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Christmas

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Cover Page Footnote

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Christmas

Cops, beneath winking red and greens,
Dressed for Hallowe'en in rubber wear,
Herald tidings of the season
With their whistles and their waving gloves.

“Come on Buddy! Straighten it!
Make way!
No left: No right: 12 to 6.
Merry Christmas!
Keep it moving.”

And the speeding letter of the law driver
Baptizes him with a chilling tide of salt and slush.
Thank God for rubber wear.

A la vitrine

The manikin creches next to mechanized Santas
Ho ho ho and joy to the . . .
At the passing pedestrians burdened like dromedaries
Inviting them to buy that extra little . . .
Not too much . . .
But ever so . . .
For the man of your . . .
Money is no object.
Buy now . . .
Watch out for the sale of . . .
Bourbon for the holiday,
Warms the heart and . . .
Pain pain pain and fast relief of gittery nerves.
Try coffee buddy. It warms you and keeps you sober
So you can splash the rubber cop.

Tinsel, bells and lights
Wave the commercial advocate indoors
Where air conditioning melts the boot slush
And slides you to the nearest sale of lingerie and candycanes.

Choruses of tellers ring out the joy of a new purchase,
And the powder packed faces,
Blast you with your skaty eighth Christmas Greeting.

“Hello Mrs. Jones. . .
And the same to you.
No, the five cent doughnut with the peanuts and the frosting.
A cup of coffee, miss, for the sauta on the corner.
His bell is frozen and he wants to thaw it out with. . .
Joe. . .How’s the missus?
I’m broke too
But there’s lots of booze.
No mutton please.
Ham or Turkey.”

“A dollar five and three cents tax.
I’m sure she’ll love these.
They are good and stable with these expansion bands
And they wear like iron.
She can wear them with her next baby too.
Bless her.”

There go the Justice seeking people
From the Joseph Ave. Harlem
Come to Main and Clinton
To rub shoulders with the Pitsword Bus
And the college students in their little worlds
Weaving Plato into heaven knows what.
Brinning pennies from their cookie jars for the
Coffers of the rich bitch bastard families of Bright Town.
But they’ve got another to give to the Santa
With the Ho Ho bell and the Tinkle Tinkle laugh.
There go children dozing from exhaustion
In the parcels of their dromedary Mothers.

There the children in the toy shops
Laughing as they wished for
The rocket ship and the wonder toy,
Or the little dolls that have more of everything
Than the XOREX millionaire
And five of each.
Or a reed whistle that sounds like the rubber cop,
Stop! Look! Listen!
Six o'clock,
Gotta stop.
Keep it moving Joe.
Tweet, roar, splash, rubber cop.
Or the Beatles in a box
Screaming Ya Ya Ya
And Old MacDonald had a Christmas,
A E I O U;
And on that feast he had a blast,
Ae Io U;
With a Christ. . Christ. . here
And a Christ. . Christ. . there
Here a Christ. . There a Christ. .
Everywhere a Christ. .Christ!
Ya Ya Ya rubber cop
Where is Christ Cop?

Gee its Cold
Dollars and Cents
Joy and Myrth.
What of Christ and of His Birth?

Oh Little town of. . .
Rochester Gas and Electric wishes you a. . .
Joy to the. . .
Red nosed reindeer.
Tweet, roar, splash, rubber cop.
Where is Christ?
Where is Christ?

Away in a Manger. . .
Hey hey hey. . .
From the bottom of my. . .
Ya Ya Ya
Underground parking Lot.
Jingle jingle jingle. . .
I saw Mommy kissing. . .
In the Church
Splash Rubber Cop!
In the Plaza by the Clock. . .
See Him over there,
In the arms of the man with the dirty cap,
By the mother with the grocery bag,
Ya.
Sh Sh,
Let Him sleep.
Sh Rubber cop.

ALLAN McMILLAN, *csb.*

MAYBE WAIT

Should a silent gimme push her
slippery no's into muddy yes
with an empty trunkful of
maybe
on a dark road by getting in,
getting in (trouble) ?
When maybe a long (in short) love
would turn its sweaty mindless
nice
into goldband heartfull
us?

GREGORY CONCHELOS