

'Twas Christmas in Canada: A Hippy's Holiday Homage

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'Twas the night before solstice,
and all through the North
people were wondering
what their votes were really worth.

Between Enbridge and Ford
the future looked dreary.
In spite of the holidays
it was hard to be cheery.

The First Nations protests
were still going strong,
while I was stuck in nine to five hell
wishing I could join the throng.

Then up in my brain
there arose such a clatter;
a flash: "Hey Canada!
What the hell is the matter!

We allow foreign interests
to destroy our land,
while our politicians ignore it,
or worse, lend a hand.

There is poverty and homelessness
in each community by the score,
when will we say:
"That's enough! No more!"

Down with Harper! Down with Enbridge!
Down with slashed veteran's funding!
Down with Wal-Mart! Down with Monsanto!
Down with nuclear power plants running!

Down with western values!
Down with patriarchal rule!
It is time for us all to wake up,
and time to stop playing the fool.

Let's support worker's strikes,
and populate picketing lines.
Let's buy food that is local or organic,
or grow our own roots and vines.

Instead of a Christmas of consumption
that feeds the capitalist machine
let's think about love and charity,
and what those words are really supposed to mean.

It's about being generous in spirit,
not just for a day, all year round.
It's about being positive and helpful,
even when life gets you down.

It's about standing up for each other,
and ensuring everyone gets their share.
This system endorsed by conservatives
with one dog at the top simply isn't fair!

So most of all this Christmas in Canada,
let's give a gift to warm cold yule nights:
let's give freedom and equality to all,
and to all their basic rights.