

January

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 January first the sun dull as a candle sleep in till April	2 Squirrels climb stucco that's my money flaking off please don't eat my house	3 The floor here is swept a straw from the broom remains such is my progress	4 Tube socks fit no one and tube tops flatter few tube or not tube	5 January dawn prodigal sun shows its face let's throw a party	6 Soft chairs at Starbucks old men vie for them with glares their bones like bonfires	7 My new running shoes loiter in the hall closet false advertising
8 The Moon reflects heat from the sun as faint as that in your last letter	9 Moth balls, cedar chests, as though time would never go where not invited	10 Fog thick as porridge I slice through with a box knife the air heals, no harm	11 My fortune cookie says you will pick up the check fate is generous	12 Birds at the feeder never get a day off work they need a union	13 Cancún Winter sun pallid bodies on the beach better red than dead	14 Nosebleeds can hog-tie even the wildest rebel Kleenex is The Man
15 Power out cell dead might as well hunt mammoths with a pointy stick	16 Audiologist mumbles like a two-year-old these kids no respect	17 TSA line what joy hand checks and steely stares then your pants fall down	18 Snow emergency back home while here on the beach it's a whiteout	19 Old friends short-sleeve shirts frangipani and spoonbills time to eat again	20 Geezers in Beemers white-knuckled 20 miles an hour the new theme park ride	21 Seagulls and French fries were born for one another one more, si'l vous plait
22 Resurrection ferns on hoary oaks we all live by such indulgence	23 Cold snap the natives reach for their goose-down wraps blood thin as helium	24 So many places offer early bird specials we'll roost anywhere	25 Midwinter blossoms like your aunt left behind an unexpected fortune	26 Each day the elderly wake in sunshine they rejoice for all they have not	27 Dawn sky streaked with gold there is no treasure to chase you are rich already	28 Lightning launches fire blizzard due tomorrow night the show never stops
29 A nesting seagull dragging a blue ribbon through the fog	30 The black and white world midwinter beneath the moon breath mistaken for ghosts	31 Why move snow around I honor it where it falls placed like a rosebud				

February

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1 A blue jay selects the last of the chokecherries the shrub bestows	2 Squirrels all mobbed up the gangstas own the feeders no nuts no mercy	3 Frozen buds on the forsythia too eager to outshine the cold	4 Deer prints through snow mounds that are easily sidestepped desire a straight line
5 His car spins on ice he throws his hands in the air loves a carousel	6 Snow drifts by, dreaming of water. I lift my hand to the cold, then wet	7 Later comes the snap as the frog harvests the fly but first, the silence	8 Doctor's office mags did you hear about Lindbergh? now I'm up to date	9 Coffee and burnt toast unsettled clouds and old cats the whole day teeters	10 Snow plow mirages foolhardy cars pirouette on streets frozen blue	11 Winter pines for me like an undertaker with his cooling board
12 February sun like your dad's drunken promise to buy you a car	13 More snow as welcome as a visit from your auntie during the Super Bowl	14 Vapor trails cross the new moon like claw marks the stars bleed clouds	15 Fitbit gift reveals my slothful life. I vow change; I'll fetch my own beer	16 Mid-winter blues, like the guy whose guitar left him for a ukulele	17 Geese glean the cornfields between the snow drifts. They find, or don't. Live, or don't.	18 Roads like glass, I float fearless in the traffic no imagination
19 Color-mad Van Gogh would never paint this winter sky gray as a heartbreak	20 Trash trucks hoist and holler, crash along at dawn as though to call out our dead	21 Covid pajamas Zooming with camera off I've found my style	22 President's Day with no mail, white sales. Washington would have been so proud	23 Nine p.m., the night exhausted when once it ticked. My mainspring is sprung	24 "Warning, wet floor," as though I'm the kind to obey signs I'm the kind to wear a cast	25 Tanks bombs and bullets diplomacy shot point blank barbarians
26 Gray clouds and blue sky the dark and the glorious that's life isn't it?	27 Black coffee and blue sky there are worse omens I could have Postum and snow	28 Love need not be loud. There is no need for sirens. Whisper. Use your hands.				

