

Tw'as the night before Christmas....

... fog lay over our land.
All was quiet and calm, like a sweet little lamb.
The chickens were tucked in, their heads out of sight.
The cats were all in the house, in their beds for the night
I was wrapping a few gifts, some last minute buys.
Bob was already in bed, he's so healthy and wise.
As I put on the last tape, tied my last piece of yarn.
I heard some noises outside, they came from the barn
I thought of that old poem, wondered if it could be
Old St Nick himself came to pay a visit to me
I donned my jacket and mittens, a hat on my head
And braved the cold night instead of heading to bed
The air was so crisp, the stars shown so bright
I could see all the trees outlined in moonlight
I heard some voices I thought, but how could that be
There were goats and some coyotes, otherwise only me
Inside the warm barn the goats seemed to be sleeping
But all came alive when they caught me a-peeping
There was Lily and Lilac and Poppy a-pile
Velvet all by herself, which is really her style
Rocky grunted and butted his way through the herd
But the voices I'd heard, well, not a word
Then the littlest one, Willow, stood up and said "Mom!"
In English! In words! It hit me like a bomb!
I looked about at the goats, and they all looked to me
I said "I can understand you? How can this be?"
Then Amelia came forward, the wise and sweet one
And said "We've always been speaking, it's what we've always done.
But it took a Christmas miracle for you to really hear
To understand what we say when you're with us out here
We each have our thoughts on our lives here with you
Now you can understand what we want you to do
Annie wants you to feed her, just peanuts all day
Cypress wants you to hug her in your own special way

Filbert wants you to stop shoving meds down his throat
Fiona wants you to tend and to brush her fine coat
Willow knows she's your sweetheart, your favorite pet
It's ok, we all know she's the cutest goat yet
Lilac's a good doe, just frozen by fright
She's frightened of darkness, oh, and of light
Now Poppy we know is one special doe
She's very Zen, introverted, or maybe just slow
The new babes are happy, we love them all well
And we love you and Papa, in case you couldn't tell
Now we must stop, you'll no longer understand
When we call out and holler and make a demand
But you know what you know now about your goat herd
But you can't tell a soul, no you can't breathe a word
This is our little secret, so go back to your bed
And in the morning you'll think this was all in your head.
But you'll remember this night, that one Christmas night
When your goats talked to you, and gave you a fright"
That Christmas Eve is so special, even to this day
The night I had a talk with my goats, sitting out in the hay