

## I SCREAM FOR THANKSGIVING

Alright, so look: time is fleeting and growing short and all sorts of other similes designed to convey temporal nearness and with that in mind, I am perceiving perhaps a lack of enthusiasm, here; a dearth of excitement with regard to the whole Thanksgiving holiday.

I'm not simply talking about this immediate audience, but more about maybe the world at large and Starbucks in particular.

Starbucks. They've already begun playing and selling an assortment of pop-singer, radio-darling covers of classic Christmas songs, ushering us immediately from candy-coated Jack-o'-lanterns to pine-scented yuletide with a wave of authority figure hands and a curtly uttered 'nothing to see here'. All the while, Thanksgiving sits street side, neglected, disheveled and alone, tin cup in one outstretched, fingerless-gloved hand, clothes mismatched and mottled with the various, questionable and oddly-scented liquids endemic of nights spent huddled and shivering and sobbing, just maybe a bit, in detritus strewn alleyways.

"Please, sir," poor, downtrodden and at-ropes-end Thanksgiving pleads as you pass, "spare a bit of Stove Top? A broken wishbone? I'm so hungry. So very hungry... Look! I can draw a turkey with my hand. Wait. Wait, no really, watch!"

But how can Thanksgiving compete, in its soiled pants and filth-crusted overcoat and good God, what is that smell? How can it compete with smartly dressed Santa and his red pot and his hand bell and, most importantly, his unbroken home, warmed by love and joy and yes, please, just a nip more brandy and nog, to which he returns his fat, senile ass each night on his corporate jet-sleigh piloted by a squadron of magical deer.

This is not the time for gift giving.

This is the time for thanks giving and I would strongly encourage you all to remember that, lest you forget all those nasty redskins, cleansed from this majestic land of purple mountains and amber-wavy grains centuries ago by our courageous, small-pox-blanket wielding forbearers.

We must pay proper homage, honor and respect to their foundational contribution to our righteous nation's glorious global ascendancy.

It is a travesty of the umpteenth degree that this preternaturally American holiday is annually cast aside to wallow in its own yam-scented, cranberry-speckled excrement.

Someone needs to occupy something over this, but I have a job.