

Twas The Night Before Blogfest '09 – Clerk of the City

Twas the night before Blogfest, when all through the house
Not a blogger was stirring, not using his mouse.
The blog lists were hung by the computer with care,
In hopes that DFO soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of U-tube danced in their heads.
And mamma on her 'bluetooth, and I on my laptop,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a mighty blogger, and eight website peers.

This little old blogger, so witty but slow,
I knew in a moment it must be DFO.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now JBelle! now, Stickman! now, nic and MikeK!
On, Idawa! On, JeanieSpokane! on Aliasjax and mamajd!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they heard from a Caver, the fur it did fly.
So to their lap-tops the coursers they flew,
With the blogs full of ploy, and some ribbing too.

And then, in a twinkling, the great night had arrived
The tapping and patting oh Moon Dollar was alive.
As I drew in some beer, and was turning around,
Down the aisle DFO came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of wild card blogs he had flung on his lap,
And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.

His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And typed all the blogs, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his fingers aside from his prose,
And giving a nod, out of his chair he rose!

He sprang to his car, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Blogging to all, and to all a good-night!"