



# Monticello Times.com

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## The Wordshop

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A week before Christmas I still needed a gift

Something special designed to uplift

Custom tailored like something to wear

A personal treasure meant to share.

In my search I'd been to the Malls

Been to the art shows, seen all the stalls

Gone downtown in the traffic and lights

Viewed decorations and all of the sights.

Still nothing quite fit and I stood on the street

Stamping the snow from my frozen feet

I guess I'll give up; I've tried every place



Time's growing short and there's snow on my face.

Spirit sagging I shrugged and turned

Ready to quit though my heart still yearned

And that's when I saw the old wooden door

Funny I hadn't seen it before!

Storefront windows from bygone days

Cars and trains and books in trays

Horses and eagles and pewter knights

Magazines and ships and blinking lights.

Portable typewriters and Underwoods

Teddy bears and Geishas carved in wood

Not one for sale the sign proclaimed  
Property of the Wordshop a card explained.  
Drawn inside as the snowflakes fell  
I turned the knob and tinkled the bell  
Stomping my feet on the old wood floor  
Here was a shop I'd never seen before!  
Each wall was filled with cans and jars  
Here one with A's there one with R's  
Dashes and Dots and Exclamations!  
Words and Phrases and Permutations.  
Seasons and Reasons and Musical Notes  
Plain Words and Fancy and Sugar Coats  
Made to Order and Over Blown  
Any flavor and All Your Own.  
Smiling in wonder I looked at them all  
Framed and matted and hung on the wall  
Poems and stories already wrapped  
Ideas and Plots recently mapped.  
Jokes and Cards, some under glass  
Words of Praise and This Too Will Pass.  
I went to the counter to ring the old bell  
Out came a man I seemed to know well.  
His stomach was round as were his glasses  
His smile was warm and spoke to the masses  
I tried to explain and asked him my question  
He stroked his chin and made a suggestion  
What you need is a well-turned phrase  
I'll make one in back on my special lathe!  
As he left I returned to the shelves  
And caught a glimpse of his helpers and elves.  
My wife and children, he said with a grin  
As he gave me the gift coming back in  
No charge, he said, I made this for you  
I really hope that this one will do!

I found myself back out on the street

A touch of magic my shopping complete

Now I pass this present to you—

A Merry Christmas in red, green and blue!

—John Carson

## Related Links

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