March

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1 Cooper's hawk perches watching the red squirrel feed there is no anger here	2 March shows up at last with the same old promises liar, liar, liar	3 Long has the wind blown, so how does it not grow weary, resent every kite?	4 Cats beg for warm laps they hunt for heat, not for meat Serengeti gone
5 A cardinal chirps, it's that time when birds are busy making birds	6 Alabama air so welcome in Ohio in March, not July	7 Fragrant air, not dead like that which winter exhales wind you can dance in	8 Storm walks in, sits down puts its feet on the good couch just try to move me	9 Telephone lines fence the air, today carrying more birds than voices	10 Zeppelin songs still rock while fans groove on early bird specials in bed tonight	11 Is too many books a real thing? Might as well say I have too much air
12 The boys with baseballs are back on the field at last I am twelve again	13 March snow, as welcome as a phone call from your boss on your honeymoon	14 Time never changes despite our clocks, it simply stalks us through our lives	15 Contrails on blue so many so far so fast the world dwindles	16 Jays strike the feeder like Babe Ruth did a baseball going, going, gone	17 Irish songs, green beer we are lucky leprechauns we've found the gold	18 Tea in the morning ritual is a shy thing the leaves speak softly
19 Dogs walk their servants to check their message service fireplug to fireplug	20 Our potholes so wide we call in the Coast Guard They dock at Broad and High	21 Basketballs like coins juggling in a rich man's pocket I ♥ March madness	22 Coffee steams away vapor should be a warning beware too much life	23 Spring fever and all of us are tapping our feet prestissimo	24 War undercuts spring like turbulence can erode love when there is blood	25 Kick in all the doors smash all the windows until spring comes out to play
26 Mail every third day check the box, check the box, where are my catalogs?	27 The forsythia buds as snow falls, will not forsake the spring	28 Spring ran off again on a bender, no note, just cold beds, dead flowers	29 Speak, pause, search for words. Where do they go and why? Please come home. I miss you.	30 Cars sans license plates so many sneer at the law more Jenga blocks gone	31 Third world populace questions math that only counts who has the most guns	

April

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1 Those graves in Navarre, Cambridge, Barnesville, all over my winnowed people
2 Ten boys jump as one fledglings about to take flight time shines so briefly	3 The more keys you have the less important you are -a found senryu	4 His hammer rusting the hand that used it, rusting the house bleeding nails	5 Siri listens for its name twenty-four seven who knows what it knows	6 Summer stumbles north dragging hummingbirds along a gift to its host	7 Time to mow again. Wonder who's the victor here? Just ask who feeds whom	8 Neon red sports shoes the young shout so much more were I as fearless
9 A cup of coffee the morning revs its engine prepare for takeoff	10 One Zoom, two, three, four My friends have lost their bodies but their hair looks great	11 Amazon boxes these days we worship a grin we are delivered	12 April thunderstorms the sky says don't forget me my art is lightning	13 House fix-up shows lie their dollars stretch like taffy mine shrink like wet wool	14 Paint Creek undulates past the Serpent Mound. Both coils call the centuries	1533 Highland County hills blue under cloud-peppered sky buzzards watch us pass
16 A poet's voice supple as leather stropped for decades her razor poem	17 Robins bathe like they have a date this afternoon lice a faux pas	18 The pussy willow searches for the thermostat pleads to evict winter	19 Twain on a Jet-Ski not so hard to imagine. Me on a horse? No.	20 Wednesday I step on an Easter egg too well hid a child's triumph lost	21 Four twenty in code flashback nineteen seventy we too thought ourselves cool	22 Looks like rain, she says with the skies ripped, growling, looks like a blessing
23 A kombucha, some cauliflower crackers, and thou, wrote Kayyam, almost	24 Sweatshirts to tank tops from goose down to skin and back fickle damn gulf stream	25 Thistles too wait for the spring, have vital business urgent as any	26 Hummingbirds overdue this countryside is moving in slow motion	27 Wind chimes in a breeze soothing to vexing in one more mile per hour	28 After the rain stops, flowers bedazzle the sun country set aflame	29 Old hands repot flowers they live for one another now is everything
30 Ham and beans, corn bread such memories satisfy more than haute cuisine						

