



'Twas the night before Christmas

*by Saint Paula of the Clouds
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'Twas the night before Christmas—
referred to as 'Eve'.
The Warning hasn't come yet,
so hard to believe.



We're almost all through
two thousand and twenty,
from MAGA we changed to
woes a-plenty.

A virus inflicted
by the C.C.P.
started spreading from Wuhan—
went overseas.



Though US borders were closed,
still, COVID got in.
Social distancing
masks was how we would win.

Five feet is too close
When'er you're standing in line;
Six feet is the best
(arbitrarily assigned).



Wear a mask at all costs—
makes people feel safe;
no matter it's pointless,
no matter it chafes.

Carbondioxide—
well, for trees it is great.
But all humans need O2,
when they aspirate.



Businesses closed;
schools began distance-learning.
Swamp creatures were looting,
destroying, and burning.

Stimulus checks from the Fed
grew national debt—
the least of our problems,
compared to this threat.



An unseen enemy,
stealing kith and kin.
It's around every corner,
'er causing chagrin.



Please forget HCQ;
forget Regeneron.
Vaccine is the answer.
Welcome to Babylon!

The shot's got RNA
(nasty messenger type)
to mutate your DNA—
forget the hype.

The Beast Mark is coming;
mark my word, it's the truth.
It's going to be biblical.
Refuse? Uncouth!



Churches are in lockdown,
restricting their count.
Cardboard fans at the games,
as teams vie to surmount.

POTUS was acquitted—
he did nothing wrong.
There was no 'quid pro quo'
or justice obstruction.



Saharan dust drifts here;
while Australia was toast;
harmful storms in the delta;
fires on west coast.

Beirut port exploded.
Puerto Rico's earthquake.
African locusts.
Michigan floods, when dam breaks.



UK leaves EU.
Wall Street takes a nosedive.
Should buy stock in Plexiglas,
only to survive.

Pope Francis tells the world:
get dirty, make a mess;
civil unions are fine;
but rules are 'un-na-cess'.



The Church intention
removes the Sacrifice:
it's Abomination.
Words to the wise suffice.

Preppers always prep;
and dreamers always dream.
Coverstone is a prophet;
thirdeagle finds theme.

Dana sees at night,
when his lids are tightly shut:
Politics are key;
the election's not clear-cut.





The tortoise and the hare
took part in a rigged race.
The outcome is uncertain.
Warned the Being, "Brace!"

Harris 'Biden' time
to control our nation,
as the first black girl
and as the first Asian!

Will Trump part the sea,
blood-red and like a wall?
Can he thwart tyranny?
Will the U.S. fall?



The Remnant has his back,
praying Rosaries.
A stone that is cut;
a mountain it shall be.

To Mary we fly,
Ever-Virgin, our Mother.
Crush the old enemy
of LORD Jesus, our Brother!

In the End she triumphs--
oh, be not mistaken.
The AC and FP
will be fiery lake in.



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