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# Our Christmas Carol

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## Our Christmas Carol • *Michael C. Smith*

We know the story:  
How ghosts cluttered his night,  
Then later,  
Scrooge Community College.

You resent giving  
As much as I,  
But we aren't the Macbeths yet.  
After all, we appreciate  
The humanity  
Of accidentally shopping  
For ourselves.

So he sells his iron lung  
To buy her a Mazda;  
So she foregoes her mastectomy  
To buy him a place  
By her heart.  
What is that to us?

What is the meaning of normal?  
A man running down  
Hospital halls,  
Clutching yellow feathers,  
Yelling Ramona, Ramona?

We know the story:  
Your mother out  
To a long lunch,  
Your brother and father  
Playing pool—forever.

It comes this way each year,  
Cloaked in the mystery  
Of their wants: Christmas.

In the algebra of snow,  
Our dark relatives cancel  
Our well-intentioned friends,  
Leaving us.