

Twass the Duck before Christmas Poem

Aka A Visit From St Duckulus

By Ducky

Twass the night before Christmas, when all through the lake
Not a critter was stirring, not even a drake.
The duck sox were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Duck Nicklus soon would be there.

The ducklings were nestled all snug in their bunks,
And oh how they resembled, neighbourhood punks.
And Mimi in her pjs, and I in my skivvies,
Had scattered our duck brains and been to the privies.

When out on the lake there arose such a clunk,
I waddled from the nest falling out of my bunk.
Away to the shore I flapped like a flash,
Tore open the duck blind and threw out the trash.

The moon on the beach full of new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to feathers below.
When, what to my dumbfounded peepers appear,
But a floppy flock flyer, and eight daffy duck deer.

With a little old driver, so spritely and quick,
I knew in a winkydink it must be Duck Nick.
More rapid than geesers his draggers they came,
And he bristled, and shouted, and quacked out their names!

"Now Donald! now, Daisy! now, Quacker and Quickxen!
On, Gertie! On, Beaker! on Daffy and Dixon!
To the top of the pines! to the top of the wall!
Now Quack away! Quack away! Quack away all!"

As dry feathers that before dad's leaf blower fly,
When they meet with the leaf pile, mount to the sky.
So up to the tree-top the flappers they flew,
With Ikea bags of Toys, and St Dukolas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard such a howl
The prancing and pawing of each little fowl.
As I drew in my head, and was waddling slapdash,
Down the chimney St Duckolas came with a splash.

He was clad all in feathers, from his feet to his gums
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and crumbs.
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his wing,
And he looked like a rock star with sparkle and bling.

His eyes-how they twinkled! his pimples how merry!
His cheeks were like posies, his nose like a canary!
His droll little beak was drawn up like a crow,
And the down of his chin was as white as the snow.

A splinter of wood he stuck in his nose,
And it caused a great festering, red as a rose.
He had a broad face and a bulky fat belly,
That shook when he quacked, but was seriously smelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old foul,
And I laughed when I saw him with a sickeningly howl!
A wink of his eye and a twist of his tail,
Soon gave me to know from whence came that smell.

He spoke not a quack, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the duck socks, acting like a jerk.
And laying his web foot aside of his nose,
And giving a quack, up the chimney he rose!

He tottered to his sleigh, to his flock gave a squawk,
And away they all flew like the flight of a hawk.
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he migrated away,
"Quacky Christmas to all, and to all a gooday!"