

Winter Solstice

by tb mcglone

In a world where hanging red and green
Is seen as something too extreme
And wishes for glad tidings cause
Apologies from Santa Claus

I boldly make a festive plea
Humbly and most merrily
That you and yours will want to sing,
"Sing in the Dawn" the season brings

Setting rules and vague conditions
Parsing out select traditions
Palpable for all the masses
Turns us mules into the asses

In spite of good intentions, we
Fall victim to a false P.C.
And in the worry, frets and fuss
Lose our open-mindedness.

We should instead strive to embrace
Observances of every race
And Deck the Halls with full regalia
As once they did at Saturnalia

No one will take offense to see
A lit menorah by the tree.
Or frown when hearing others say
"We give our gifts on *Boxing Day!*"

Mi Tía serves lechón. ¡Qué Rico!
For the *Parranda* down in Puerto Rico.
From house to house their numbers grow
And sing until the rooster crows.

And down the street, two girls arrange
Some lights around a lonely manger
While seven principles recite

Preparing for the Kwanza night

These customs, new and old, are great
And there's no need to validate
My neighbor who's on his roof afixin'
A sleigh that's pulled by Don and Blitzen

As warm and welcoming a sight
On the shortest day and longest night.
The warming sun will greet the dawn
Just at the Tropic of Capricorn.

In ancient times you'd run amiss
Not venerating the Solstice
With celebrations, song and fun
Inviting back the jealous sun

Enduring old man winter's teeth
The evergreen and berried wreath
Bespeckled red on greenish twists
Symbolize that life persists

We humans are not alone, you see,
In what's called "seasonality".
It's known that doe and buck refrain
From "reveling" 'til daylight wanes.

So why is it now not deemed cool
To do the same at times of *Juul*?
Embrace all members on the list
From those devout to atheist.

Yes, here we've hit upon the mark
To help illuminate the dark
And teach us that the longest night
Means days begin to have more light.

And take such comfort as you may
From those traditions that hold sway.

We all bring richness to the plate,
A smorgasbord that makes us great.

And so we *"Sing to bring the dawn!"*
The hope of light in all, reborn.
As for us McGlones and the yearly review?
While we still look sharp, our pitch is true.