

MARK WESTBY COMPANY

A Christmas Poem by Mark Westby

'Twas the night before Christmas, on a long winding road. He looks in his mirrors to check on his load.
The hood of his Kenworth is covered in snow, his GPS tells him...30 miles left to go.

His thermos is empty, but his spirits are high, as Willie Nelson sings "Oh Holy Night".
He rolls down the window for a breath of fresh air, then a deer appears from out of nowhere.

He taps on his brakes and steers straight ahead, if not a great driver...that deer would be dead.
His heartbeat settles, he is now wide awake. Tired of buffets, he is dreaming of steak.

He pulls into town on old friendly streets. His house is so close, and he really needs sleep.
He drops his trailer at Walmart and bobtails home, so looking forward to not being alone.

He shuts down his truck and turns off the lights, through the windows he sees his family inside.
He reaches for his CB, his heart full of delight...and says,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a Good-Night!"