May

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 Some poetry comes like sleet on a laundry line unwelcome, lovely	2 Two crows take peanuts majestic in their hunger portents on the fly	3 The leaves unfold like tiny parasols and shade slides across the lawn	4 The mob boss starling sucks up seed like a whirlwind nickname it Hoover	5 Thunder growls, wind shrieks lightning crashes the sky down I am nothing	6 Poetry readings- where poets take off their clothes and say look at me
7 Spring and hope both know disappointment lurks six months away	8 New mothers parade their treasures past flower beds full of the same joy	9 America, you've won! Your prizes? A gun, a baby, and a Bible. No, you can't turn it down.	10 Azaleas bloom like fireworks all over the mountain forest	11 The heat advances northward like a millipede chasing a doughnut	12 the lilacs burst out with perfume and purple like they expect a queen	13 Cat in the window watches birds, dreams of murder sweet little snookums
14 Sun looks down on all that pale spring skin and grins; he has work to do	15 The worms churn the dirt while humans name themselves master gardeners	16 Guitar strings have their own language I can't speak but I can cry along	17 "Pigeons on the grass, alas," wrote Gertrude Stein. She should have seen my car.	18 Hummingbirds appear in a panic, zip and dart frenetic beauty	19 Haiku three forty eight the water is one inch deep I dip anyway	20 Squirrels chin themselves on the feeder—who's buff now? I flex my sad arms
21 Native plants returned to our garden, quite the feast for our deer gourmands	22 My cell phone is smart smart enough to let me pay while it plays TikTok	23 The page is always blank when I start / my brain is blank when I finish	24 Spring accelerates soon our foot is to the floor racing through summer	25 Our flag at half-mast why not leave it there? Paint our portraits with crosshairs	26 On the cusp of June we paint with gaudy colors our joie de vivre	27 Gumball peonies ready to put on a show while the ants applaud
28 Robins in the bird bath flap and preen and sing out with a joy I long for	29 My hair isn't gone it has relocated to a bad neighborhood	30 War babies: who remembers the ones who were left in the rubble	31 One year passes, the next creeps up from behind — yes, you are being stalked			

June

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 Crickets come alive and the party begins / the night rings with passion	2 Canadian air so fresh, cool, welcome to the corn belt inferno	3 The garden bargains, offers us peace for labor the deal is struck
4 Pollen and seed float across the border like refugees earth opens its arms	5 Hummingbirds return time passes so quickly as they fan the lush air	6 Summer and all I want to do is nap in the grass I should be mowing	7 Roses in full bloom June can't stop showing off enjoy this perfume	8 A doe and her fawn hiding beneath our pine trees city dwellers now	9 Too much house to tend too few hours to cavort question my values	10 The school year ends and noon becomes breakfast, bedtime yawns at four a.m.
11 The sounds of baseball grandpa speaks from the grave tales of the Babe	12 Days stretch out like snakes unwinding in the sun; heat is resurrection	13 Ikea and I have a deal; they provide the puzzle, I the curse	14 Some days poems come like a charging bear; most days like a yawning sloth	15 On the summer porch Languid cats won't chase a mouse Until the heat breaks	16 No handyman has a plum for a thumb like mine tools my nemesis	17 Short sleeve days, sun dress, bathing suit and thongs while sweaters wait patiently
18 The guy with white socks, that's me: 20th century man. At least, no sandals	19 FedEx trucks, smile vans treasure heaped on our doorstep trash bins overflow	20 My Nissan Cube, the refrigerator on wheels; I am Mister Cool.	21 No UFO buff me I see enough strange life forms at my Starbucks.	22 Blood pressure cuffs should ring like the High Striker bell at the carnival	23 When poets gather their words fly like boomerangs duck when they return	24 Laptop computers jammed full of poems to be sweat will coax them out
25 My lawn turns to dust the asphalt drive like taffy July must be close	26 My friends, their chapbooks reveal more about themselves than years face to face	27 Do punk marsupials show off their rebellion with hands in their pockets?	28 Terse verse could be worse I have written at length just to fill a thimble	29 My new bright red shirt loved it until some smart ass called me Santa Claus	30 Sapphire sky, diamond sun, who flaunts jewels as fine as these?	

