

CHRISTMAS, 2050

Twas the summer before Christmas,
But no elf could be found.
All across the Arctic,
There was no solid ground.

The ice had all melted,
It had all gone away.
The North Pole was gone,
To the bottom they say.

For the climate had changed,
And would continue to warm.
Until even in winter,
No ice it could form.

The stockings were hung,
By the chimney with care.
But there was no hope,
That Santa would be there.

The lights of the cities,
Were all very bright.
But poor Rudolph's nose,
Was nowhere in sight.

The air was all sooty,
The children were sad.
The Sierra Club was angry,
Because the coal plants were bad.

I was not asleep,
For this is no dream.
The climate will be worse,
Than it ever could seem.

But I heard Santa say,
As he swam out of sight.
“A lump of coal for you,
Will be mankind's plight.”

So email your congressman,
Ask where will it end?
Slow down the emissions,
This is more than a trend.