis keeps it going, no matter the cost
For without the man's efforts the music would be lost

The future before us, at best is unclear
Guided mostly by choices, we make through the year
If next year's travels get you back here my friend
And I'll write another poem to recite at the end

Merry Christmas

Michael D. Dennis
19 December, 2016