July

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1 The Beatles drag me back; I lived there once, not again. Let it be
2 Long thoughts don't fit here but since I rarely have one abbrev. rules	3 Shade and lemonade a beach read and a pillow stay this moment, stay	4 Independence Day when we declared our freedom and white men rejoiced	5 I love those dried grapes how they add chew to a meal my raison d'être	6 The Tour de France, where young men discover that pain has no finish line	7 Maples in full glory each leaf given one summer to love the world	8 Air thick as treacle I want to wring it dry before I drown by breathing
9 Sun in no hurry ambles across the sky like a boy bound for church	10 Flowers left where she died also die, and who leaves flowers for flowers?	11 Mountains so tall then time attacks with its hammer up and down, up, down	12 One determined cloud drifts east against a west wind we all chase something	13 Comedies, drive-ins popcorn and hanky-panky my America	14 Fat dogs waddle by cats in windows wonder at the birds they ignore	15 Dinner time creeps up the clock; bedtime does likewise. The now was yesterday
16 Neighbor trims his trees no one told the trees to stop as though they'd listen	17 Chalk on the sidewalk takes me back to cave paintings art is immortal	18 One deer and two fawns No more hostas and those deer-resistant shrubs? Yum	19 These days of languor a porch swing, iced tea, Limón; peace rocks us to sleep	20 Five inches of rain and our bushes grow two feet. You'd think they could walk	21 Butterweed, ditch lilies, Queen Anne's lace, blue chicory brings glory to roadsides	22 Summers and Slurpees how better to celebrate than with neon drinks
23 A wristwatch and a pocket knife and a billfold boomer regalia	24 The spine? Not my friend. It wanders hither and yon, Wakes me to say hi	25 The peacock parades; behind its back the barnyard whispers, "drag chicken"	26 Cobwebs greet the sun the architects worked all night, the art of hunger	27 Mowers, trimmers, trucks, chain saws, planes, barking dogs otherwise, so quiet	28 Cobbler for breakfast it has a short shelf life and I could die by lunch	29 Some sweep the porch, others sweep the porch well; many don't see the difference
30 Morning's first coffee flings me like a catapult where I land, who knows	31 The wood thrush at dawn waited all night to sing out here I am, here, here					

August

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1 The first sounds of fall-school brass band wakes us with practice caterwauls	2 Speak more clearly please all those heavy metal years my ears have rusted shut	3 Old men and coffee crosswords, post cards, solitaire, naps at the Starbucks	4 August comes with its blowtorch, scorching foliage, blistering gardeners	5 Old feet on steep trails like a toddler's first steps staggering with doubt
6 Time dives like a hawk to kill the joys of summertime all for nil for now	7 The dog days, but dogs are too smart to hoe and weed shade, sleep, tail wags	8 Red-eyed vireo lures us deep into the woods wins at peek-a-boo	9 Two cats, down to one where she slept, now a black hole the suction won't stop	10 She makes her catsup every step contemplation one task, one thought	11 Butterflies carry the air like Dad with his lunch bucket work, work, work	12 The corn has tasseled they're polishing the school bells summer on the run
13 In poke weed berries beauty and danger in one the same old story	14 Watermelon days cold and sweet and refreshing as a pond with a swing	15 Muzak at Starbucks the sixties revolution gone to sell blonde roast	16 August shaves the days down summer never sticks around to play in the snow	17 Four hundred haircuts—once blessed with too much hair how I wish it back	18 The flood waters, made even more damaging by the tears they carry	19 I tip big, fragile ego thus stroked; for whom this generosity?
20 Sparrows feed fledglings as big as they; the clock of parenthood runs slow	21 The last man in Florida high on a phone tower shops for beachfront in Greenland	22 Clouds fold up the sky and wring it dry, dignify the rain with lightning	23 Dark chocolate is a health food, she says; I know enough to agree	24 Footprints remain on the underground railroad the dirt remembers	25 Electric cars whisper as they pass the funeral for my flathead Ford	26 Northwest Ohio, the land of corn and beans, the state of succotash
27 College memories so long ago now I recall I was the perfect student	28 Nirvana burns up my ear buds. I dig for poems in the blisters	29 The world of Zoom gives way to mints and handshakes where are my pants	30 Dog day at the pool found in the dictionary under J for joy	31 Five, seven, five? Ha! The rebel in me chooses my words ÷ zero		

