

Voltaire "X-mess Detritus"

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So many hopes
So many dreams
So many gifts under the tree
Needful things and passing whims and fleeing bits of
luxury
There they wait for to surprise some eagerly awaiting
eyes.
But at that very moment time starts counting down to
their demise
For every dearest darling prize will hear that chilling
thrilling chime
And become unwanted toys
For everything must break in time.
All will end up in a cave, a landfill or a shallow grave.
The earth will take what she can take and wretch the
rest up in a wave.
Poisoned, is the earth for years
From all the trinkets we held dear.
So spare the earth this holiday
Give love and friendship
Hope and cheer
Things one needn't wrap, my dears.

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