

A Factory Floor Christmas

After Clement Clarke Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the shop
Not a worker was stirring, with even a mop

The stockings were hung, but not by a flame
For the OSHA man knows us, he knows us by name

The employees were home, relaxing with glee
Enjoying their day off, with friends...family

But I had the night watch; guarding's my job
For no one may trespass or enter the yard

Then out on the parking lot arose such a clatter,
I leaped up from my desk to check on the matter

Away to the view-screen, I swiveled my chair
To investigate any dangers, that might have been there

The moon on the pavement, just plowed of snow
Gave the lustre of shop-lights to objects below

When, what to my wondering eyes should I see
A skid-steer loader, full of skilled employees

Young, well-trained workers, so lively and quick,
Led by a foreman, his nametag said Nick

More rapid than eagles, young women and men
Calibrated, programmed and welded again

"Now, Dream It! Now, Do It!
And Do It, and Dream!"

For workers of all ages
Manufacturing's the thing

Now make it, produce it, and compete worldwide!
Although an R&D credit would be nice, I sighed

Then up to the roof-top, Nick and his crew
Climbed with great care, safety approved

And then, something more, near the window a sound
The beep beep of that loader, backing around

I looked at my screen, and then turned around
Down the chimney dropped Nick, hardhat pulled down

He was dressed in a jumpsuit, said "Made USA"
And behind him, his work crew, dressed the same way

A bundle of toys they had flung on their backs
And they looked just like retailers, opening their packs

Nick's eyes -- how they twinkled! His safety-glasses shone!
His cheeks were like roses, but he was tested ...not stoned

His droll little mouth was drawn up just like a bow
He was on double time-and-a-half; I guess that it showed

The stump of a pipe, he chomped on with pride
But no smoke did arise, it's not permitted inside

He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed like petroleum jelly.

"Hey, Nick," I said. "Our new health plan is swell
Covers gym memberships, which might do you well."

A gesture of hand and a snort from his snout
Soon gave me to know, I oughta butt out

He spoke not a word, but worked as assigned
And filled all the stockings; with his crew right behind

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney they rose;

He sprang to his loader, to his crew gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like a heat-seeking missile

But I heard him exclaim, ere he soared out of sight,
Factory Christmas to all, and to all a good-night

cw