September

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1 Paw paws ripen, fall, lay uneaten as food banks ache from empty shelves	2 School buses wake me for a moment; I recall how we begged for sleep
3 Gridiron season crowds dressed in scarlet and gray live/die Saturday	4 In the warbler's songs I can hear the wanderlust Don't leave without me	5 Wind tugs at the leaves summer sings its long goodbyes bonfires hold a match	6 How can we tell that fall is nigh? The leaves? Pumpkins? Christmas catalogs.	7 Apple picking time the trees hold their treasures high gold just out of reach	8 Fall nights stretch like cats that circle and knead their bedding I welcome them both	9 Wash the winter coats, the comforters, the flannel shirts, put you skin away.
10 Summer still lurks here peering from played-out gardens peeking in school windows	11 Once square peg, round hole now round peg, square hole I love my wiggle room	12 The sun clocks out earlier every evening who else wants the job?	13 Cats and small boxes, children and large boxes; when did I outgrow mine?	14 Black walnut shells drop on windshields like cannonballs Safelite's favorite tree	15 Some folks paint their bricks as if there wasn't enough work in the world now	16 Corn maze season: what fun we shall have, lost in the vegetables
17 Flu shot, Covid shot I may be a pincushion but I'm not dead yet	18 Harvest moon, allows farmers to reap by it, keeps hayrides infertile	19 All praise to Zoloft! In the old days we were forced to praise one another	20 Train in the distance forlorn whistle follows me seventy years now	21 My birthday again such a long stretch back there now so dark ahead	22 Corn on the cob, soon a delicious memory; fall is cruel that way	23 Mulled cider, graham crackers, marshmallows, chocolate communion with fall
24 Children carve ragged grins on pumpkins, scary as an orthodontist's dream	25 The days grow shorter night plumps our pillow, sends us straight to bed	26 The boys of summer won't yield the field while baseball still needs heroes	27 I pick up my phone suddenly it's ten p.m. time the rubber band	28 Crickets sound frantic now, singing out here I am, here! Been there, done that.	29 Remember cash? post barter, pre credit, our pocket change jingled	30 Hummingbirds are gone fled south, the feeder empty ordinary air

October

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 On the cliff between summer and fall, we wait for our rope to fail	2 Thermometers now go back to work, advising us every dark morning	3 Ten cars now for every one in 1950 stick ball suicide	4 Rereading Macbeth all that blood, greed, ambition? Call it MacPutin	5 Wednesdays at noon they test the dire sirens I want to howl too	6 Fifth grade, I can see the playground from my desk I'm out there all day	7 Coffee after three: a friend who follows you to bed and won't shut up
8 Hunter's Moon, when we deal with too many deer for eight billion humans	9 Bucks prep for combat sharpen antlers in moonlight does on tenterhooks	10 I place new chap books under my pillow, sink deep into whoops and squeals	11 Coyotes in our neighborhood slide through the night no roadrunners here	12 I had that thought last week; I'm glad I kept my peace, now that you say it	13 Harvesters strike down the standing corn while blackbirds await their banquet	14 The time has arrived for sales on salt and shovels resistance is futile
15 Leaves strewn until roaring blowers corral them Oh, temptation	16 Haven't heard a lunch whistle in years; wind howls through the steel mill rubble	17 Like a slinky falls down the stairs one by one gravity rides me	18 Skeletons on porches wait for the Grub Hub driver the dead don't tip well	19 Jigsaw puzzles can chew time into little bits swallowed by the dog	20 Cats on the counter— intolerable? if so, you don't have a cat	21 North wind, flannel nights the snap of burning pine logs scotch and Tony Bennett
22 Punk rock at lunch in the retirement home Sex Pistols now derringers	23 Cricket in the house cat on the hunt until sleep chirps more loudly	24 Football fly and fans nail their hearts to the goalposts hungry and ardent	25 Wind heaps crimson leaves against the hedgerow; do rakes know better?	26 Maples riot, throw their leaves to the ground, refuse to dress for winter	27 Dogs leap in leaf piles while we pack leaders watch, such second-hand joy	28 Nights now longer than days the time has come to love stars
29 My brain opens up out spills a hodge-podge of words watch where you step	30 October wanes and colors leach from the landscape fireworks of gray	31 Ghouls wander the streets candles guide them to treasure taffy from dentists				

