

WOODWORKERS CABINETMAKERS CHRISTMAS

T'was the night before Christmas and all through the shop.

The machines sat quietly, in the corner, a mop
The nailers were hung on the pegboard with care
Because sort, set and order, was in place in there.

The machines were all idle but cleanly shut down
At morning, the draftsmen, would send the plans down.

The foreman, at home sleeping so sweetly
Was dreaming of carcasses and face frames and QC
When there- on my iPhone- a message appeared.

Who had clocked in? At this hour? So weird.
I went down the stairs and logged into the hard drive
Scrolled down to the cameras and clicked number ' -5- '

The outside back entrance was closed up real tight
And so was the front door - as it should be for the night
When what to my wondering eyes should I see?

But a miniature sleigh, and 8 tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

On went the router, and the lights on the shelf
And I saw that he had not 1 but 9 elves.

Now Measure! Now Cut! Now Sand & Assemble!
Make sure that range hood is plumb, square, and level.

Off to the paint booth and onto the table
The elves finished everything the kicks, & the gables
Next...On went the moulder... Spinning knives I could see
But I winced 'cause not one was wearing PPE.

The cabinets...ALL laid out - The uppers, and trim
Handles and glides- and even some shims!

And then in a twinkling, I heard on *MY* roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound:

