

SANTA CANNABIS

BY OWEN SMITH



In Northern Alberta, Far from the sea
Lived a man and his wife near Fort McMurray
They'd been doing quite well
Off the drill bits he'd sell
Until 2009 when the oil prices fell

His wife was a nurse who prided herself
In aiding those ailing with poor mental health
But her wages were slim and their prospects looked grim
As medical bills and the mortgage came in

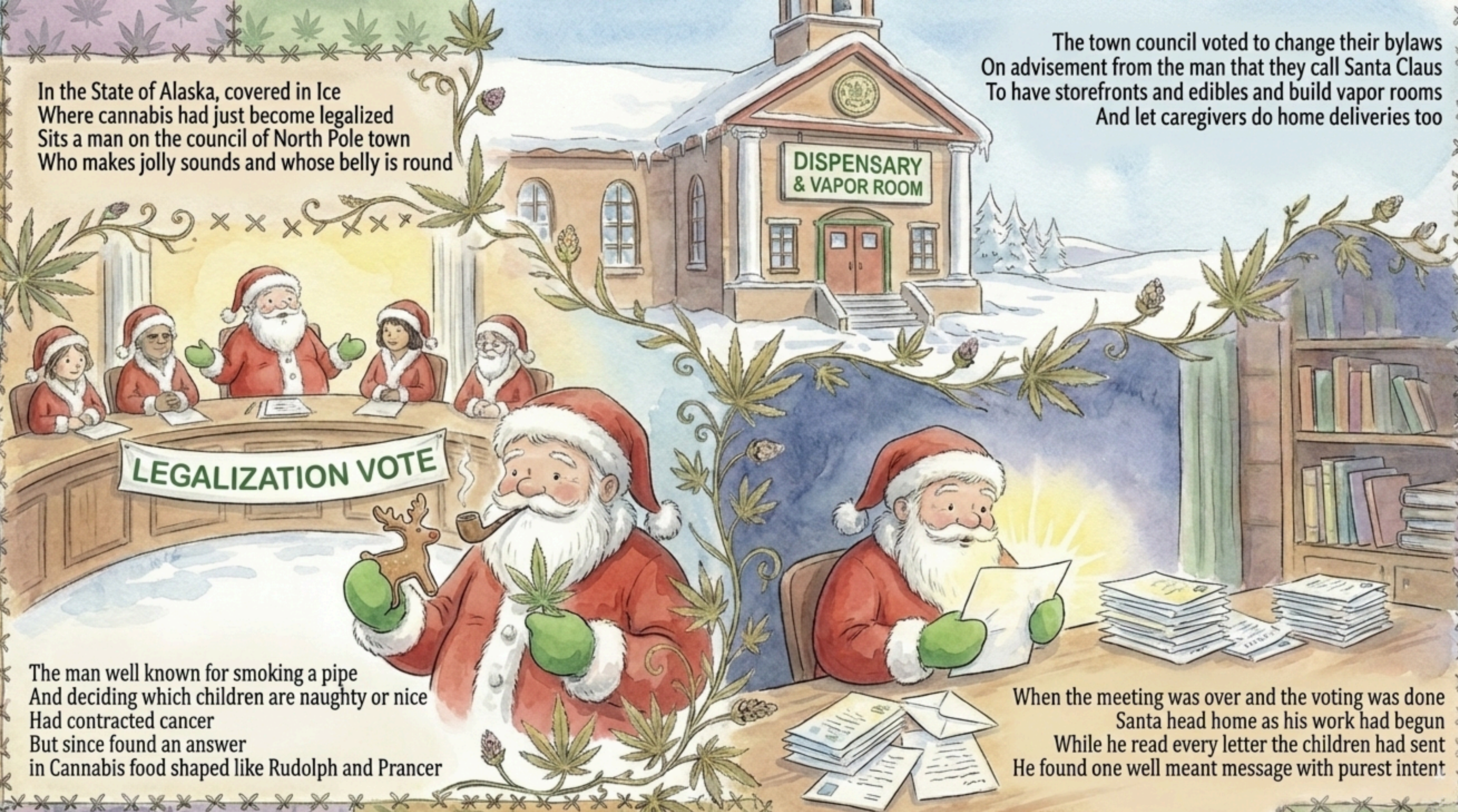
They had two kids: A girl only five
who was smart and as sweet as she was very kind;
And a boy in his cradle, who no doctor was able
to treat, whose condition they said could be fatal.

And xmas was coming
with ads on TV
That worked up the
children into a frenzy
But instead of presents,
the young girls letter
to Santa just asked for her
brother to get better.



In the State of Alaska, covered in Ice
Where cannabis had just become legalized
Sits a man on the council of North Pole town
Who makes jolly sounds and whose belly is round

The town council voted to change their bylaws
On advisement from the man that they call Santa Claus
To have storefronts and edibles and build vapor rooms
And let caregivers do home deliveries too



The man well known for smoking a pipe
And deciding which children are naughty or nice
Had contracted cancer
But since found an answer
in Cannabis food shaped like Rudolph and Prancer

When the meeting was over and the voting was done
Santa head home as his work had begun
While he read every letter the children had sent
He found one well meant message with purest intent

The Supreme Court justices who dress in red suits
with white puffy trim and shining black boots
Ruled it legal that people who have been prescribed
can use cannabis applied any way they decide.

It's wise to leave food out for santa to eat
But While milk and cookies were always a treat
Santa enjoyed putting gifts by the tree
That glowed like his home grown durban burmese



Santa was allied, not just with their fashion,
but the compelling, immediate call for compassion.
He knew for himself how the plant brought relief,
And vowed to bring hope to this poor family's grief.

He left oil for the boy high in CBD
And research on seizures for the parents to read
And a card from a doctor who was willing to offer
A home consultation that would not cost a dollar

Excited, the 5 year old woke before dawn,
And heard bells outside and a rustle upon
the house, So creeping quiet as a mouse
She snuck down to catch Santa in her slippers and blouse



4:30 AM.

She rushed to her father and mother in bed
And telling them all that she'd seen she led
them down to the presents
To reveal the evidence
These gifts hadn't come from her parents.



She saw his round belly and cherry red suit
with white puffy trim and shiny black boots
And cute little elves dropped gifts from the sleigh
She heard the reindeer neigh as they flew away



After opening the gifts she looked at the tree
And noticed it had no needles but leaves
Which the cat started eating
While the parents were reading
they put the oil in the fridge for safe keeping



With the government planning to legalize cannabis
And the Supreme Court of Canada backing its uses
And research that proved cannabinoids removed
Excitotoxicity from cells overused

LEGALIZATION



A drop in some coconut oil on a spoon
Once before before bed in the morn and at noon
His seizures had gone from 100-1
His sister, parents and doctor were stunned.



The doctor agreed and a license was granted
For the family to legally buy their son cannabis
But having no credit or money to get it
They tried Santas oil and did not regret it



The girl was so happy she frolicked and squealed
And her dad found a job in the cannabis field
And the mother went on to help many others
Whose lives had been saved like her sons.



The End