November

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1 Bobbing for apples? It's so hard to look cool and drown at the same time.	2 Bare branches seine the moon as it sets; in darkness, bats cavort	3 World Series time when seventy-year-old men bore their audience	4 Daylight Savings Time, farewell; Time travelers we, two a.m., lift off.
5 Morning fog climbs the grape arbor and each leaf cups, glistening	6 Poetry flows with wind from the mountain instead, I just breathe	7 Spotify streams the songs of Leonard Cohen straight from heaven	8 Autumn at Starbucks students with good intentions glued to their cell phones	9 Cat butts the front door; I open it—too cold outside. She heads for the back door.	10 Thermometer tumbles I still own a coal shovel cold has a long memory	11 The dirt has them now the fallen, the survivors, every war, every sorrow
12 These long, long nights how did the first natives cope? Growls in the darkness.	13 The plague recedes, yet Zoom stays, all good; I treasure my headshot friends	14 Hot tea after lunch lap blanket to please the cat a north wind at dusk	15 Squirrels bury their nuts no map to find them later supply side failure	16 Mail delivery hit and miss; life seems empty without my coupons	17 Turkeys scratch the ground for acorns and caterpillars their thanksgiving	18 Bags of leaves curbside: worms and insects watch their winter homes hauled away
19 A good day for soup, she says, digging for ham bones in the freezer ice.	20 Six p.m. and dark the postman wears a lamp dreams of Key West mail	21 Florida friends on the phone, thermometer wars, I'm out of ammo.	22 First we stuff the turkey then we stuff the family with the stuffing	23 On Thanksgiving, the best treat on the table is generosity	24 Black Friday, when Thanksgiving love gives way to elbows in the mall	25 Leftover sandwiches, the corpse of a pie, ten pounds ready to come aboard
26 Buckeyes bite the dust tears flood the Olentangy next year is our year	27 The mailbox bulges with holiday offers—treasures today, trash tomorrow	28 I once watched the news but nothing's new these days for Methuselah and me	29 Spider webs once used as delicate bandages now the ingrate broom	30 The starling flock flies calligraphy in blue many wings one mind		

December

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1 Awake four a.m. no one on Facebook, Twitter the new lonesome	2 The winter sun tries so hard to break through the ice though as one they shine
3 Snow dreams of rivers rivers dream of the ocean old men lie awake	4 Enough deer to pull a sleigh, here in the yard; my present for Santa	5 December, the prodigal sun so welcome we forgive its absence	6 The cat eyes the tree festooned with ornaments, each a new enemy	7 Holiday lights glow from every house on our street, an AEP Christmas	8 The sun stays south now, blinds drivers at eight a.m. still burns cold at noon	9 I'm dreaming of a white Christmas, shoveling snow, hoping my heart won't blow
10 Oh Tannenbaum, the fragrance of the forest, green when we need it most	11 Little drummer boy Buddy Rich on the skins be-bop, birthday baby	12 Frosty the snowman represents all night, his bling reflected Christmas lights	13 Jingle Bells, don't jingle damn bells: too many parties, aspirin for Christmas	14 God rest ye merry gentlemen, after the bike has been assembled	15 Angels we have heard on High Street; dressed in rags. Everyone wears Prada in heaven.	16 Oh little town of Bethlehem, no Motel Six to leave the torch on for you
17 Do you hear what I hear, Christmas carols day and night ear worm overload	18 Hanukkah candles eight days, two thousand years never forgotten	19 Twelve days of Christmas? Free the birds, toast the dancers, the musicians. Share the gold.	20 On a midnight clear, grandpa at the ATM, greenery for the grandkids	21 Joy to the world, the kids long since born, we all sleep late on Christmas morn	22 Away in a manger under the tree, the cat sleeps with Jesus so peacefully	23 The first noel, and three wisemen show, not one diaper in tow
24 Rudolph the red-nosed drunk staggers on Christmas Eve he too deserves a savior	25 Go tell it on the mountain, on Facebook, TikTok! hashtag #BabyJesusisborn	26 Here where I write once was covered by a mile of ice I feel every inch of it today	27 A dusting of snow is enough. I am one who finds joy in thrift	28 Reading glasses, computer glasses, bifocals, what next? A guide dog?	29 Ten degrees yet starlings adore the heated bird bath hot-tubbin'	30 This snow shovel, free for boomers from my hospital, carries their ER ad
31 Drought in my pencil the water is one inch deep I dip anyway						