

## A Toast to 2021

(a.k.a. *A Toast to Twenty Twenty-Pun*)

By Sarah Hirsch

I'm confident next year will **Trump** this past one.  
I'm hopeful we'll dis**Pence** with fear and hate.  
While **Biden** time until  
we're immune from getting ill,  
**Harris** something we can celebrate:

Life's a **Joni**, not a destination,  
a **Marjor(l)ie** fulfilling kind of climb,  
barb**Eric** and precipitous  
but often **Sarah**ndipitous.  
Don't race to reach the top--**Alan** good time.

A **Dave** will come when hope is hard to come by,  
and life feels like a t**Audrey** affair.  
You wake up not in Mecca  
but an **Allie** in Tri**Becca**...  
but **Carrie** on—you'll make it out of there.

Let's say you're playing cards **Andrew** a bad hand.  
You **Kate** give up and simply walk away.  
Just **Mark** another move--  
that **Jennarally** will prove  
to **Brian** up even the darkest day.

**Luke**, we're justified in **Erin** grievances.  
We long to **Philip** our days with family and friends.  
But the experts say sit tight,  
And **JR** usually right.  
Don't **Jake** that risk until the pandemic ends.

No **Benny**fit to getting **Ryland**ed up.  
Rather, let us calmly **Reminisce**.  
We'll gather 'round the table  
As soon as we are **Gab(l)e**,  
Enjoying to the **Max** the things we miss.

For now, let's stick to our routines and **Patterns**,  
'cause soon all this will pro**Bobb(l)ie** have passed.  
We'll come in from our lawns  
As a new **David Dawns**,  
And **John** in celebration at last.