

'Twas the night before Lupus Christmas

**'Twas the night before Christmas and all around my body
The wolf was stirring like the hottest hot toddy
My hands and my knees were just not playing ball
And I wasn't looking forward to Christmas at all**

**The Christmas tree decorated, looked stunning
But the wolf constantly on the prowl, oh so cunning
I needed to sleep, I felt so tired
The thought of a Lupus Christmas leaving me totally uninspired**

**Tinsel and baubles still all over the floor
My joints so inflamed, so tender and oh so sore
Christmas cards written, addressed but not sealed
My make-up worn off and my Lupus rash revealed**

**Stars twinkling in the moonlit sky
My spirit and soul in a duel, who will win the wolf or I?
The constant battle leaving me totally wrecked
'Twas Christmas Eve and I hadn't even wrapped a single present as yet**

**My reflection in the window, a wolf staring back in
The prospect of a Lupus free Christmas now looking grim
I prayed that, as tomorrow was Christmas Day
Santa would call on Christmas night and whisk the wolf away**

**Everyone was nestled all snug in their beds
But only visions of steroids danced in my head
So me in my pyjamas hot water bottle under arm
Was slowly giving in to the evil wolf's charm**

**When out on the stairway there arose such a clatter
Good heavens knees, do take the strain, whatever's the matter?
I picked myself up cursing loudly in my mind
And prayed for a sound deep sleep leaving the wolf behind**

**Tossing and turning I cursed my bad luck
I don't want this wolf, why couldn't I simply have duck?
Then off I drifted to a pain free place
Where my body could keep up an almost normal pace**

I ran with the reindeer all over the land
But 'twas only a dream, that I now understand
I know when I awake my joints will again play their game
Of seeing just how much I can take of this pain

A turkey to stuff, potatoes to peel
The family together tomorrow for their Christmas meal
And as usual me totally stressed
At having to deal with the wolf, my special uninvited guest

Food, drink and chocolates galore
Total over indulgence, to make my joints sore
A mouthful of ulcers, so no taste
But I certainly won't let any of those scrumptious chocolates go to waste

The snow silently falling, glistening and glowing
The wolf's arrival unannounced, oh when is he going?
So much to do, feeling dreadful, looking fine
But that is just the problem you see, to most, Lupus, well it's just a state of mind

So Please Santa this Christmas if I can have only one wish
It's not Charles Dance I want, although he's quite a dish
For Christmas this year I'd like a day
Completely pain free for that I pray

If I can't have that, then Charles will do
But it'd be just my luck then to get the flu
A Christmas with Lupus is hard to endure
So please dear Santa, this year, help the doctors find us a cure

By Lupus patients Reena Spencer & Angie Davidson
Read by Reena Spencer at the St Thomas' Lupus Trust Christmas Concert -
4th December 2008