

The Same Christmas Cake

Arrogant Worms

Christmas makes me realize how greatly things do change
Friends lose touch, people age, and family moves away
But it is what had stayed the same that gives me the most tears
For I've had the same Christmas cake for almost thirty years
Granny made it back in sixty-eight and gave it to my mom
Who gave it to her uncle who gave it to her son
Who then gave it to me and that is where it stuck
For I was only three months old and clearly out of luck
Each Christmas of my childhood that fruit-brick would return
My mom would place it on a plate and tell me I must learn
That it is rude to get a gift and not put it to use
And every year I'd take a bite and chip another tooth
After fifteen years of misery I'd had all I could take
That summer I went camping and dropped it in the lake
I thought that I was rid of it, but on Christmas eve
There it was "from Santa Claus" under the Christmas tree
Each year I'd try to lose it but it would just return
So I cried out "oh why have I been given such a burden?"
A voice replied, "it's not a curse, but the greatest gift"
"For when all else abandons you, you will still have it."
For all of man's creations slowly waste away
Relationships do crumble and buildings do decay
The pyramids and stonehenge slowly disappear
But if they were made of Christmas cake they'd last a million years

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