

# *A Visit from Karl Marx Claus*

An original poem by Jason Shepherd  
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**T**'was the night before the Winter Holiday  
And all through our domestic collective  
Everyone was being environmentally conscious,  
Following Al Gore's directive.

Not a stocking was hung by the chimney with care  
As it sends a pro-carbon message, something our collective wouldn't dare.  
The children were nestled all snug in the beds,  
While visions of low-cal, high-fiber snacks danced in their heads.

Parental unit one and I were dozing as we watched on the TV,  
An NBC news special about American corporate and imperial greed.  
When from our urban garden there arose such a sound escalation,  
I sprang from the couch to call the police reporting the noise violation.

"I can barely hear Rachel Maddow," I told the local government authority,  
As I flew to the window, to better identify the infringer in his entirety.  
A new layer of snow had fallen the previous night,  
The global warming induced weather certainly helping my sight.

But what do I see backfiring and puttering down the road?  
But a vintage East German Trabant, belching exhaust in the cold.  
With a bearded diminutive driver who in front of our house he quickly parks,  
I knew right then and there, it was Karl Marx!

I hang up on the authorities, and in my excitement shouted loud,  
And felt a tingle up my leg that would have made Chris Mathews proud.  
Parental unit one and I raced to meet Mr. Marx at the door,  
Sure that redistributed goodies from the evil rich would be piled on our floor.

Into our home came this secular saint of social equality,  
Having followed his philosophy since we met at Columbia University!  
"From each according to his ability to each according to his need."  
Is what we had long adopted as our life's governing creed!

I asked him for what reason do we receive this great reward?  
He said, "You invited me in by voting for Barack Obama... Forward!"  
He stepped into our hall and quickly looked all about.  
"No, no this will not do," he said. "It all must come out!"

All of a sudden Government agents did appear,  
and started removing our things, taking whatever was near!  
I stood in stunned silence, barely able to believe,  
Even when they took my 65 inch plasma TV!

Out the door went my iPad, my iPhone and my other gadgets by Steve Jobs,  
Out to my front lawn, where they were passed out to the eager mobs.  
I finally found my voice and started to loudly protest,  
But the government agents ignored me, and just continued to empty my nest.

*"I thought you were bringing us loot from the evil rich," to Marx I did beg.  
"My friend you ARE the rich," is what to me he then said.*

*"From your high end electronics and large home heated by solar panel,  
"To the hybrid in the garage shows how much wealth you've channeled."*

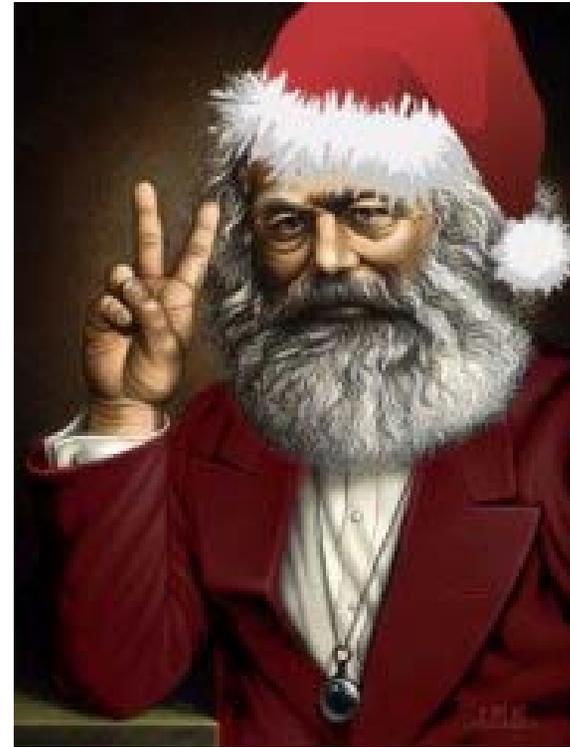
*"You occupy Wall Street with your expensive university degrees,  
"thinking only bankers and corporate executives are this nation's disease.  
"Millions below you now want their fair share, too  
"So don't complain to me, because I am here thanks to you."*

*My wife stood there crying as soon we had nothing to show,  
As everything we had worked for disappeared into the snow.  
At Marx I shouted angrily, "We've worked hard to have all that you see!"  
"You didn't build that," is all he said to me.*

*Soon nothing was left, not even our "Bring the troops home!" banner,  
Plus we now had three more families living in our eight room manor.  
But before leaving to visit the next family he planned to bother,  
He gave us a copy of "Das Kapital" and "Dreams from my Father."*

*Back into his Tracie, did the socialist devil climb,  
Speeding off to redistribute at least one more time.  
But our experience with Marx certainly gave us pause,  
To finally realize...Socialism is no Santa Claus!*

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<http://jasonshepherd.com/2012/11/20/a-visit-from-karl-marx-claus>



*"Private property has made us so stupid and one-sided that an object is only ours when we have it – when it exists for us as capital, or when it is directly possessed, eaten, drunk, worn, inhabited, etc., – in short, when it is used by us."*

- Karl Marx from "Private Property and Communism," 1844.