



# Poetry Appreciation Group

**Next meeting: Monday 20<sup>th</sup> February, 10.30 am in Downpatrick  
Golf Club**

Bring along a copy of your most and/or least favourite poem by a poet whose surname begins with the letter **T, U and V.**

*Doris's Christmas poem:*

## **Twelve Days of Christmas**

On the first day of Christmas my true love said to me  
I've bought a big fresh turkey and a proper Christmas tree.

On the second day of Christmas, much laughter could be heard  
As we tucked into our turkey, a most delicious bird.

On the third day of Christmas came the people from next door  
The turkey tasted just as good as it had the day before.

On the fourth day of Christmas, some wine and cheese we had  
We were bright and happy – the turkey a little sad.

On the fifth day of Christmas outside the snowflakes scurried  
But we were nice and warm inside, we had the turkey curried.

On the sixth day of Christmas, the Christmas spirit died  
The children fought and bickered, we had the turkey fried.

On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love he did wince  
When he sat down at the table and was offered turkey mince.

On the eighth day of Christmas, the dog had run for shelter  
He'd seen our turkey pancakes and the glass of alka-seltzer.

On the ninth day of Christmas, by lunchtime dad was blotto  
He knew the bird was back again, this time it was risotto.

On the tenth day of Christmas, we were drinking home-made brew,  
As if that wasn't bad enough, we were eating turkey stew.

On the eleventh day of Christmas, the Christmas tree was moulting  
With chilli, soy and oyster sauce, the turkey was revolting

On the twelfth day of Christmas, we had smiles upon our lips  
The guests had gone, the turkey too, we dined on fish and chips.