

The Christmas Cookie Caper

by Glenn Smith

it's very dark in here
the package is sealed tight
we feel the cartons movement
but we cannot see the light

once we lived in a factory
where the Baker made us
created most especially
for something called a Christmas

but now we're crowded together
snug inside a pack
told we have all that we need
it's only air we lack

all the jostling around
from place to place we go
our final destination,
we never really know

suddenly, the package is ripped open
revealed now is our fate
carefully we're removed...one by one
and laid out on a plate

there is light and air and sounds
it's all so very spooky
what a world we've been baked into
it's not easy being a cookie

here we are served-up and ready
chocolate chip and vanilla wafer
pecan sandy, sugar and spice
awaiting this Christmas caper

over there are the special ones
some white, some dark and some even pink
they're filled with cream and self importance
they don't think their chocolate chips stink

but for now we're all just waiting
told there's to be a big event
left here alone near the chimney
for a treat we are meant

"Hey" I said to the Oreo
"I'm scared, I think I made the tinkles"
"No" he replied, "you're okay,
the dog just licked your sprinkles"

suddenly, we all began to gasp
as a big red monster towered above
without legs we could not run
so we just shiver and shove

one cookie tossed some crumbs
and another dropped a chip
the oatmeal cookie hid her raisins
and tried her best to flip

then, one after another, the cookies vanished
woe is us...all was lost
it was only a matter of time
until in that dark cave we'd be tossed

then I felt a gloved hand pick me up
oh no, I surely was sunk
I was held over white liquid
and the hand began to dunk

slowly I was lifted to a forest of white hairs
it was then I saw the monsters eyes
jolly hell, they looked hungry
like two fat blueberry pies

then I heard the monster laugh
as vanished out of sight
Merry Christmas to all
And to all a very good night

BURP!