

# In A Rut

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This is the time of year deer rut  
Running wildly on the move  
They'll pause a while to antlers butt  
Then bound away on fleeting hooves

They appear to me to be somewhat  
Like shoppers run amok and who've  
Got stuck in the commercial glut  
And from their senses are removed

If this tradition could be cut  
You'd find a new one and that you've  
Time for friends or your mutt  
Thus season's spirits will improve

So quit this tired tinselled smut  
I think it will you best behoove  
To bide by this old wise chestnut  
'Tis fine line twixt a rut and groove.

