HOLIDAY LIMERICKS

JOSEPH TEETERS
Laurel, Maryland

On candy, cakes, ice cream, and pies
A guy hoped he'd gain a big prize
The man from Atlanta
Won "Mister Fat Santa"
But no costume exists in his size

This season let's just suppose
that Santa's too big for his clothes
and with that extra weight
might be spheroid-oblate
while facing those overload woes

Santa tried on his attire
Then placed a call to his buyer
It can't be my figure
Order the pants bigger
And—No jokes about my spare tire

Whispering has just got to cease
No—Santa's not getting obese
What looks like flesh mounds
Are not new fresh pounds
It's fluff of overcoat fleece

Santa had to get a new suit
'twas two sizes bigger—a Zoot
My, without a doubt
He's man's stylish Stout
Has flair with a rooty—toot—toot

The doctor told Santa to diet
But Nick was reluctant to try it
Being finally subdued
He cut down on the food
And now can impersonate Wyatt

While preparing toys for the year
Santa nibbled on snacks without fear
His midriff expanded
The doctor was candid
Do sit-ups 'til ABS reappear

Santa had a weakness for sweets
That could stop one of his feats
He would be out of luck
If in chimneys he stuck
So now it's Wheaties Nick eats

When pulling the sleigh for their master
All eight went faster and faster
And in their prime
Would stop on a dime
A big Santa would be a disaster

Santa too big for his britches
Could cause him too many itches
But with his knowing
All about sewing
He just let out a few stitches

Santa visited his shrink
To relax, each had a drink
Ah, yes, the liquor
And now the kicker
Her gift: a wink and a mink
Being fired in the old days was rough
Especially when times were so tough
Santa’s dad hailed a hack
And never looked back
Said, “Son, we’ll make toys and stuff.”

Santa fell on hard times
...went to work with the mimes
in non-moving pose
& no more “Ho Ho’s”
He couldn’t ring Salvation chimes

As suggested by gurus and sages
Santa established Internet Pages
He sold his sled
& stayed home instead
The IRS now questions his wages

A French Santa near Bay of Biscay
slipped on ice – slick as Oöl de Olay
‘going down he yelled, “Yipe”
 as out he did wipe
A reward is out for beard and toupee

Santa’s holiday rock and roll band
Gigged every lounge in the land
Only time for one song
They couldn’t play long
But the lizards said they were grand

Santa became a substitute skater
Coach said, “Not now, maybe later.”
Replaced injured goalie
By gosh, Holy Moly
Made more stops than an ex-terminator

With new runners on his sleigh
Santa hoped for more time to play
But he got lost in fog
O’er a cranberry bog
and didn’t even get overtime pay

In his sleigh doing aerial stunts
Santa once felt like a dunce
Out of pocket fell keys
Into Wisconsin farm cheese
Smell of limburger lasted for months

Each day Santa trained 26 miles
Dreamt of distant Olympic trials
He could go so fast
The elves were aghast
Say “Gold”, and St. Nick was all smiles

Santa was ready the day of the race
He started off setting the pace
But was disqualified
His appeal was denied
Tho’ on Prancer he’d wrapped up first place

Santa strode into a big city brothel
A tart called him an old fossil
But his stylish attire
Like that of a squire
Suddenly made his visit colossal