

# Dear Fiscal Year: My Diary of Rhyming Poetry

Oh, Fiscal Year, how I dread thy reign, With thy deadlines and thy budget pain. Thy rules and regs, a constant ache, As I struggle to stay awake.



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★★★★★ 5 out of 5



# 2022 Fiscal Calendar

Calendarpedia  
Your source for calendars

October 2021	November 2021	December 2021	January 2022	February 2022	March 2022
1 Tu	1 Su	1 Tu	1 Su	1 Tu	1 Tu
2 We	2 Mo	2 We	2 Su	2 We	2 We
3 Th	3 Tu	3 Th	3 Mo	3 Th	3 Th
4 Fr	4 We	4 Fr	4 Tu	4 Fr	4 Fr
5 Sa	5 Th	5 Sa	5 We	5 Sa	5 Sa
6 Su	6 Fr	6 Su	6 Th	6 Su	6 Su
7 Mo	7 Sa	7 Mo	7 Fr	7 Mo	7 Mo
8 Tu	8 Su	8 Tu	8 Sa	8 Tu	8 Tu
9 We	9 Mo	9 We	9 Su	9 We	9 We
10 Th	10 Tu	10 Th	10 Mo	10 Th	10 Th
11 Fr	11 We	11 Fr	11 Tu	11 Fr	11 Fr
12 Sa	12 Th	12 Sa	12 We	12 Sa	12 Sa
13 Su	13 Fr	13 Su	13 Th	13 Su	13 Su
14 Mo	14 Sa	14 Mo	14 Fr	14 Mo	14 Mo
15 Tu	15 Su	15 Tu	15 Sa	15 Tu	15 Tu
16 We	16 Mo	16 We	16 Su	16 We	16 We
17 Th	17 Tu	17 Th	17 Mo	17 Th	17 Th
18 Fr	18 We	18 Fr	18 Tu	18 Fr	18 Fr
19 Sa	19 Th	19 Sa	19 We	19 Sa	19 Sa
20 Su	20 Fr	20 Su	20 Th	20 Su	20 Su
21 Mo	21 Sa	21 Mo	21 Fr	21 Mo	21 Mo
22 Tu	22 Su	22 Tu	22 Sa	22 Tu	22 Tu
23 We	23 Mo	23 We	23 Su	23 We	23 We
24 Th	24 Tu	24 Th	24 Mo	24 Th	24 Th
25 Fr	25 We	25 Fr	25 Tu	25 Fr	25 Fr
26 Sa	26 Th	26 Sa	26 We	26 Sa	26 Sa
27 Su	27 Fr	27 Su	27 Th	27 Su	27 Su
28 Mo	28 Sa	28 Mo	28 Fr	28 Mo	28 Mo
29 Tu	29 Su	29 Tu	29 Sa	29 Tu	29 Tu
30 We	30 Mo	30 We	30 Su	30 We	30 We
31 Th	31 Tu	31 Th	31 Mo	31 Tu	31 Tu

## January

The year begins with hope and cheer, A fresh start, a new fiscal year. But soon the bills begin to roll, And I'm drowning in a sea of invoices.

## February

Taxes, taxes, everywhere, And not a deduction to spare. I fill out forms with weary sigh, And wonder why oh why.

## March

The budget's tight, the funds are low, And every penny has to go. I cut and slash and try to save, But I can't escape the fiscal grave.

## April

The taxman cometh, with a heavy hand, And I tremble at his demand. I send him checks with trembling fear, And hope he'll go away next year.

## May

The fiscal year is almost done, But the work is far from won. I'm burning the midnight oil, Trying to get everything reconciled.

## June

At last, the end is in sight, And I can finally say good night. I've closed the books and filed the forms, And now I'm free from fiscal storms.

## Epilogue

Oh, Fiscal Year, thou art a beast, But I have survived thy cruel feast. I've learned my lessons, paid my dues, And now I'm ready for a new year's ruse.



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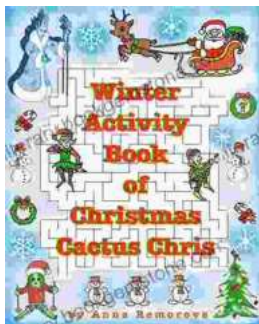
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