Twitter Thread by President Warren G. Holidays

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@PopeAwesomeXIII

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the tweets
Not a user was stirring, not even in fleets
The drafts were all scheduled for the a.m. with care
In hopes that virality soon would be there

The children were all nestled all snug in their snaps
Their instas, their twitches, their lit tiktok apps;
And mamma in her Pinterest, and I in my LinkedIn,
Had just settled down (the edible had kicked in)

When out on the lawn there arose such a ruckus!
I cursed the doorbell stream app I'd deleted for 'Among Us'
Plus the wi-fi was down, so I leapt from my bed
Flung open the window and lifted it over my head.

I could see nothing, I was in no mood for jokes
Snowblinded by moonlight, climate change is no hoax
When what to my furious eyes did appear?
The outline of a sleigh, and eight tiny... I wanna say, deer?

With a round little driver, he was no kind of runt
It was either St. Nick or a damn YouTube stunt.
More rapid than retweets, they came on like vandals
And he whistled and shouted and called out their handles

"@ Dasher, @ Dancer, # Prancer (who's offline)
Usernames Comet, and Cupid, and BlitzenNoScope69!
Fly higher, and higher, raise up your domes!
It's a block of apartments, millennials can't afford homes!"

As quickly as Facebook is hemorrhaging users
With an online presence to show they weren't losers;

So quick to the building rooftop they flew
With a sleigh full of toys, and #SantaClaus too--

And then like an alert, I heard on the roof
The telltale ping of connected bluetooth.
As I drew in my head, I heard a sound at the door
(We haven't had a chimney since 2004)--

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his boots,
His clothes were all tarnished, but wait, was that loot?
Yes! A bundle of toys! my brain was a schism!
Were these to be free? That sounded like socialism!

But, his eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples were sick!
So no surprise there, the snowfall was thicc!
His droll little mouth was tied up like a bow
And the beard on his chin told me he was a bro;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his avi
Okay boomer, I thought, give vaping a try
He had a broad face, and # NoFiltered white hair
A round little belly, a body-positive bear

He was chubby and plump! the opposite of vicious
I lol'd when I saw him, he was too bootylicious!
A wink of his eye! To him this was usual
Soon gave me to know that he was a mutual;

He spoke not a word, but worked rapid and healthy
And filled all the stockings, then stopped for a selfie.
And giving a victory sign in his pose,
With a quick nod, out the window he rose

He sprang to his sleigh, to his fam gave a scream,
And upwards they flew, like hearts on a livestream
But I heard him exclaim, as he left such a vibe--
"Happy Christmas to all, please like and subscribe!"