

The Eve Before Christmas at MCC

Was the eve before my MCC's Christmas
Not an inmate was stirring, well maybe a mouse
The cells were all locked, on the units with care
In hopes that my lawyers soon would be there.

The inmates were all nestled all snug in their bunks
While visions of freedom swirled around in their heads
And unit counselor in her kerchief and guard in his cap
Had just settled down for a long restful nap.

When outside MCC there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bunk to see what was the matter
Away to the window, I flew like a flash, peering through
the grates, trying to see around the bars
The spotlights searched on the new fallen snow
Gave a luster of hope, to be one of the free persons down below.

When what to my astonishing eyes should appear
but a miniature sleigh heaped with my defense team and
eight tiny reindeer
With a little driver so frisky and slick
I knew in that moment, I had hired St. Nick
More rapid than a federal charges, his courses they came
And he whistled and he hollered and he called them by name.

Come on Dasher, Come on Dancer, Come on Prancer and Vixen,
Yo Comet, Yo Cupid, Yo Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of MCC's roof, past high fences as they stand
To the top of the wall, past razor wires all in a band
Now fly away, fly away, fly away all!

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As armored guards looked on amazed from their posts
When they meet with assault rifles mounted up towards the sky
So up to MCC's roof the team it did fly.

With a sleigh full of discovery, motions and such, and the
driver St. Nicholas too!
And then in a flash of sparkle I heard on the roof
The dancing and stepping of each little boot.

As I drew in my head from the bars and was turning around,
Down the chimney, St. Nick and my defense team, came with a bound.

They were dressed in Amani from head to toe, their
boots were all Prada it was easy to know.
And their suits were all custom tailored, sporting red
power ties, all knotted just so.

A bundle of papers they flung on their backs
As they looked like corporate gangsters just opening their sacks.

Their eyes how they glistened!
Their cute dimples how merry!
Their windswept cheeks like roses, their straight noses like cherries!
Their funny small mouths were curled up like bows
All in good pretense, for the prosecutor you know.

It must be a surprise, to a DA's side, that they have a
wonderful defense that will let the inmate slide
It will hit them so quick the prosecutor will say "Oh" and the
Judge will bang his gavel, not guilty, you must let her go!

They had proud broad faces and tight six pack bellies
They laughed and cheered at the victory they won.

The prosecutor was chubby and plump, a right nasty old elf,
that seemed quite at odds with himself, with a tear in his eye
and a droop of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

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The team said not a word and went right to their work
Signed all the papers required to release all the
assets they took.

And giving me a wink and nod up the chimney we rose
We hopped in the sleigh and gave the reindeer a whistle
Away we all flew quicker than flying thistle.

But I let myself cry out, as we drove out of sight
Merry Christmas to all and to all a fine night.