

Nic's Day for the Packers – 11.18.2014

'Twas a day for the Packers, when all 'round the field
The fans were there cheering, from drinking they reeled;
The temperatures cold and with snow on the ground,
In hopes that the cheese heads would win this time round;
The parents wrapped up their kids in warm clothes,
And zippered their parkas way up to their nose,
The Packers in green and Eagles in white,
The teams entered Lambeau for a long football fight —
When behind sidelines there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my seat to see what was the matter.
Across the stadium, right down in front,
Was a torturous sight, it must be a stunt.
A belly and breast pale like new fallen snow,
At the widest of girth he painted to show;
G, the logo for Green Bay right on his gut,
A jiggling fan, bearded with a face like a mutt
With a quickness surprising, and hurry to strip,
I knew in a moment - it must be Fat Nick.
More rapid than commentators announcing the game,
That he whistled, and shouted, and call'd them by name:
"Go Rogers! Go Matthews! Go Burnett and Nelson!
"Go Bostick! Go Hayward! Go Boykin and Sitton!
"Stop 3rd down conversion! Interception touchdown!
"Now smash away Phillidelphia into the ground"
The people around him, through shivering and cheer,
They rallied around him then they bought him a beer;
So up to their feet to root for the home team,
With the risk of frost bite — and Fat Nick's burly scream:
And then in a twinkling, I heard whistles blow
The referees pondering penalty woe.
I drew on my hood and kept my eye on Fat Nick,
To see how long he could keep up with his shtick:
He was dress'd only in undies tight round his waist,
And his clothes were all stuffed in a backpack with haste;
A glove on one hand but the other uncovered,
He look'd like a stalker yet to be discovered:
His chest — he waxed it! His armpits: not hairy,
His cheeks from the cold, burned red like a cherry;
His droll little mouth heckled trivial wit,

His nipples could cut glass like a diamond drill bit;
The stubbly beard surrounded chattering teeth,
His breath turned to frost and formed rings like a wreath.
On top of his head was a hat green and yellow,
His physique could only compare to a bowl full of Jello:
He was chubby and plump, but unusually spry,
And I laugh'd when I saw him and wanted to cry;
His cheers seemed to work and our team was ahead
And soon I forgot he was almost naked.
He spoke many words like it was serious work,
Groaned at personal fouls; called Chip Kelly a jerk,
The two minute warning made it crystal clear
The Packers were winning and victory near.
He sprung from his seat at the ref's final whistle,
And rushed to the field, like a ballistic missile:
Then I heard him exclaim from the fifty yard line —
"I'm going streaking, y'all have a good time."