

SPIN HART

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Much to our distress and to our chagrin
It's that time of year we're in

When carolers make a sickening din
While we shop for gifts for friends and kin

It makes some crawl out of their skin
And others turn to rum and gin

But for every fang there is a gin
For every frown there is a grin

So why not take it on the chin
Don't lose your head like Anne Boleyn

As did the Grinch find joy within
For a brand new year will soon begin

With another chance to turn loss to win
And make amends for any sin

So whirl the wheel of fortune's twin
And spin, great mandala, spin spin spin!