

The Dreaded Christmas Fruitcake

— Kelly Roper

Oh fruitcake, oh fruitcake,
Why are you heavy like a rock?
And why do people keep sending you to me?
I really wish they would stop.
Your texture is like rubber,
And your fruit is chewy like gum.
I think no one would give you as a gift,
If they'd ever eaten some.
I've tried re-gifting you,
But you just keep coming back.
If I have to look at you one more time,
I think my mind will crack.
I really hate to be wasteful,
And I don't like to act rash,
But I can't take it anymore,
You're going into the trash!