

# HALLMARK MOMENTS

*Lee Evans*

The Winter melts with Lust:  
O be my Valentine.  
This passion we can trust,  
As long as you are mine.

Your Easter bonnet has  
The Envy of the crowd;  
The panes of colored glass  
Are darkened with its cloud.

We strut about and crow  
On each July the Fourth,  
So Proud are we to know  
That Freedom rules the earth.

When Labor has its day,  
The ocean's our retreat;  
Like kelp we vegetate  
In Sloth upon the beach.

I dress up like a ghoul,  
You wear your winding sheet,  
As Malice slips a razor blade  
In each delicious treat.

We cram our guts so full  
We pass out from the hurt,  
While Gluttony the fool  
Gives thanks for more dessert.

And every Christmas morn,  
We teach our children well  
The way that Greed is born—  
The destiny of Hell.