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The Night After Christmas

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'Twas the night after Christmas, and all throughout Trenton, Not a Hessian was stirrin', not botherin' with entrenchin'. Their stockings were hung up to dry in the air, Not knowing George Washington soon would be there.

The mercenaries were nestled all snug in their beds, While plant young virgins danced in their heads, And the whore in her nightshift and Colonel Rall in his cap Had just settled down to spread 'round the clap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter Rall sprang from the bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window he flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow Gave the lustre of midday to objects below, When what to his wondering eyes should appear But an army of colonists, irate and sans beer!

With a great hulking general, so tall and so dashing Rall knew in a moment it must be George Washing (ton). More rapid than eagles his soldiers they came, While George bellowed and shouted and called them by name.

"Now Americans, now patriots, now Virginians and southerners! On New Yorkers, on Jerseyians, on Yankees and northerners! To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall, Now dash away, dash away, capture them all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky, So up to the barracks the colonists they flew, With guns in their hands and in Washington's too.

And then in a twinkling Rall smelled from the roof The torches and firebrands of colonists aloof, As he reached for his sword and was turning around, Through the door General Washington came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with blood, gore, and soot. A half dozen heads he had slung on his back, And he looked like a giant, preparing a snack.

His eyes - how they flashed! Enough to cause worry! His cheeks were bright red from being out in the flurry; His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow That shoots arrows at prisoners who march far too slow.

A bloody finger he held clenched in his teeth, While smoke from the torches wrapped his head like a wreath. He held a severed head whose name had been Kelly And whose face turned the knees of his enemy to jelly.

He was tall and well-muscled, not short like an elf, And he laughed when he saw Rall in spite of himself. A wink of his eye and a jerk of his head Soon gave Rall to know that he fast would be dead.

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, Lunged with his sword, then twisted with a jerk. Then laying his hand ovetop of Rall's nose, Yanked the blade free and wiped the blood from his clothes.

Then he sprang from the room, to his men gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle. Survivors heard him exclaim as he rowed out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"